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Worth While Stories For Every Day

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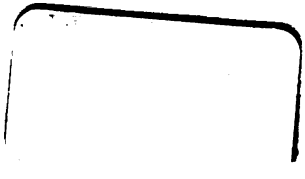

WORTH WHILE STORIES FOR EVERY DAY

ARRANGED, COMPILED, AND EDITED
BY
LAWTON B. EVANS, A.M.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE TEACHERS OF THE
PRIMARY GRADES OF THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS OF AUGUSTA, GA.

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A WORD TO STORY TELLERS

In order to make story-telling most effective, the story-teller should bear in mind certain conditions that are imposed by those who listen.

1. *Know the story.* Know it well enough to tell it in your own language, and in the language of the children who hear it. Know it well enough to amplify, vary, improve, make all kinds of excursions and side incidents, and yet return easily to the main body of the story.

2. *Tell the story.* Do not read it. The speaker is free and unbound by book or words; the reader is held by the formal page before him. The stories in this book are condensed, too condensed for reading and need the addition of words to make them of the right consistency. Those words should be the teacher's own; the story then becomes the teacher's story and not the author's, and that is as it should be.

3. *Act the story.* Do not be afraid of the dramatic side of narration. Imitate all the sounds that belong to the story, such as the winds blowing, the thunder rolling, a bear growling, a dog barking, etc. Change your voice to meet the requirements of youth and age. Throw

yourself heart and soul into the spirit of the narrative and do not be afraid to take all the parts, and to act each one in turn.

4. *Impress the story.* Remember that the story is the main thing and that the moral point is secondary. Do not make the story a sermon, and do not dwell severely upon its ethical features. If the story is amusing let it be without moral value. If it is historical let it remain so. Generally speaking you can bring out the moral features in a few words at the close. Children do not like too much sermonizing.

5. *Use the story.* If the story lends itself to dramatization, by all means let the children act the parts; if it is a good language exercise, let them tell it or write it in their own words; if it can be illustrated let them draw pictures on the board or at their seats; if it can be used for handwork in any way, let them make what they can.

6. *Enjoy the story.* Make it worth while for pupils to be punctual in order to hear the story; recur often to past stories when occasion recalls them to mind; let the imagination play around all the incidents so that the mind will be filled with those images that have been the joy of childhood since the world began.

Augusta, Ga. LAWTON B. EVANS.

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WORTH WHILE STORIES FOR EVERY DAY

THE BEAUTIFUL HAND

The most beautiful thing in life is helping others, especially those in need.

It is right to have clean hands and well kept nails. We should remember that cleanliness of body is akin to purity of heart. I shall tell you a story of some hands that were not only clean but very beautiful.

Some young girls were talking by the brook, boasting of their beautiful hands. One of them dipped her hands in the sparkling water and the drops looked like diamonds falling from her palms.

"See what beautiful hands I have! The water runs from them like precious jewels," said she, and held up her hands for the others to admire. They were very soft and white, for she had never done anything but wash them in clear, cold water.

Another one of them ran to get some strawberries and crushed them in her palms. The juice ran through her fingers like wine from a

wine press until her fingers were as pink as the sunrise in the early morning.

"See what beautiful hands I have! The strawberry juice runs over them like wine," said she, and she held up her hands for the others to admire. They were very pink and soft, for she had never done anything but wash them in strawberry juice every morning.

Another one gathered some violets and crushed the flowers in her hands until they smelled like perfume.

"See what beautiful hands I have! They smell like violets in the deep woods in the spring time," said she, and she held up her hands for the others to admire. They were very soft and white, for she had never done anything but wash them in violets every morning.

The fourth girl did not show her hands but held them in her lap. An old woman came down the road and stopped before the girls. They all showed her their hands and asked her which was the most beautiful. She shook her head at each one and then asked to see the hands of the last girl who held hers in her lap. The last girl raised her hands timidly for the old woman to see.

"Oh, these hands are clean, indeed," said the old woman, "but they are hard with toil, helping her mother clean the house and nurse the baby,

and mend the clothes. They have carried food to the poor and have nursed the sick babies in the neighborhood."

Then the old woman fumbled in her pocket and brought out a ring set with diamonds, with rubies redder than strawberries, and turquoise bluer than violets.

"Here, wear this ring, my child; you deserve the prize for the most beautiful hands, for they have been the most helpful."

And the old woman vanished, leaving the four girls still sitting by the brook.

THE DISCONTENTED MEMBERS

All the parts must work together for the good of the whole. In union there is strength and safety.

Once upon a time all the parts of the body began to complain of how little the stomach did, and of what each one did to support that lazy member.

"Just look at that stupid old stomach," said the mouth. "It won't say a word; never sings a song. Won't even say 'thank you,' for what I let go by me on the way down to fill it up. I am getting tired of opening and shutting and swallowing and never a word of thanks."

"You are perfectly right," said the hands.

"Here we are working hard all day, digging and pulling and pushing and doing our best to make a little money. Our palms are hard and knotty, and sometimes our fingers are sore and cold. Then to make it worse, when we come home we have to lift food to go into that good-for-nothing stomach, and never a word do we get for it."

The head nodded violently: "Yes, indeed!" it said. "I have to lie awake at night thinking of ways to make food. I sometimes am positively worn out worrying about where I am going to get provisions enough to satisfy that stomach. I should think it would make some suggestions of its own, but not a sound do I ever hear."

Then the legs began to beat on the floor in order to be heard.

"You have no idea how bad I feel," said they. "We have to go about all day carrying that old stomach from one place to another. We have to stand up and sit down, and the loads that are put on us are absolutely frightful. Sometimes we are so tired out that we positively tremble with weakness. And as for getting any consideration—not a bit of it!"

All the other members joined it. The eyes said they kept a sharp look out; the ears said they listened for every sound, and even the ribs said they stood guard to catch any blow that might fall on the stomach.

The members all agreed not to help the stomach any more. The head would not think; the hand would not work; the mouth would not swallow, and so no more food went into the stomach.

But see what happened! The legs grew too weak to walk; the hands were too feeble to move; the head was dizzy for lack of strength, and all the body fell off until it looked like a shadow.

Then the stomach spoke up at last and said:

"You foolish members! Do you not know that in feeding me you are feeding yourselves? You put food into me but I send it back to you in blood and strength so that you can all work. Unless you feed me I cannot help you."

The head nodded wisely and said: "The stomach is right. Come, let us all get to work again, so that the good old stomach may give us back our strength."

THE BLIND MAN AND THE ELEPHANT

(Adapted from a poem by John G. Saxe)

We should not be sure of our opinions until we have seen all sides of the question.

There were six men of Hindoostan who were blind, but each man thought he could see as well with his hands as any one else could with his eyes. Whenever they touched anything they

thought they knew all about it, though they had felt only a small part.

Now, these six blind men had never seen an elephant. They did not know what an elephant was like because nobody could describe an elephant so that they could know what it was like. Besides that, these blind men never believed what anybody told them.

One day an elephant came to their town and they decided to pay him a visit. The first blind man approached the elephant and stumbled against his big broad side. He felt along the rough hide up and down and as far as he could reach.

"Why, bless me! the elephant is just like a wall or the side of my house. I had no idea an elephant was like that!" said the first blind man.

Then the second blind man approached the elephant and caught hold of his hard tusks with the sharp points. He felt along the smooth tusk as far as he could reach.

"Why, bless me! the elephant is very like a spear. I had no idea an elephant looked like that!" said the second blind man.

Then the third blind man approached the elephant and caught hold of his trunk. The old elephant moved his trunk from side to side, and squirmed, while the third blind man felt of it as far as he could.

"I see the elephant is very like a snake. I had no idea an elephant was like that!" said the third blind man.

The fourth blind man now came up and took hold of the elephant's leg. He felt how big and solid it was and he felt along the leg as far as he could reach.

"It is very clear to me that an elephant is very like a tree. I had no idea an elephant was like that!" said the fourth blind man.

The fifth blind man came and put his hand on the elephant's ear. He felt along the big ear as far as he could and said:

"Well, this elephant is very like a fan. I had no idea an elephant looked like that!" said the fifth blind man.

The sixth blind man came up and caught the elephant by the tail. He pulled and twisted as hard as he could.

"I see, the elephant is very like a rope. I had no idea an elephant was like that!" said the sixth blind man.

And they quarreled all one day and late into the night, and they never did know what the elephant was like.

THE BAD-TEMPERED SQUIRREL

An ill-natured child does not deserve good companionship.

Once there was a family of squirrels that lived in a nice warm hole in a tall tree. This would have been a happy family had it not been for the ill-temper of one of the little squirrels. When they gathered for supper he grabbed the biggest nuts and took more than his share. He pushed the others away and bit and scratched them. At night he took the best place to sleep and crowded the smaller ones to the edge where it was cold.

Mother squirrel tried to correct him, but at last father squirrel said he could stand his quarreling no longer. So one morning he told the little squirrel to follow him. They ran down the tree and over the dry leaves. On and on they went until they came to a place in the wood which the squirrel had never seen. Soon they came to a large oak tree and up the father went, the little squirrel following. Near the top they found a large hole. The father said:

"Go into this hole and stay there until you can be a good little squirrel."

The little squirrel crept in and heard his father run down the tree and over the leaves. He felt

very lonely. He began looking around the hole and found a soft bed of leaves and a pile of nice nuts. He thought:

"It will be fun to have this place all to myself, and do just as I please." So he tried to play, but it was no fun playing alone. Then he went back into the hole and began to think that his brothers and sisters were better off than he thought them. It began to grow dark, and there was no one to cuddle up to and keep warm, and no mother to say "good-night," to him. The night was very long, and the next morning it was raining. He felt so far from home. He sat thinking of all the nice things his brothers and sisters were doing, and he wanted to go home.

Late that night an old owl looked in the hole.

"You are a nice fat little squirrel," he said. "I believe I'll eat you in the morning." The little squirrel sat up and trembled with fear.

"Oh, Mr. Owl, please don't eat me. I will be very good," cried the little squirrel. The old owl blinked and blinked but made no promises. That night was a very unhappy one for the poor little squirrel. He dare not go out for fear of the owl and the owl could not get in the small hole where the squirrel was.

Next morning his father came along and the owl flew away. His father looked in the hole and said:

"Now, will you be good?" But there was no need for an answer, the poor little squirrel was only too glad to go back home, and he was never bad afterwards.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

Part One

A poor bargain can often be turned to good account, by one who knows how.

A long time ago there lived a poor woman who had an only son named Jack. The time came when they had no bread at all, and Jack's mother said:

"Take the cow, my son, and sell her, so that we can have bread to eat."

Jack went off with the cow. On the way he met a butcher who said:

"What are you going to do with your cow?" Jack replied:

"I am going to sell her to buy some bread." The butcher had a handful of beans in his hat, and said:

"I will give you these beans for your cow." Jack thought this was a good trade and took the beans for the cow, and ran home as fast as he could.

His mother burst into tears. She was so angry that she threw the beans out of the window, and made Jack go to bed without any supper.

The next morning when Jack woke up he was amazed to find that the beans had grown up into the clouds during the night, and were as thick and heavy as trees. Jack wished to climb up the bean-stalk at once, and so he began to climb and climb until he was tired out. Up, up he went past the clouds and right into the sky, until he reached the top.

It was a strange land he came to. Jack walked all day until he came to a great house in which lived a giant and his wife. He knocked at the door and asked the giant's wife to give him something to eat and a place to sleep.

"What!" she said. "You do not know my husband. He is a giant and will eat you up if he sees you. But you can come in, for you are a fine looking fellow," and she let Jack come in and gave him something to eat, and hid him in the oven.

Soon the giant came in roaring like thunder. He sat down and ate and drank, and scolded his wife until Jack trembled with fear. At last the giant said: "Bring me my hen."

The wife brought a hen and placed her before the giant.

"Lay me an egg!" roared the giant, and the hen laid a golden egg.

"Lay me another!" and the hen laid another. Then the giant went to sleep. Afterward Jack crept out and stole the hen and ran until he came to the bean-stalk. He climbed down and down until he came to his home and showed the hen to his mother.

"Lay me an egg!" said Jack, and the hen laid a golden egg for Jack and his mother. So she did what she was told every day, and they sold the eggs for a lot of money, and ever after had plenty to eat.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

Part Two

Jack and his mother had plenty of money, but still he could not help thinking about the giant, and wondering what he was doing, and if there was any way to slay him. Every day he looked at the bean-stalk and longed to climb again. At last he stained his face a dark brown, put on some old clothes, and climbed the bean-stalk up to the sky as he had done before.

He went straight to the giant's door and knocked as he had done the first time. The giant's wife came and he asked for something to eat and a place to sleep.

"Go away!" she said. "Once I let a boy in here and he stole my husband's hen!" But Jack looked so hungry that she let him in and fed him and hid him in the closet.

The giant came along soon and made so much noise the house shook. He sat down and sniffed the air. "I smell fresh meat," he said, and Jack trembled for his life.

"Oh, the crows left some fresh meat in the house," his wife said, and then she fed the giant until he was quite full and in a good humor. Then he pulled out his money bags and began to count his money. Jack's eyes glistened when he saw so much gold and silver, but he kept very still in the closet. By and by the giant came to some gold eggs the hen had laid. He was so cross when he thought about the hen that he was terrible and scolded his wife so hard that she ran out of the house.

The giant got up and stamped about the room until he all but knocked holes in the floor. Finally he came to his magic harp in the corner. He took the harp and set it on the table.

"Now, play me a tune," said he, and the harp began to play the most beautiful music. It played and it played, one tune after another, until the giant lay down on his couch and fell asleep.

Jack crept out of the closet and seized the harp and ran off with it as fast as he could. But the harp was an enchanted harp and it cried out:

"Master! Master! Come quick! Come quick!" Then the giant awoke and saw Jack running down the road with the harp.

Away went Jack, the giant right after him. The harp kept on calling, and Jack kept on running until he came to the bean-stalk. Down he began to climb, and down the giant came after him!

But Jack was very nimble, and reached the ground before the giant was half way.

"Run, mother! bring the axe!" he cried. His mother came running with the axe, and Jack began cutting down the bean-stalk, and crash! it fell to the ground bringing the giant with it. He fell and he fell until he hit the ground so hard he went on through and has never been seen or heard of since.

THE LEGEND OF THE SPIDER WEB

Too much pride in one's self brings a change in one's nature.

In olden times people had to do all their own spinning and weaving. They did not have good factories and mills as we now have, but each family made its own cloth and its own clothes. Sometimes the women of the family learned how

to make the most beautiful cloth. Wonderful patterns of fruits, flowers, birds and even pictures were woven in the cloth.

In ancient times people had so much regard for the work of spinning and embroidering that they had a goddess of needlework named Minerva. She could do finer work than any mortal, of course, because she was a goddess.

Now there was a young woman named Arachne, who did such dainty work in spinning and weaving that people came from miles around to see her work. Whenever they came she would show them her work, and they would exclaim, "How wonderful! How beautiful!"

Arachne was herself becoming very proud of her skill, and began to boast of what she could do. She said, "I can do better work than any woman in the world. Minerva, herself, cannot do better than I!" Thus she put herself above the gods, which was very foolish in her as we shall see.

Minerva heard about Arachne's boast and was very much displeased. She decided that Arachne's boast should be punished. So one day Minerva, disguised as an old woman, went to Arachne's house and began to talk to her about her work. With great pride Arachne showed the old woman some of the patterns she had made. The old woman said finally:

"I hear you boast that you can do finer work than Minerva herself." Whereupon the foolish young woman spread out her embroidery and weaving, and said: "Minerva can do no better."

Then the old woman said: "I will challenge you to a contest myself."

Arachne laughed aloud, but she agreed to the contest. Her pride was aroused, and she and the old woman began to weave. Arachne did her best, but the old woman did her work twice as fast and far more beautiful. The birds she embroidered seemed ready to sing; the trees seemed to bear golden fruit, and the pictures seemed real men and women. It was very wonderful work and those who stood around watching the contest were amazed.

Arachne was so ashamed of her own work and so angry that she said: "Begone, you old witch! leave my house!"

But the old woman turned into the radiant goddess Minerva, and Arachne fled from the house. Finding a rope Arachne tried to hang herself, but Minerva turned her into a spider, and she is still weaving webs to this very day.

ANDROCLUS AND THE LION

Even a wild beast will show gratitude for a kind act.

Androclus was a Roman slave. His master was very unkind and treated him cruelly. At last Androclus succeeded in making his escape to another country. He made his home in a forest for it was not safe for him to live near other people, as a large reward was always offered for the return of runaway slaves.

Androclus killed animals and birds for food and slept under trees. Once when he was hunting for some game he came upon a cave in the side of the mountain, and at once decided to make this his home.

Now, it happened that a fierce lion had also chosen this cave for his home, and while Androclus was making a bed out of some dry leaves, the lion entered. Androclus was much alarmed and felt sure he would be killed.

To his surprise the great beast made no attempt to harm him, but instead he crept up close to him and held up a swollen paw in the center of which was a long thorn. Androclus took hold of the thorn and gently pulled it out. The grateful lion looked up at him as if to say: "I thank

you, kind friend." For a long time these two lived together as friends.

By and by some hunters came through the forest. They recognized Androclus as a runaway slave, and carried him back to his master who put him in prison. It was the custom of the Romans to assemble at a great theater to be amused. This theater was not like ours. They had no plays but instead had fights between men and beasts. Runaway slaves were often punished by being made to fight these wild animals.

Not long after Androclus was put in prison he was ordered to fight a fierce lion. When the day for the fight came the cage was opened, and the enraged lion started at him. The lion was growling and showing his sharp teeth. The brave slave faced him without flinching. Then the lion saw Androclus; instead of rushing at him to kill him, he crept gently up to him and licked his feet.

Androclus fell down on his knees and threw his arms around the neck of the lion. The surprised people asked for an explanation. Androclus told them how he had helped the lion when he was hurt, and how they had lived together in the cave. The people then commanded that Androclus be set free and ordered that the lion be given to him. After that Androclus was a freeman and was often seen walking on the

streets of Rome followed by his lion which looked like a huge dog.

DIRTY TOM

In which a dirty little boy becomes a clean little boy and feels much better for it.

Tom was a poor little orphan. He had no father to buy good clothes for him and no kind mother to wash and bathe him. There was no one to look after him, and kiss him good-night when he went to bed. He lived with a very old woman who let him grow up, dirtier and dirtier every day.

Poor little Tom! He had no toys; he had no ball nor marbles, nor kites; he had no knife, no pets—not even a little dog—and nobody came to play with him. Everybody called him "Dirty Tom," but it was not his fault.

One spring morning Tom sat on the door-steps listening to the birds singing in the trees, watching the flowers growing by the wayside, and seeing the children going by on their way to school. Nobody spoke to him. Every one just said: "That's Dirty Tom."

By and by a lady came along and spoke to Tom. She asked him his name and Tom said: "They call me 'Dirty Tom,' but my name is Thomas, for I heard a man say so."

The lady said: "Very well, Thomas, would you like to go to Sunday School if the Brownie brought you a suit of pretty clothes?"

Tom thought awhile, and then said: "The Brownies never bring me anything. I am too dirty." But the lady insisted that they might, and Tom promised to go to Sunday School if the clothes came. He really did want the clothes and then he wanted to see what Sunday School was. You never can tell what even a dirty looking boy would like to have and to do. Tom liked nice things as much as anybody.

All that week Tom wondered what would happen. Sunday morning came, and Tom ran to the front porch and found a bundle of clothes just as pretty and clean as could be. There was a note tied to it which read: "Here are the new clothes, but you must scrub and scrub before you put them on," and the note was signed "Brownie."

Tom got a tub and a cloth and scrubbed himself from head to foot. He washed until all the dirt was gone. Then he put on his new clothes and showed himself to the old woman.

"Why, Dirty Tom, you look like an angel," she said.

Tom went to Sunday School and walked up the aisle. Nobody recognized him. At last the lady came and took him by the hand and said:

"Why, here is Thomas come to our Sunday School. We shall all have to call him 'Clean Tommie' hereafter." And so they did, for he was Dirty Tom no more.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

In which the King of Scotland learns a lesson in perseverance.

Once upon a time there was a king of Scotland named Robert Bruce. He was a brave king, and had many brave soldiers, but he and his men had suffered defeat from the English, who had come into Scotland with a great army, and were driving Robert Bruce and his men out of their cities and towns.

Six battles had been fought, and each time Bruce led his brave little army into battle but each time he had been defeated. At last Bruce was so badly beaten, that his army was put to flight, and he himself had to flee through the woods to escape capture.

Bruce went in hiding in the mountains, and lived as best he could from hut to hut, while he was gathering a new army. One day he found refuge in a shed that was very old, and lay down on some straw to rest. He was very tired, and

weary, and was glad to find anything to lie down on for awhile.

As he lay there he began to think of the six battles he had lost, and of his scattered army, and of Scotland and her enemies. Overhead a spider had begun to weave a web. The spider was trying to fasten a long thread to a beam to hold his web, and was having a lot of trouble.

Bruce saw him swing for the beam the first time and miss it; then the spider tried the second time and missed it; then the third time and missed it again. The spider rested awhile, and swung out bravely for the fourth time, but he was not far enough and back he came. Then he made a strong effort for the fifth time and came a little nearer, but still he fell back. Bruce began to hope that the spider would succeed, and when he swung out the sixth time he rose up to watch him. But the spider missed it by a little bit and down he fell again. This was six failures.

"I wonder if he will give up," said Bruce to himself. But the spider had no idea of giving it up. So he gathered his thread together, and swung to the beam and fastened his thread.

"If a spider fails six times and succeeds the seventh, then surely the king of Scotland can," said Bruce thinking of the battles he had lost.

So Bruce went out and gathered his men and

told them about the spider and said, "Now, for one more brave effort; for Scotland, and for freedom." The men cheered as they went into battle and they fought so bravely that the English were defeated and were glad to get back to England with their lives.

And from that day to this, no Scotchman by the name of Bruce will ever hurt a spider.

THE MIRROR

(Adapted from Hans Andersen)

To show that it all depends upon how we look at things.

Once there was a wicked sprite; indeed, he was one of the worst sprites you ever knew. He was always in mischief. One day he was in a fine humor; he had just made a mirror that had the power of changing every lovely thing that looked into it into something hideous, and when anything ugly looked into it, it became ten times worse than it really was.

A beautiful landscape looked like boiled spinach; and it made a person appear to stand on his head and sometimes appear as if he had no body at all. The face of a girl looked for all the world like an old potato, and if she had a mole or a

freckle it seemed to spread all over her nose and mouth.

This sprite kept a school—a school for sprites, of course—and he showed all the other sprites the mirror and said to them:

"Now you can see what the world and the people really look like." The sprites took the mirror around and had everybody look in it, and said:

"That is the very way you look! What do you think of yourself?"

At last there was not a land nor any people who had not seen the mirror. And you may be sure that everybody who looked in the mirror had a very poor opinion of himself.

And now the sprites thought of a good joke. They flew with the mirror high up into the sky. The mirror grinned as it went up, and kept on grinning until it became so slippery the sprites could hardly hold it. Up they flew until they came near reaching the stars. The joke they had in view was so good that the mirror grinned until it wriggled out of their hands and fell and fell and fell, until it struck the ground. It was broken into a million pieces and the wind scattered them everywhere, until you would have thought that was the end of the mirror.

But not so fast! Each tiny bit was now as bad as the whole mirror itself. Some bits were

like dust and flew into people's eyes. Then their eyes saw everything crooked, or looked evil at all the good things. They would say of such a one: "He has a bad eye, do not trust him."

Some bits flew into people's hearts and it made them shudder for their hearts became hard and cold like lumps of ice. They did not love anybody at all, not even their own children. Some bits flew into people's minds, and then they thought evil thoughts and planned wicked things. They oppressed the poor and even had designs on the mayor and councilmen.

At all this the sprites laughed as if it were a good joke. But I tell you it was very wicked of them, for some bits of the mirror are floating about yet and we must look out not to have them come near us.

THE PIG AND THE SHEEP

Every one can do his part in making a home.

Listen now, and you will hear a story about a pig and a sheep who started out one morning to build a house so that they could live together. After traveling a long ways they met a rabbit. The rabbit asked them where they were going.

"We are going to build a house to live in," said the pig and the sheep. "May I live with

you?" asked the rabbit. "What can you do to help build a house?" said the pig and the sheep. The rabbit scratched his ear with his hind foot and said: "I can gnaw with my teeth and scratch with my feet."

"Then you can come along," said the pig and the sheep; so they all started off down the road. Soon they met a goose sitting on the roadside. The goose asked where they were going. "We are going to build a house to live in," said the pig and the sheep and the rabbit. "May I live with you?" asked the goose.

"What can you do to help build a house?" said the pig and the sheep and the rabbit. The goose stood up on one leg for awhile and then said: "I can pull up moss and make mud for the cracks."

"Then you can come along," said the pig and the sheep and the rabbit. So all four started down the road. Pretty soon they met an old dog standing under a tree. The dog asked where they were going. "We are going to build a house to live in," said the pig and the sheep and the rabbit and the goose. "May I live with you?" asked the dog.

"What can you do to help build a house?" asked the pig and the sheep and the rabbit and the goose. The old dog sat down on his hind legs and looked at the sky. Then he said: "I

can dig up rocks with my fore paws, and I can crack bones with my teeth for the soup."

"Then you may come along," said the pig and the sheep and the rabbit and the goose. And so all five started down the road. Before long they came to a little boy with a gun on his shoulder. The little boy asked them where they were going. "We are going to build a house to live in," said the pig and the sheep and the rabbit and the goose and the dog. "May I live with you?" asked the little boy.

"What can you do to help build a house?" they all asked. "You beat me with a stick one day," said the pig. "You chased me down the road last week," said the sheep. "You ran me out of the cabbage patch," said the rabbit. "You once hit me with a rock," said the goose. "You tied a can to my tail a few days ago," said the dog.

The little boy laid down his gun and crossed his heart with his hand, and said: "If you will let me go with you I will never do any of those things again." "Then you may come along," said the pig and the sheep and the rabbit and the goose and the dog. And so all six started off down the road. Whether they built their house or not I do not know.

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

A fairy story to show that help often comes from unexpected directions.

Now this is a story about a poor shoemaker who worked very hard and paid his debts and lived peaceably with his neighbors. He could hardly make enough to live on, and at last had just enough leather to make one pair of shoes. So he cut them out at night and laid them down to be finished in the morning.

He slept well and rose early to begin his labor. He said his prayers and ate his porridge and then went to his bench. Great was his wonder when he saw the shoes already sewed and finished and upon the table.

"Who has done this for me?" he asked. His wife came running up to wonder also, but nobody knew who had finished the shoes. That very day a man came in and bought the shoes because they were so well made, and stitched so carefully. Now he had money enough to buy leather for two pairs of shoes. So that night he cut out two pairs and laid them on the floor and went to bed as before, expecting to finish them in the morning.

But the same thing happened again. The shoes were finished carefully and were set upon

the table and ready for customers. The shoemaker and his wife could not tell how it happened. That very day two men customers came by and bought the shoes.

Now the shoemaker bought leather for four pairs of shoes, and again they were finished for him in the morning and customers came by and bought them. And so it went on. No matter how many shoes the shoemaker cut out and laid on the floor, they were all ready for the customer the next day.

The shoemaker now had plenty of money, but he was not proud. One night he said to his wife:

"I think we will watch to see who stitches the shoes." And so they sat up and looked through a crack in the door. About midnight there came two little elves and began to stitch and sew with magic fingers. They worked with great glee and so fast that shoe after shoe fell from their little hands, all finished, ready to sell the next day. Putting them on the table the elves danced and punched each other in the side and disappeared up the chimney.

The next day his wife said:

"We must make some clothes for the poor little elves. They seemed quite ragged to me," and she made two funny little suits and hung them on the bench. That night the elves saw them and put them on, but they were so funny

that they both began to laugh until their sides ached so that they could hardly work. But they finished the shoes about daybreak and danced off up the chimney in their new clothes—but they never came back! Perhaps they felt that it was not necessary any longer now that the shoemaker was prosperous.

THE LITTLE RED HEN

The lazy do not deserve to be fed by the industrious. Every one should contribute his share.

Once there lived a frog, a cat and a little red hen in a tiny house. The frog was so lazy that he would not even jump to catch a fly; the cat was too lazy to catch a mouse that ran across her tail. The little red hen had to do all the work.

One morning the little red hen said: "Who will build the fire?" "Not I," said the frog. "Not I," said the cat. "Then I will," said the little red hen, and she built the fire.

"Who will make the bread?" said the little red hen. "Not I," said the frog. "Not I," said the cat. "Then I will," said the little red hen, and she made the bread.

"Who will lay the table?" said the little red hen. "Not I," said the frog. "Not I," said

the cat. "Then I will," said the little red hen, and she laid the table.

Then the frog and cat got up on their chairs, took up their knives and forks, and made ready to eat breakfast. "Who will eat this bread?" said the little red hen. "I will," said the frog. "I will," said the cat. "No, you will not," said the little red hen. "I will eat it myself." And the little red hen grabbed the bread and flew down the road until she came to a pasture.

She sat down and began to eat. An old fox was hungry that morning and had not provided for his family. He came down the road looking for a rabbit. "I smell fresh bread," said he, and began to sniff. "I smell a little red hen," and he sniffed once more.

The old fox crept up behind the little red hen and grabbed her by the tail feathers, and before she could get loose he put her into his bag, threw the bag over his shoulders and started home. "We shall have little red hen for breakfast," said he.

It was very close in the bag, and besides, it was a meal bag, and the bits of meal made the little red hen sneeze. Then she felt for her handkerchief to wipe her eyes and nose, and her scissors fell out of her pocket.

"That's good luck!" said the little red hen, and at once she slit a hole in the bag with the scissors

big enough for her to get out. She jumped out as they were passing a stony place and quickly put a rock in the bag to make the fox think that he still had the little red hen. The old fox reached home and threw the bag on the floor.

"Now for a nice breakfast," said he, and opened the bag. When he saw the stone he was much astonished.

"I certainly thought it was the little red hen I had in the bag," said he, and scratched his ear with his hind foot, which is a way the old fox did when he could not understand.

THE THRIFTY SQUIRRELS

It is a wise man that lays aside a portion of his earnings so as to provide for the time when he cannot work.

Once upon a time a squirrel made his home in the hollow of a big oak tree. He and his family were very bright looking squirrels. They were so careful about little things. Not even a nut end or the rind of an acorn was wasted in their homes. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and the three little ones made up the family.

The first thing Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel taught their children was to store away food to eat in the winter when they could not go out to get it.

All summer long they were gathering acorns, and in the fall when the nuts were ripe they spent all their time storing the old oak full of provisions for the winter. They knew the cold was coming and that they should make some provisions against the snow and the sleet.

One cold winter afternoon the squirrels were all in their snug little home. It was almost night. A very little rap came on the door. Mr. Squirrel went to see who it was, but at first he did not see anybody, so he said: "Who is there?"

"It is I," said a little voice. "I am very cold and hungry. May I come in awhile and warm myself?"

"Of course you may," said Mr. Squirrel.

A rabbit hopped in. His fur was dirty and he looked ragged. His eyes were dull. His whiskers and ears hung down. He looked as bad as a rabbit could look. Mr. Squirrel had him sit in a chair beside the fire, and Brownie, his oldest child, gave him her own acorns to eat. He ate them eagerly. When he was warm, Mrs. Squirrel sent the little ones to bed and when they were gone she said: "My friend, how did it happen that you had this bad luck?"

"I did not know that it was going to be so cold, and that the snow was going to be so deep that I could not get some winter cabbage to eat. You know I do not mind work, but I just did not know

all this was going to happen. It seems no use for me to try. I don't see how you manage," said the rabbit.

"We all tried. We put away a part of everything we had. If we had six acorns we put three away. There was plenty of nuts last fall, so we have plenty for ourselves and for a friend, too; so eat all you want," said Mr. Squirrel.

It was very kind in the Squirrel family, but the rabbit had been such an idle fellow that he could not stay long contented. He would not help to do the work in the Squirrel house, so in a few days he left.

Often when he felt the cold winter wind he wished he had stayed with the Squirrels. And the Squirrels, who were very kind hearted, often thought of the rabbit out in the cold.

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO PLAY ALWAYS

Everything in nature must work to live. Along with the pleasures of childhood should come the lessons of toil.

George did not like to work. He did not like to bring in wood, nor clean the yard, nor go on errands, nor take care of the baby, nor even to put away his own clothes. He loved to play all the time. His mother said to him one day:

"George, you must go over to your uncle's house and bring me a basket of wool. Now hurry along."

George thought this was hard, for he wanted to play and not to work. He wished he was a dog, a squirrel, a bee, a cow—just anything that seemed to be having a good time.

He took the basket and started across the field. On the way he met a dog.

"I wish I had nothing to do like you," said George.

"Nothing to do!" exclaimed the dog. "I am a very hard worked animal. I dare not sleep at night, for I am the watch dog against burglars. Besides that, I have to protect the chickens against the old fox. Then I have to catch rabbits for my master; chase the cat away from the birds, keep the place clear of stray dogs, and even look after the sheep in the field. Then every morning I take the cow to pasture and bring her back in the afternoon. That is where I am going now. No, sir! I am as busy as a bee—I am." And the dog hurried on after the cow.

Pretty soon George saw a bee on a flower.

"I wish I had nothing to do like you," said George to the bee.

"Nothing to do!" said the bee. "You don't know what you are talking about. I am at work

all day looking for honey. I have to fill my hive so that you and your mother can have plenty for the winter, and then I must fill it over again for myself. I do not have a single minute. No, sir! I lead a dog's life—I do." And the bee flew on to get another load of honey.

Pretty soon the boy came to a squirrel. "Why you are having a good time," said he. "I wish I had nothing to do like you."

"Nothing to do!" said the squirrel. "I am far behind in my store of nuts for the winter. They are very scarce, and I am very much afraid I cannot find enough for my family. I must hurry from sunrise to dark. No, sir! I work like a horse—I do."

George found the horse busy pulling the plow; the cow giving milk, the tree making acorns, the fields making corn, the flowers making seed, the ants storing food—and they were all so happy about it and nobody complaining at all.

When he reached his uncle's house he got the wool and said:

"I must hurry on home now, for I am very busy; I have my work to do." And he whistled all the way home, and the tired little mother kissed his happy face and said:

"Thank you, George, you can be a great help to me."

JACK AND JILL

Kindness to animals begets a feeling of care and protection for the helpless and dependent.

Henry was a little boy who lived on a big place near town. There were plenty of trees in his yard and the birds were always flying round, but there were no squirrels. One day Henry said to his cousin Ed who lived in town:

"Cousin Ed, I wish you would get me two little squirrels."

"All right, Henry, I will try to get them, but you will have to take good care of them." Henry promised, and in a few days cousin Ed told him a man had promised to get the squirrels.

Henry was very busy now getting the squirrels' home ready. He built it out of an old box, fixed it so that no rain could get in, and cut a hole in the side so that the squirrels could go in and out. By the time the box was ready the squirrels came—two little baby squirrels, just old enough to take care of themselves.

Henry was a very happy little boy. He put the squirrel house high up in a tree in the yard, and plenty of nuts close by so that the squirrels could get them. He took care not to frighten the squirrels, and never tried to catch them until they were quite tame.

In about a week's time they knew his voice, and would climb down the tree to take a nut from his hand and then scamper back up to the squirrel home and hide it inside. Soon they were tame enough to come inside the house and play around. They would climb on Henry's shoulders and down into his pockets to hunt for nuts.

One day Henry's grandfather came to dinner and sat in a big chair on the porch. There was a bowl of nuts on the table, and Henry called the squirrels, "Jack" and "Jill"—for those were their names. The squirrels came running and saw the nuts. They looked at grandfather. They must have thought he was a tree, for they began to hide nuts all over him. They ran behind him and into his pockets until they almost filled him with nuts. Then grandfather got up and the nuts scattered in every direction, while every one laughed to see how astonished Jack and Jill were to see their tree walk off that way.

The next year out came four little baby squirrels from the squirrel house, and they went to live in the trees in the yard. And in a few years there were squirrels everywhere, running over the trees and about the yard, and people would come to see them and play with them.

Jack and Jill still live in the old home, but they certainly have a yard full of children.

THE APPLE TREE'S CHILDREN

Showing that a tree must surrender its beautiful flowers in order to produce useful fruit.

In the land of "Long Ago" lived a beautiful apple tree, or rather the tree had been beautiful, until a cruel wind and a cold rain came one night and took her children from her, and the apple tree wept and let her tears fall with the rain. And no wonder that she wept, for her children were the loveliest pink and white flowers—we call them apple blossoms—but the old tree called them her children and loved them dearly.

The sweet Spring fairy saw the grief of the Apple Tree and said:

"Why do you weep, dear Tree? Is there nothing I can do to help you?" And the tree replied: "Alas, O Fairy! my children have been taken from me and nothing can comfort me but to have them back. If you can obtain this boon for me, you are indeed my friend."

So the Spring fairy said:

"Have patience, dear Tree, and I will speak to my friend, the Autumn fairy, about your children. Remember, though, that it may take us all summer to find them, and when they return to you they may be larger than they were and changed in appearance."

"They will still be my children, and I shall love them all the same," answered the faithful Mother Tree.

Then the Spring fairy went away, and all summer long the poor Apple Tree waited for the return of her children. Whenever she felt very lonely or sad she comforted herself by remembering that the good Spring fairy always told the truth.

At last after her long watch, the Tree was surprised one day to see some small bright apples on her branches. She felt puzzled for they looked so unlike the children that she had lost. From day to day the apples grew larger and more beautiful, but still the poor Tree wondered if they were really her children. Suddenly the Autumn fairy stood before her and said:

"Dear Tree, I have been sent by our friend, the Spring fairy, to restore your children to you. As you see, they have grown larger and more beautiful since they left you."

"Indeed, kind Fairy," the Tree replied, "I was just wondering if these were really mine. They look so unlike my children who went away."

"Wait," said the Fairy, "and you shall see your children as you knew them." So saying the Fairy cut an apple through the middle, between the blossom end and the stem. Then she held up the halves and said to the Tree:

"Do you not see your children—the little blossoms—again?"

And sure enough, there in the center of each bright apple was a dear little flower. And the old tree held all the apples closer as she thanked the good Autumn fairy for the return of her children.

THE BLUE RIBBON

In which a dog tells of worries and troubles at a dog show.

"Everybody says I am a very fine dog. They say I am a collie dog, and that my mother and father were famous dogs in Scotland. I do not care about that, however, because when Master Charles, who owns me tells them about me they want me to come in and be looked at while I would rather be in the yard playing. One day Walter carried me as a prize dog to a dog show. I did not know what it was until I got there, and I never want to hear of one again. They washed me with soap and rubbed me till I was dry. They put me in a box with slats in front, and all round me I could hear other dogs barking. It was an awful noise.

"I was among the collie dogs like myself, but

we could not even get a look at each other. All I could see was in the boxes in front of me, a lot of miserable little black and tan terriers—the most useless of all dogs, I think. They were pleased at being there and kept growling at me all the time, but I wouldn't even bark back at the snappy little things.

"I didn't see why I had to stay there for four long days, with only two walks a day with Walter who came to feed me. My master Charles came along sometimes with other gentlemen, and I begged to be taken away, but he only said: 'There, old boy, be a sport! It is all right; you stay and get the Blue Ribbon.' I wondered what he meant until one day I got it.

"Two men and Walter took me one day, with some other dogs like me. They weighed us and punched us, and looked into our ears and mouths till, if Walter had not been there, I'd have bitten them hard. Then they put us all back in our boxes and hung a blue ribbon, with a round shining thing on it on my box. Every one that came along said: 'See the Blue Ribbon!' and then added, 'Isn't he a beauty to get the first prize!' I didn't know what they meant, but I was tired of their poking at me. No one came that I loved, so I just crept back into the box and had a good cry. I was so homesick, and it was no fun to win the Blue Ribbon.

"From the way people talked one would think I was that old Blue Ribbon they spoke of, when it was only the blue ribbon with the shining round thing on it.

"At last came the joyful day when Walter said: 'Now, old Sport, we'll go home.' How I jumped and barked at the word and how delightful it was to get back. But to my surprise, while they all petted me and were glad to see me, they all shouted: 'Where's the Blue Ribbon, the first prize! Let's see it!'

"Every one crowded about that shining round blue ribbon thing. It angered me so that when Walter tied it on my collar I ran as hard as I could, and then went dog fashion for that old blue ribbon thing until there was nothing left but torn ribbon and a chewed-up piece of silver. It was the cause of all my troubles, and I never want to see it again."

THE ADVENTURES OF PERSEUS

Part One

In which a brave young man shows wit as well as courage.

Perseus was a brave young man who lived with the king of Greece. The king decided to send

him on some dangerous mission. So he said to him one day: "Perseus, you must find the Gorgons. They are three terrible demon sisters who live in Africa. Their bodies are covered with scales, their hands are like claws, and the worst of all is that they have snakes on their heads instead of hair. Be careful for if you look at them you will be turned to stone. The most dreadful is named Medusa." Then the king told Perseus to go to Africa and cut off the Medusa's head.

Perseus lay down to sleep before starting on his journey. When he awoke he found by his bedside a helmet, a shield of polished steel, a scythe-shaped dagger, and a pair of winged sandals. He put the helmet on his head, the shield on his arm, took the dagger in his hand and stepped into the sandals.

At once the sandals took him high up in the air, for they were winged sandals, and flew over land and sea with the one who wore them. After a few hours he found himself descending into a strange country. The sandals let him down on a hot, dusty desert.

Perseus walked all day long and at night came to a little cluster of palm trees, in which he saw a wooden hut. He marched up to the hut very boldly and knocked at the door with his sword. A cracked voice said, "Come in."

Perseus went in and found three old women warming their hands over a fire, though it was already so hot that Perseus could hardly stand it. They were very old and wrinkled.

Perseus saw that one old woman had one eye, and no tooth; that another one had one tooth and no eye; and that the third had neither eye nor tooth. Perseus said, "I have lost my way and wish to stay here for the night." But the one with the eye looked at him and said, "I hear a voice but see no one." Then she took out her eye and passed it to the other two sisters in turn, who put it in their eye sockets, but they also said, "No, we see nothing."

Then Perseus took off his helmet and said, "Perhaps you see me now." Then the old women looked at him one at a time and saw him. His helmet had made him invisible. Then the old woman asked him to wait while they ate. They passed the eye and the tooth from one to another and each one ate until all had enough. Then they took the eye and the tooth and locked them up in a box and asked Perseus to go to bed.

But Perseus seized the box and said, "Now, you can never see, nor eat again, unless you tell me where the Gorgons live, and where I can find Medusa. I have come to cut off her head."

The old women cried and stumbled around blind and toothless, but they finally promised to

tell Perseus the hiding place of the demon sisters if he would return the eye and the tooth. To-morrow we shall see what happened.

THE ADVENTURES OF PERSEUS

Part Two

Wherein the hero slays the Gorgon, and has other adventures.

Perseus gave back to the old women their only eye and tooth, on condition that they would tell him where the Medusa lived.

The oldest woman said, "You must go on until you come to the country of King Atlas, called Mauretania. Here you will find a garden guarded by a dragon. If you get by the dragon you will find trees with golden apples. After you have walked a great distance you will come to a lake where the Gorgons live."

Perseus set out on his journey and traveled many days. Finally he came to the country of King Atlas, and found a vast garden surrounded by a high wall. At the gate sat a terrible dragon. Perseus put on his helmet so that the dragon could not see him, and passed into the garden.

After a long while he came to the lake and

took off his helmet to get some water to drink. While he was drinking a mighty rush of wind sounded in his ear, and looking into the water he saw the reflection of the terrible Medusa, flying overhead. He just had time to put his helmet on so that Medusa could not see him, when she settled down on the ground near Perseus.

Perseus was careful not to look at her for he knew he would be turned into stone if he did. So he put the shield on his arm and looked at her reflection in the polished steel. She was a terrible monster enough to frighten a much braver man than Perseus, but the young hero drew his dagger and thrust at Medusa's head without fear. After a few strokes the head fell off. The snakes stopped hissing, and the Medusa was dead.

Perseus using the polished shield as a mirror tied the head of Medusa to a cord and swung it over his shoulders. Stepping into the magic sandals he rose into the air and flew away. At last he came down to earth in a strange country. He looked around and did not know where he was, but was careful not to glance at the Medusa's head on his back.

Soon a giant came towards him roaring in great rage. "How did you get into this country and who are you?" cried out the giant, who was none other than King Atlas himself.

Perseus was not at all alarmed at the giant, and said, "I am Perseus and have come to get some golden apples from your garden."

This made the giant so mad that he raised his arm to crush Perseus, but as he did so Perseus turned around and the giant looked into the face of Medusa. As he did so, his arms stiffened, his feet grew stony, and all his body turned into a vast mountain. And people to this day call it Mount Atlas, but it is no other than the giant who was turned into stone.

COLUMBUS

(Discovery Day, October 12th)

Showing that one should follow his faith, and maintain his belief, if he expects to discover any great thing, or do any great work.

Nearly five hundred years ago in Genoa, Italy, there lived a man who made his living by carding wool. His oldest son was named Christopher Columbus. The boy loved the sea, and often sat on the docks and watched the ships come in and go out. When he was fourteen years of age he became a sailor, and learned all about ships and the great ocean.

Most people at that time thought the world

was flat. Columbus and a few other wise men believed it was round, and that a ship could sail around the earth, but there was nobody brave enough to undertake so dreadful an enterprise. What was to keep people from falling off the earth, and how could they live with their heads downward, and how could a ship ever sail up again, once it was on the under side of the earth?

When Columbus became a grown man he said he wanted to sail around the earth. He spent all his own money trying to persuade kings and wise men to help him. Nobody would listen to him long. At length he became very poor. Even the children in the streets made fun of him, and called him "the crazy stranger."

At last Columbus came to the Court of Spain and applied to Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of that country. They examined his maps and charts and listened to his arguments proving that the world was round. He asked them for ships and a crew, that he might undertake the great voyage.

Ferdinand was opposed to the project. He had spent much money in war and did not care to waste any more on so foolish an enterprise as that proposed by Columbus. His wise men said the world might be round, but they doubted it. Isabella, however, was much interested in what Columbus had said. She begged the king

to allow Columbus to proceed and offered to sell her jewels to raise the money.

Thus it was that Columbus got his three ships and his men and sailed away across the Atlantic Ocean one day in August to see if the world was round. The weather was beautiful and the breezes blew from behind, and the ships sailed on and on. The men grew afraid of the long water and the great distance, but Columbus held his course. They threatened to mutiny and turn back, but Columbus begged for three days more.

At length land appeared and on October 12, 1492, Columbus landed on the island of San Salvador. He bowed down and kissed the ground and wept tears of joy. He did not know that he had landed on an unknown shore, but we know now he had discovered our own America.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

The consciousness of a righteous cause gives strength and courage to a valiant heart.

David was the son of Jesse. When he was a boy he had to watch his father's sheep, and often slept on the hillsides and in the valleys, or lay awake to keep away the wild beasts.

One day the old Samuel came looking for a

man to anoint king. The Lord had told him that he must choose one of the sons of Jesse. Jesse showed Samuel his seven sons, but Samuel said:

"The Lord hath not chosen these. Are these all thy children?" Jesse told him: "There remaineth yet the youngest, and he keepeth the sheep." So they sent for David. Samuel saw he was ruddy, and of a goodly countenance, and beautiful to look upon and said:

"Come, anoint him, for this is he."

Now, Saul was king. He was troubled with an evil spirit and nothing soothed him but music. One day he told his servants to find some one to play on the harp for him. The servants told him that David, the son of Jesse, who kept the sheep, could play the harp wondrously well. So Saul sent for David and had him brought to the king's house. Whenever the evil spirit came upon Saul, David would play upon the harp so that "Saul was refreshed and the evil spirit departed."

About this time the Philistines gathered an army to give battle to the Israelites. Saul and his men went out to meet them. The Philistines stood on one hill and the Israelites on the other and there was a valley between them. There went out a champion from the Philistines, a giant named Goliath, very tall and strong, who wore a

helmet of brass and a coat of mail, and who defied any Israelite to give him battle. Every morning for three mornings he did this, and no Israelite dared go out to meet him.

David went to Saul and said: "Thy servant will go and fight this Philistine."

But Saul told David that he was only a youth and the giant would surely kill him. David insisted and prayed to go. So Saul gave him his helmet and armor and sword to put on. David, however, knew better how to fight the giant and did not take Saul's armor. Instead he took five stones from the brook and his leather sling and went out and called on Goliath to come forth to battle.

Goliath scorned the young David, and said he would feed his flesh to the birds and the beasts. Then he came on to where David stood. David took out his sling and fitted a smooth stone in it. He waited until Goliath was near enough for a good aim. Then he whirled his sling around his head and let go. The stone flew straight and hit Goliath in the forehead, and he fell down dead. David took his great knife and cut off the giant's head and held it up for the Philistines to see. At this they were all so afraid that they all fled in great confusion.

THE SWISS WOOD CARVER

In which we see that physical infirmity is no bar to success.

Once upon a time there lived in Meringen, Switzerland, a crippled boy named Rubi. He had fallen down one of the small hills near his home and had hurt his hip, so that all his life he had to use crutches. But he was a brave boy, and did his best to help the family in their work.

His father was a guide in the great mountains, and his mother was a lace maker. Poor Rubi was too crippled to climb the mountains or to work in the valleys, and his father said: "Poor little Rubi! what will become of him and the mother if anything should happen to me?"

Rubi sat all day and watched the goats, and sometimes saw a chamois on a far cliff of the mountains. One day his mother brought him a toy goat carved out of wood that she had found in one of the shops of Meringen. Rubi looked at it and said:

"I can make a better goat than that." So his mother bought him some tools and some wood and he began to carve animals. But his father did not know anything about it, for Rubi kept it a secret from him.

One day Rubi's father was hurt by falling from a mountain side, and was laid up for a long time with a broken leg. The poor mother made very little by her lace making, and the winter was coming on. Rubi, by this time, had made a little money by selling his carved animals in the village. Every one he had was eagerly bought by a dealer; but the dealer did not pay the boy much. Rubi gave the money to his mother to help pay expenses.

One day, while Rubi was working in his shed, a traveler came to the door. In his hand was a beautifully carved chamois climbing a rock. He said:

"I am looking for the man who carved this chamois; I was told that he lived here," said the traveler. Rubi's father looked at the carving and said:

"No, sir, none of us here can do such carving as that."

Just then Rubi came in and seeing the chamois in the man's hand, said: "I did that myself a year ago, but I can do better now."

Everybody was astonished, especially when Rubi showed them other things he had made. There were goats, and bears, and dogs, and little horses, and all kinds of toys that Rubi had carved and stored away in the box his mother had given him.

The traveler turned out to be one of the great dealers in carved woods. "You must go with me and work in my shop," said the dealer.

And it so happened that Rubi went with the dealer and became one of the finest workmen he had ever known. So we see that even a crippled boy can become famous if he only tries.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Part One

Opportunity for service lies at our door, and we need not seek far for great things to do.

This story begins in the summer time when everybody and everything was bright and happy. The flowers were blooming, the birds were singing, and every leaf and blade of grass made a home for some little creature.

Amidst all the joy of summer time a great castle stretched its towers toward the sky, gray and cold. It was not at all like the beautiful summer. It looked like winter. It was a proud old castle and its gates were opened only to admit rich lords and ladies. The poor were always turned away.

A young knight named Sir Launfal lived in this castle. He was strong and brave and very

proud of his old home. He was a good young man but he had not yet learned to be kind to the poor. He decided to travel the world over seeking for something to do that would please God. He had his beautiful armor brought out and everything made ready for an early start one summer morning. Then he threw himself down on his bed for a few hours' sleep.

Around the castle was a ditch which was crossed by a drawbridge. This was let down by chains, and when it was up no man could leave the castle. As Sir Launfal rode across this bridge the next morning the sun shone upon his armor turning it to gold, and he felt so strong and happy that it was a joy just to be alive. The birds were singing in the tall trees of the forest around his castle; the cattle were peacefully grazing in the meadows, the flowers were blooming. The knight looked up at the blue sky, and said: "I want to do some great thing for my Lord." He was thinking of some great victory in battle over many enemies, and hardly looked down at the road under his feet.

As he came out from the castle he came upon a leper, a poor man, ragged and dirty, and sick with a dreadful disease. He was lying on the side of the road and was very pitiful in his poverty. Now, it was the custom for those who were lepers, or who were very poor, to lie at the

gates of the castle and beg for food or for money, or for anything that would be given them. So this leper cried out to the young man:

"Sir Knight, help me in the name of the Master!" Sir Launfal looked down at the poor beggar, and the sunshine went out of his heart. Instead of helping the man he scornfully tossed him a piece of gold and turned away. The leper did not pick up the gold. He would rather have had a kind word even from the poor, than unwilling gold from the rich.

Sir Launfal rode on looking for a great adventure, while the gold lay untouched on the ground and the leper turned sadly away. Tomorrow we shall see how Sir Launfal learned to serve the Lord in the right way.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Part Two

Performing the simple service at our hands brings more real joy than mighty conquests abroad.

Years passed by while Sir Launfal wandered far and wide, but never found the great thing he sought to do. He fought many battles and he endured great hardships in the deserts, but somehow it did not bring him the peace of mind

that he sought. Try as he might to do some great deed, he did not please God and he was downcast and discouraged. He had spent all his money and had only his horse, his armor, and a crust of bread.

At last he turned homeward, but found that the people, thinking that he was dead, had taken his home from him. When he tried to enter his castle they turned him away.

It was winter time. The wind blew loud and cold. Poor Sir Launfal had no home. He drew his cloak around him and looked through the windows into his castle. It was Christmas, and all the rooms were trimmed with holly. He saw the great fire burning but could not get warm. He tried to forget the bitter cold by remembering how the hot sun shone down on the desert. As he was thinking he heard a voice say:

"For Jesus' sake, help me!" He saw near him the same poor leper who had begged for help when he rode away from his castle that summer morning. He also remembered how he had treated him and felt very sorry that he had not been more kind and loving. "You poor beggar," said he. "I am hardly more than a beggar myself now, and I have not much to give, but I will divide what I have."

So he divided his crust of bread, which was all he had, then broke the ice on the brook and

gave the leper a drink. It seemed to the leper that he had never tasted anything so good. As he ate the bread and drank the water it seemed to Sir Launfal that the peace and joy he had been years trying to find had at last come into his heart.

Suddenly a beautiful light shone upon Sir Launfal, and looking up he saw—not a poor leper—but Jesus Christ Himself! Gently he spoke:

"Be not afraid, Sir Launfal; over all the world you have searched in vain for one thing to do for me, while here, at your own gate, are the sick and the poor whom you could love and help."

Then Sir Launfal awoke, and found that all this had been a dream, and that he had never ridden forth from his castle at all. But he felt sure that the dream had been sent to teach him not to be proud and selfish. He called to his servants and said:

"Hang up my armor, for I am not going to travel. Instead, I shall hereafter be kind to all the poor who come to my gates." Then he found the great service he longed to do for the Master.

HOW ARTHUR BECAME KING

Only the wise and God fearing should be chosen as rulers of the people.

A long time ago the king and queen of England had a little son. When the boy was a baby a great enchanter came to the king and said: "You must have some one to take care of your child." So the king gave the baby to Merlin who took it off with him and gave it into the care of a good man named Sir Ector who christened the baby with the name of Arthur. Arthur grew up strong and good and became a man brave and powerful.

At last the old king died and all the lords of the kingdom tried to take his place. They did not think of Arthur who was the king's son, and who now ought to be king in his father's place. So Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and told him to summon all the lords to London on Christmas, and that some miracle would be performed to show who should be king.

So the archbishop did as Merlin advised, and on Christmas all the lords came to London. They went into the church and said their prayers, and then they beheld in the churchyard a great stone in which a sword had been stuck hard and fast, and on the stone were the words: "Whoso

pulleth out the sword from the stone is king of all England." One by one they tried to pull out the sword, but not one of them could move it.

On New Year's Day Sir Ector came to London bringing Arthur with him. He heard about the stone and the sword and saw all the lords and knights in their games, and heard that none of them could move the sword. Sir Ector's son was with him also, but had no sword to join in the games with the knights.

"I will get my brother a sword," said Arthur, and straightway drew the sword out of the stone with great ease. They were all astonished. Arthur put the sword back into the stone, and still none could pull it out but him. Time and time again he did this until they all cried out: "Arthur shall be king of England!"

Then all the people knelt down and declared they would serve and obey Arthur as king. Sir Ector told them that Arthur was the son of the king who had died, and was king by right of birth anyway, and that the miracle of the sword coming so easily out of the stone into Arthur's hand was the judgment of Heaven in his favor.

At this all the people shouted again, "Long live King Arthur." Then Arthur took the sword and placed it on the altar of the church, meaning that he dedicated himself and the sword to the service of God.

After he became king he set about righting all the wrongs that had been done since the death of his father. He gave back land and money that had been taken from orphans and widows, and changed all the bad laws into good ones. Thus at the very beginning he was known as "Good King Arthur."

HOW ARTHUR CAME BY HIS SWORD

Wherein King Arthur miraculously procures a sword.

Soon after Arthur was crowned king he went on a journey with Merlin, the wise magician. They met a knight in the wood, who challenged Arthur to combat. The king fought the knight as they did in those days, and though he overcame the knight, yet the king lost so much blood that he was very weak.

As he and Merlin continued their journey, the king said, "I am weak from loss of blood, and my sword is broken. When shall I get another?"

"Fear not," said Merlin, "you shall lose no more blood and you shall get another sword as good as the one you broke." And they rode on in silence for a long while. At last they

came to a large lake, very quiet and beautiful, with trees around the edges, and of color like turquoise.

While Arthur was gazing out into the lake he became aware of three women standing by his side. "Who are you?" asked Arthur. To which they replied, "We are queens who have come to help you. Look out into the lake again."

Arthur looked out upon the lake, and saw in the distance a cloud upon the water like a mist. It moved toward him, and when it came near he saw in the cloud the figure of a woman. Her robe seemed made of the waves of the lake, and her hair was like the morning mist. She was so wonderful that Arthur exclaimed, "Who is she?"

Then Merlin said, "She is The Lady of the Lake. She lives in the rock in the midst of the water, and has come to help you."

Arthur looked at the figure of the woman. She smiled at him, and pointed at the lake. Then Arthur saw an arm rising out of the water, clothed in pure white. The arm held a sword with a crosslike hilt, and the sword shone so bright that Arthur's eyes were dazzled.

Then Arthur spoke up and said, "Fair Lady, I would that yonder sword were mine, for I have lost one in combat, and am now without."

The lady smiled and said, "Step into yonder boat, and row to the arm, and take the sword, together with the scabbard." And so Arthur untied the boat, took the oars, and rowed out into the lake. Coming to the arm he took the sword and scabbard, and rowed back to the shore. When he landed he found that the three queens and the Lady of the Lake and the arm had vanished.

As Arthur was gazing at the sword, Merlin said to him: "My lord, which pleases you more, the sword or the scabbard?"

To which Arthur replied, "The sword pleases me more."

Then Merlin told him to guard the scabbard for so long as he held it he would lose no blood. Then Merlin said, "You have a good sword now; use it in making justice and right prevail in all the land." And they rode along on their journey.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

In which appears the teachings and practices of the true order of knighthood.

Arthur was now king, and lived in a big palace. He had done many things for his subjects, and they were devoted to his service. He had

no wife, however, and told Merlin, who was always with him, that he would like to wed the Lady Guenevere, daughter of one of the nobles, whom he loved dearly. Her father was willing, and so the Lady Guenevere came to King Arthur's palace to be his wife. Her father sent as a present a huge round table at which one hundred and fifty knights could sit at the same time.

King Arthur then gathered the full number of knights to sit at the round table, and called them the Knights of the Round Table. He charged them never to commit any outrage or murder and always to be loyal to the king. They were never to be cruel, but always to be merciful, and to give help to women and children and the helpless. They were never to give battle for a wrongful quarrel, and were to keep themselves good and holy. So the king and queen lived very happily and the Knights of the Round Table served them valiantly.

Among all the knights there were none more brave and beautiful than Sir Galahad. He had been reared in a convent by the nuns, and when they brought him to be a knight Sir Lancelot said: "God make you a good man, for beauty faileth you not." So Sir Galahad took his seat among the knights. It was said of him that "His strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure."

Now, there was a story in England that the cup which Christ had used at the Last Supper had been brought to England, and had vanished because those who kept it were not good men. It was called the Holy Grail, and all good knights desired to find it.

One day as these knights sat at table a great tempest arose; the building shook and the thunder made such a noise that everybody thought that the palace would fall. In the midst of the storm a sunbeam entered at the window, and the knights saw the Holy Grail, covered with cloth borne by invisible hands through the hall.

For a great while no knight could speak a word, and they looked at one another as though they were drunk. And then all the hall was filled with sweet odors, and music. On the table appeared rich food that the knights might eat, and each knight felt his heart grow strong and valiant.

Then the Holy Grail vanished, and no knight could see where it went. But they rose from their seats and vowed to follow it and find it wherever it was. On the next day they went to church and after service the king called them and counted a hundred and fifty who were ready to start out to find the Holy Grail.

SIR GALAHAD FINDS THE HOLY GRAIL

Showing the reward that comes to those who lead a pure and righteous life.

All the knights went in search of the Holy Grail, but we shall follow the fortunes of Sir Galahad only. Sir Galahad had many adventures in his wanderings for more than a year. He defended all helpless women and children, fought no unjust fights, sought no quarrels, and kept himself pure in heart. One day as he was riding through a forest he met two other knights, and they rode on together to a great castle, telling each other of their adventures.

A little before evening as they sat in the hall there was a great heat, and four women came in bringing a bed on which was a sick man with a crown of gold on his head. He said: "Welcome, Sir Galahad! I have waited a long time for your coming, but now that you are here, I shall be healed."

And then there came in a man like a bishop holding a cross in his hand, and four angels bore him up in a chair, and set him before a table and on the table was the Holy Grail.

Then more angels came in bearing candles,

and a towel and a spear which bled all the time. Then the bishop took bread and gave it to the three knights, and they ate it, then the bishop took the Holy Grail and brought it to Sir Galahad, and he drank from it; and the bishop said that he had to take the Holy Grail with him, but he did not say where nor when. Then the bishop vanished with the Holy Grail leaving the knights alone in the castle hall. But they had seen the Holy Grail and the three knights had touched it to their lips. So henceforth they were disciples of the Lord.

After the bishop had departed Sir Galahad touched the blood upon the bleeding spear and anointed the sick man with it, and behold! he was well again. The sick man started from his bed a whole man, and knelt down to pray because he was healed, and desired to thank God.

Then he and the two other knights rode for three days and came to a ship and when they got on board they found the Holy Grail was there, covered with cloth. Then Sir Galahad knew he was led by the holy spirit to do some useful service. The ship sailed to a distant city and when they landed and came to the gate of the city they looked and found a man crooked with age and disease. Sir Galahad told him to rise up and walk and so it happened to the old man.

The king of the city who was a pagan and a

tyrant, seized Sir Galahad and the other knights and put them in prison, and there they stayed for a whole year, but every day the Holy Grail came and fed them, and they kept their strength.

THE PASSING OF SIR GALAHAD

In which the brave knight passes away, and we see the last of the Holy Grail.

We left Sir Galahad and his companions in prison where, for a whole year they were fed by the Holy Grail. Every morning and night they prayed and as they finished their prayer the Holy Grail would appear and with it food and drink. So the knights ate and there was no failing of their strength, at which the king wondered greatly.

At the end of the year, the king, who had put them in prison, fell ill and was about to die. So he sent for the three knights and begged their mercy and set them free. Then the king died, and all seeing how well they were and hearing of the Holy Grail and its comforts to the prisoners, the king knew they were holy men and the people were glad, for he had been a bad and evil-minded ruler, and his repentance came too late to do good to his subjects.

While they were wondering whom they should

take as king, a voice came saying: "Choose the youngest of the three knights to be your king."

So they made Galahad king of their city. Galahad had made a table of silver and a chest of gold, and in it he put the holy vessel, and every day he and his knights came and said their prayers before it.

At the end of a year Galahad and his knights came to the holy vessel one day, and saw a man like a bishop before it, and a great crowd of angels around him. The bishop called to Galahad to come to him and partake of the holy sacrament. Galahad began to tremble, but he came and did as the bishop bade him. Then the bishop said:

"Knowest thou who I am?" And Galahad answered "No."

"I am Joseph of Arimathea who took our Lord down from the cross, and He hath sent me hither to you because you have seen the Holy Grail, and you are a clean, pure knight who hath never done wrong."

Then Galahad kissed his two companions and they knelt down and prayed, and while they were praying the soul of Sir Galahad departed to Heaven, and the crowd of angels bore him out of sight. At the same time a hand reached down from the sky and seized the Holy Grail and bore that to Heaven, too.

And from that time no man has ever seen the Holy Grail, but all the world remembers Sir Galahad, because he was pure and noble and worthy to have seen the wonders of the sacred vessel with which our Lord was served at the Last Supper.

THE WOODPECKER WHO WAS SELFISH

(An Indian folk tale)

Sometimes the selfish come to grief.

Once there was a little lady woodpecker who lived in a hole in a big pine tree. Her house was cozy, lined with moss and wool and protected by a little bark door, making it cool in summer and warm in winter. She was a selfish little bird, and never asked any one to come and see her. Next door lived a little fluffy sparrow. His nest was loosely built, and rested in the forks of the tree. This was not fluffy sparrow's fault, it was because sparrows are not good nest builders. One day there was a storm which blew the nest down. He flew to the little bark door and said:

"Oh, little Lady Woodpecker, have pity on me and take me into your house; the rain is falling and I am very, very cold." But the Lady

Woodpecker answered: "I can't let you in to-day, Fluffy Sparrow. I am cooking juniper berries for a batch of pies. Come some other time and perhaps I will let you in." He hopped away, and the rain made him very cold.

The next day he flew beside the bark door and said:

"Oh, little Lady Woodpecker, have pity on me and take me into your house, for the cold and cruel winds blow and ruffles my feathers." But she answered:

"I can't let you in to-day, Fluffy Sparrow. I'm washing the pot in which I cooked some juniper berries to make a batch of pies. Come again some other time, and perhaps I'll let you in."

The next day he came as before and said:

"Oh, little Lady Woodpecker, have pity on me and take me into your house, for the biting frost nips my feet." But she said:

"I can't let you in to-day, Fluffy Sparrow. I'm making the crust for my batch of juniper pies. Come again some other time, and perhaps I will let you in." So he hopped away and the frost nipped his feet.

The fourth day Fluffy Sparrow came back and said:

"Oh, little Lady Woodpecker, have pity on me and take me into your home, for the snow blinds me." But she answered:

"I can't let you in to-day, Fluffy Sparrow. I'm cleaning my floor before I sit down all by myself to eat my juniper berry pie." So the snow blinded Fluffy Sparrow's eyes.

The last day Fluffy Sparrow came and said: "Oh, little Lady Woodpecker, please have pity on me and take me into your house, for I do not like the rain, wind, frost and snow." But she did not answer.

He pushed open the door and saw no one there. She had gone to buy a key to lock her door while she ate her juniper pies. He went inside where he was sheltered from rain, wind, frost and snow. He ate up all the juniper berry pies. When the little Lady Woodpecker returned Fluffy Sparrow was living there and she had to find another home.

THE RABBIT TRIES TO CATCH FISH

In which is shown the folly of close imitation to the methods of others.

The Rabbit lived with his grandmother, and sometimes found it a hard matter to get enough food for both, especially in winter when the snow was on the ground and ice was on the pond.

One day, as he was traveling through the forest, he came upon a hut, near the bank of a river.

Looking in he saw the Otter at home, and very comfortable indeed, with a string of dried fish hung out over the door, and some corn left over from last season.

"Come in," said the Otter, "and sit by the fire. I am not cold myself, but you look frozen." So the Rabbit went in and sat down and looked up at the fish and corn. He looked so hungry that the Otter said, "Stay to dinner with me, and I will catch you a string of eels."

So the Rabbit agreed to stay to dinner. Then the Otter said he would go out and catch the eels. The Rabbit said he would go along and see how he did it. They went out to the river bank where the Otter got on an ice-slide and coasted down into the water. He went under and soon came up with two eels in his mouth.

"By my life, that is an easy way to fish," said the Rabbit. "Those fishermen certainly have a good time," and then he and the Otter went into the hut and cooked the eels in corn, and had dinner. After sitting around for awhile and talking about the weather, and how mischievous the hunters and the dogs had been the Rabbit invited the Otter to take dinner with him on the next Sunday. Then the Rabbit went home.

The rest of the week he was busy making an ice-slide into his pond. He made it out of packed snow and ice and smoothed it down with

a stick until it was ready for use. On Sunday the Otter came looking for a dinner of dried turnips and winter cabbages.

After talking for awhile the Rabbit said, "Now, friend Otter, I will catch you some eels," and he led the way to his ice-slide. Getting on the slide he let go and went plump! into the cold water. Down he went and came up wet and shivering, but with no eels.

"I missed them that time," said the Rabbit, "but wait while I try again," and down he went on the slide and into the water. But again he caught no eels. By this time the Otter was hungry but he stopped to laugh at the Rabbit, who was a sad sight.

"Friend Rabbit," said he, "I have eels enough at home, and I came here for turnips and cabbages. Come in and cook me what you have and I shall be content." And so the Rabbit found out that he could not catch fish and that he need not try. But they did have a good dinner of dried turnips and cabbages.

THE LITTLE GRAY LAMB

We should be content to endure things that cannot be helped.

Once there was a little lamb who was very unhappy. All the other lambs frisked about in the sunshine, ran around the meadow and played with one another; but this little lamb stayed beside his mother and cried because he was so unhappy.

"What makes you so miserable?" said the old mother sheep.

"Oh, mother!" said the lamb, "see all the other lambs with white wool, and mine is gray. I want white wool, too." And the lamb began to cry again and looked so miserable that the old ram actually stopped eating grass and blinked at him.

"You are a cry-baby," said the ram. "Look at my wool; it is gray as an old blanket and full of burrs. I don't mind it." But the little lamb went off to itself and felt as bad as ever.

Off in a corner the lamb saw some white flowers.

"Give me your white blooms to make me a coat. I want a white coat like the other lambs," said the lamb to the flowers. But the flowers shook their heads and said:

"You are a foolish lamb not to like your gray coat. All flowers are not white, anyhow, and we think the colored ones are as pretty as we are. Besides that, you would look ridiculous covered with flower petals." So the lamb moved on and soon came to a white hen sitting on a fence.

"Please, Mrs. Hen, give me your white feathers to make me a coat. I am very unhappy because my wool is gray instead of white," said the lamb. The old hen ruffled up her feathers and looked down at the lamb and said:

"My! how silly! I have seen plenty of gray chickens and red ones, too, and they are just as good looking as the white ones. Besides that, how would a lamb look covered with feathers?" And the old hen laughed until she fell off the fence backwards.

The little lamb ran around the field to the old white horse.

"Please, Mr. Horse, give me some hair to make me a white coat. I am very unhappy because my wool is gray," said the little lamb. The old horse backed his ears and looked down at the lamb.

"Who ever heard of such a thing as a lamb with hairs on it? I had a gray colt once and she was beautiful. Go away, my child; your gray coat is beautiful enough," said the horse.

The little lamb went back to where the other lambs were playing. They gathered around and began to admire his gray coat.

"You have the honor of being the only gray lamb in the flock. We shall call you the leader, because we can tell you from the others easily. Come now, let us run to the fence!" Off they all went, the gray lamb in the lead, the fastest and strongest of them all, glad, at last, that he had a gray coat.

ROBERT'S RIDE

We never lose by being kind.

It was to be a great day for little Robert. Though he was only ten years old he was a fine runner, and that day there was to be a foot race at his uncle's farm, and a knife with a pearl handle was the prize, and Robert's heart was set on winning it.

His father had hired a Shetland pony named Beauty to take him to Mayfair, his uncle's farm where the races were. When Robert saw the pony he jumped for joy, and leaping on its back rode off. The races were to begin at eleven o'clock, and it was already after ten when he started, and he had about five miles to go.

Beauty and her rider were traveling fast when

Robert heard a voice calling him. He saw an old lady named Mrs. Smith. His father had often told him of the little old couple living in the house at the forks of the road.

Mrs. Smith was in great trouble; her husband was sick and she could not leave him, and she had nobody to go for the doctor. She begged Robert to turn back and ride as fast as he could for the doctor.

Robert hesitated at first, thinking of the races and the fine prize he hoped to win, and all the fun he was going to have. Then he looked down at poor Mrs. Smith and saw the tears in her eyes. He remembered his own mother and father, and his mind was made up quickly as to what he ought to do.

"What doctor do you want?" he asked. Mrs. Smith told him, and turning the horse's head he was off at a gallop. Mile after mile the little pony traveled until he came to the doctor's gate.

"Doctor," he said, "Mrs. Smith's husband is very sick; she says please come quickly—she sent me for you." The doctor was just getting ready to leave for the day's work. He drove as fast as he could, Robert behind him on the faithful Beauty. They reached Mrs. Smith's home in time for the doctor to save Mr. Smith's life. Then Robert rode on to the races.

It was late when he reached the farm and he

was tired. The foot race had not yet been reached, and he was in good time after all. "Come on, Robert, you are in plenty of time and you are a good runner. Come get ready for the foot race," they cried to him as he rode into the gate.

Robert was ready in a minute and they were off. He ran for all his life, just as hard as he could, all the time thinking how glad he was that he had helped poor Mrs. Smith. That made him run faster for his heart was light, and he won the knife by a good margin.

He felt very glad he had helped the old woman, and then had lost nothing by the good deed.

WILLIAM TELL

In which a brave boy was not afraid to trust his life to the skill of his father.

Gessler was a tyrant who ruled over Switzerland. He was cruel and overbearing and made the people suffer in every way he could. They despised him and dreaded him, for they could not tell what form of tyranny he would use next.

To show his power Gessler set up a pole in the market place and on the top of the pole he placed his hat, and ordered everybody who

passed by to bow to the hat in order to show respect to the tyrant. The people were very much mortified at this, but they couldn't help themselves, and so they took off their hats and bowed very low whenever they passed the pole with the hat on it.

One day a bold mountaineer came down into the village holding his little son by the hand. His name was William Tell. He marched with his head high up, and passed the pole without bowing to the hat of Gessler. Everybody was astonished at his boldness; but he marched up and down the square, and not once did he bow his head according to the tyrant's orders.

You may be sure that the spies of Gessler went straight to their master with news of this conduct of the mountaineer. The tyrant came into the square and ordered Tell brought before him. He saw that he had a bow and arrow slung across his back.

"You can doubtless shoot very well," said Gessler. "Instead of putting you in prison, you shall shoot an apple from your son's head at a hundred paces." Gessler did this thinking that Tell would surely shoot his own little son.

The people turned pale with indignation, but Tell said not a word. He kissed his son and told him to stand steady. He placed him at a hundred steps and the apple was laid on his fair

curly head. Tell selected two arrows—straight and sharp—one he hid under his jacket and the other he placed in his bow.

The boy stood with his face to his father and shut his eyes; he did not cry nor move a muscle. The crowd was still as death as Tell shot his arrow. Straight it flew, through the apple and lit softly on the ground beyond the boy. A great shout went up and a clapping of hands for joy. The boy was safe.

"But why that other arrow?" asked Gessler of Tell, pointing to his pocket.

"To slay thee, tyrant, had I killed my boy," answered Tell. Gessler ordered him to be seized, but in the confusion Tell took his son in his arms and escaped to his mountain home. Some time after this as Gessler was riding through the forest, Tell drew his bow and shot an arrow straight through the heart of the tyrant. In this way was Switzerland freed from tyranny.

THE ELEPHANT'S TRUNK

In which we find out what happened by asking questions.

At first elephants had short noses. Listen while I tell you how they came to have long noses, which we call trunks.

Once there was a little elephant who lived in Africa. He asked ever so many questions. He asked the ostrich why her feathers grew so long. He asked the giraffe what made his skin spotty. He asked the hippopotamus why her eyes were red. He asked about everything he saw.

One morning he asked: "What does the crocodile have for dinner?" Everybody said: "Hush! Don't ask so many foolish questions!"

He came upon the Kolokolo bird sitting on a thorn bush and asked what the crocodile has for dinner. She told him to go to the Limpo river and find out. The next morning he went to the river.

He had never seen a crocodile, so when he saw one he did not know it. He first saw a big snake on a rock and said:

"Excuse me, but have you seen a crocodile around here?"

"What will you ask next?" asked the snake.

"Excuse me, but what does he have for dinner?" asked the elephant. The snake was so mad that he shook his coils and thrust out his tongue at the elephant.

"Good-bye, snake," he said and left. He came across something he thought was a log in the water, but it was a crocodile.

"Excuse me," he said, "but have you seen a crocodile around here? What does he have for dinner?"

"Come here," said the crocodile, "I will whisper it to you."

The crocodile said to himself: "I will eat the little elephant to-day."

He caught the elephant by the nose and began to pull hard.

"Let go!" said the elephant. "That hurts."

The snake came from the rocks and said: "He will pull you into the water if you don't pull hard." He pulled hard and the crocodile pulled hard. The elephant's nose began to stretch and stretched nearly five feet. "This is too much for me," he said.

Then the snake wound himself around the elephant's legs and helped him pull. They pulled harder than the crocodile, until the elephant's nose was all out of shape. Then the crocodile let go. The elephant thanked the snake, wrapped his nose in banana leaves and hung it in the river to cool. He sat there for three days waiting for it to shrink, but it grew no shorter. His nose was a real elephant's trunk.

The elephant found he could use it many ways. He could kill flies, get grass and carry it to his mouth with it. When he got hot he could get mud and put it on his head. He could pick up things and get fruit from the trees. He could send a noise down his trunk that could be heard far and near. And from that day to this,

elephants have long noses, and what is more, they seem to like them that way.

THANKSGIVING

In which we find that the blessings of liberty and prosperity are the true causes of Thanksgiving.

Instead of a make-believe story I am going to tell you a true story about some people who were called "Pilgrims." Pilgrim means wanderer, and before long you will see why they were given that name.

The Pilgrims lived in England and were ruled by a king who wanted them to do just as he said in everything; he even wanted them to worship God in the same way he did.

The Pilgrims objected to this; they did not think he had any right to interfere with their religion. They thought that every man had a right to worship God in his own way. So they left England and went to Holland. It was a long voyage, and they endured many hardships on the way. The Dutch people were very good to them, but after a while the Pilgrims grew restless. Their children were growing up with a knowledge of the Dutch language and customs only; so once again they made ready for another voyage.

This time they sailed for America. The name of their ship was the *Mayflower*. The trip was a rough one indeed. Many of the children were sick and many of the fathers and mothers were sick also. But at last they landed on Plymouth Rock in the New World.

It was a queer country that their eyes fell upon. There were no houses, and the only people were the Indians. At first the Pilgrims were very much afraid of these Indians, but they soon became good friends. The Pilgrims were not idle. They went to work, cutting down trees and building log cabins so that the women and children would have some place to sleep.

Before many days had passed, they had plowed the fields, planted corn and other grains and erected a little church. The following year they had a splendid harvest. So they decided to have a feast and to invite the Indians who had been kind to them, and to thank God for His goodness to them throughout the year. They called it a Thanksgiving Feast.

The white men and the Indians went hunting and killed wild turkeys and deer for the feast. The women cooked the meat, broiled the fish, baked the bread, and the young people waited on the tables. Under the trees the tables were spread. Around them sat the Pilgrims and their Indian friends. Jokes were passed, stories

were told, and the old times in England and Holland were talked over. Then followed games and shooting matches, and by night the Indians danced and sang war songs.

That was our first Thanksgiving Day, but ever since then we have set apart the last Thursday in November to give thanks to God for His goodness to us.

THE GRATEFUL INDIAN

(A Thanksgiving Story)

A kindness shown to others is never lost and sometimes brings an unexpected reward.

One summer morning in a New England village Mrs. Grafton was sitting on her porch shelling peas for dinner. John and Jean, her children, were playing around the yard, when an Indian woman, carrying a baby on her back, passed the house. John ran out of the gate and after the woman. He saw something was the matter with the baby, and asked what it was.

"Papoose sick," said the Indian mother, "see doctor."

John said: "Bring the baby in here and my mother will make it well."

The Indian woman followed John into the yard, and Mrs. Grafton took the poor little papoose on her lap and gave it some medicine. After a while the little baby stopped crying and went to sleep in Mrs. Grafton's lap. The Indian mother took her papoose home, saying that Mrs. Grafton was "a good doctor."

The next day the mother again appeared with the baby, and Mrs. Grafton washed it, put on some clean clothes and gave it some more medicine. After a while the baby got well, and the Indian woman came no more.

That winter was very hard and cold; snow everywhere and cold biting winds. Thanksgiving came, and Mrs. Grafton started to make pies for dinner. She cut up the pumpkin and then looked in the molasses jug. Not a drop of molasses there!

"Oh, my! what shall we do? There is no molasses to make the pies," she exclaimed in dismay. John looked thoughtful.

"I will go and get some from the store," he said, and was off in a moment with the empty jug, right through the woods. The jug was heavy and it was already late in the afternoon, but they must have pies for the next day.

John reached the store. The jug was filled and he started home again. It began to snow as John entered the woods. The path was soon

covered and poor John took the wrong turn, then tried to come back, and soon was hopelessly lost. He ran on as fast as he could and then stopped and began to cry. A tall man stood before him. It was an Indian with a gun. John said:

"Please, I am lost. Take me back home." But the Indian took him on his shoulder and carried him to a camp and to a fire in a tent. There was an Indian woman with a papoose there. She looked at John and said a few words to the tall man who had brought him in. The Indian grunted and smiled, and then lifted John to his shoulders, and with him and his jug tramped through the snow-drifts back to John's home. He set him down on the doorstep and said:

"My squaw and my papoose you helped last summer. Me have thanksgiving here," and he touched his breast and disappeared.

BOBBIE, THE POWDER BOY

In which a young boy shows great courage in the face of danger.

There was a time when our country needed many men to protect her against her enemies—especially the British. She had to have soldiers

on land and on sea. Sometimes boys were accepted to help in the camps and on the vessels.

On board the ship *United States* was a boy only ten years of age. His name was Bobbie. He was allowed to help but his name could not be placed upon the roll of the ship until he had served a certain length of time. He was very young to be aboard a war vessel, but he was faithful to his duty and served as bravely as he could. At times it was very hard on Bobbie, but even in places of great danger he remained just as brave as ever. One time it looked as if their ship would be lost. A great British vessel was coming towards them. How could the little *United States* stand against a much larger British vessel?

"Well, Bob," cried his older comrades, "are you afraid?"

"No, indeed," cried Bobbie, and he hurried away to find the captain.

"What's wanting, Bobbie?" said the captain.

"Please, Commodore, will you put my name on the roll before the battle begins?"

"What for, my lad?" asked the Commodore kindly.

"So that I can take a position at the front of the ship when the firing begins," replied the boy bravely. "We must take that British ship, and I believe we are going to do it."

"All right," said the captain. "You are on the roll."

The battle began. Bobbie was stationed on the main deck in the thickest of the fight. He was powder boy. He stood close to one of the great guns, and it was his duty to keep powder ready for this particular gun. Back and forth between the powder magazines and the gun he went, the cartridges hidden beneath his jacket so that no spark of fire might touch them. All about him on every side, whizzed the deadly leaden balls, but Bob took no heed of them.

"Well, Bob," said the captain, after the battle was over, "we did capture the British after all."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," answered Bobbie, his smoke-stained face radiant with joy. "I knew we would."

"And now," said the captain, "if we get the old hulk into port, there will be part of the reward for you. Would you mind telling me what you are going to do with the money you get?"

"Half of it I shall send to my mother; with the other half I shall get me a bit of schooling."

The captain's heart was touched, and the brave little boy ever after had a warm friend in the captain.

THE ADVENTURES OF THESEUS

Part One

A Greek legend in which a brave youth overcomes a giant robber.

Theseus was the son of the king of Athens. One day his father was called away to the wars, and said to his wife, "Take care of the boy, and bring him up like a king's son. When he is strong enough to lift this stone he may set out on his adventures," and he pointed to a large stone.

The king never came back and the mother devoted herself to the training of her son. He grew up to be the handsomest, bravest, and strongest young man in all Greece. Every day he tried to lift the great stone, and at last it gave way a little. The next time he tried it moved a little more. One day he raised it and rolled it down the hill. Then he found underneath a splendid sword.

Now he was ready to set forth on his adventures. Taking the sword he journeyed overland until he reached a village where he asked for food and a night's lodging. The innkeeper said, "Alas, there is no food left, for the robber Sciron has been here and taken away every scrap of bread and meat in the place."

"Who is this Sciron?" asked Theseus. The man told him that Sciron was a robber who lived in the mountains and who plundered the villages of food, and took off cattle and seized men and women and made them wait on him, and then threw them into the sea from a high rock.

"Where does he live?" asked Theseus. The man showed him a castle on the top of a mountain. "Thank you," said Theseus. "I am going to sup with Sciron this very night," and he started off.

When Theseus reached the gate he knocked on it with his sword and it was opened by a fierce robber. Theseus told him he had come to get food and to spend the night. "You have come to the right place," said the robber greedily and opened the gate. Theseus followed him into the hall where he saw a giant eating a whole ox, and other giants sitting around waiting to be fed.

The big giant was Sciron. Theseus said, "I have come for food and shelter." The big giant looked up and said, "Oh, ho! you want food, do you? Very well, you may eat, but afterwards I shall throw you from the cliff into the sea. Before you begin to eat you must wash my feet."

Then one of the other robbers brought a bowl of hot water and Sciron stuck out his feet to be washed. But Theseus had no notion of doing

that service, so he took up the bowl of water and threw it in Sciron's face, saying, "That needs washing first."

The giant was in a great rage, and rushed at Theseus to kill him. But Theseus drew his sword and a terrible battle followed. At last the big giant was down on the floor and Theseus said, "Now you shall wait on me and wash my feet. Get up and obey me."

The giant arose and did what Theseus told him to do, but that did not save him, for Theseus hurled him from the rock into the sea. And all the other robbers laughed and clapped their hands for joy.

THE ADVENTURES OF THESEUS

Part Two

In which our hero proves himself a wrestler and a swordsman.

After Thesus had killed the giant robber, he traveled to another village where he thought he would rest awhile. He had hardly entered the place when a band of soldiers arrested him and said, "You are a prisoner."

"What have I done to be treated this way?" asked Theseus. The soldiers told him that every stranger in the village had to wrestle with

the king before he could leave it. If he threw the king he could go free, but if the king threw him he would be put to death. No one had as yet escaped with his life.

"Very well," said Theseus, "lead me to the king's garden where I may wrestle with him." But when he saw the king he knew he had found a mighty antagonist. The king was of great height with broad shoulders and muscles that stood out like ropes around his body.

Then they began to wrestle. The king tried to crush Theseus with his great arms, but the young man slipped through every time, and was so agile that the king could not hold him at all. Finally the king made a great leap at his enemy, but Theseus jumped aside and threw the king with his foot. He fell so heavily that he lay with back broken. After that all passengers could go through that village in safety, for there was no king to stop them.

Theseus went on until he came to a wild country, and wandered through the woods until he reached a castle, and being very tired he asked the lord of the castle if he might have a bed for the night.

The lord was named Procrustes, and gladly invited Theseus in and took him to the guest room where there were already two other travelers waiting. "This is the guest bed," said Pro-

crustes. "I hope it will fit you, for it is law of the castle that guests must be made to fit the bed."

Thereupon the lord made his servants seize one of the travelers and stretch him over the bed. But the traveler was too long for the bed, so they chopped off his feet to make him fit. Then they seized the other traveler and stretched him over the bed, but he was too short, so they brought ropes and pulleys and pulled him out until he was the right length.

"Now for you," said Procrustes to Theseus. "You may fit exactly, but if not you must be made to fit. Come, get ready for bed."

Theseus was in no humor for retiring at that moment, so he drew his sword, and made at the king. "I have a mind that you are a whole head too long for your own bed, so I am going to shorten you by that much," said he, and before the king could escape he cut off his head and made the servants stretch him on the bed, and he fitted exactly.

But after that travelers to that castle slept peacefully whether they were long or short.

KRIS AND THE BEAR

One should be ready to help another—especially should a boy help a girl.

Once there lived in Northern Germany a little boy named Kris. Kris loved music very much, but his mother and father were too poor to buy him an instrument on which to play. One day he went to walk in the woods, and while there he cut a piece of wood and made a pipe on which he could play.

It was a poor kind of an instrument, but what beautiful music he played on it! When his father and mother heard him they shouted for joy. Kris decided to go to town and play for the people there, in order to make a little money.

As he was going along the road to the forest, he heard some one cry, "Help! Help!" He listened and heard the same cry. He started in the direction of the cry, and when he had gone a little distance he saw a little girl named Christina, with whom he often played, standing on a high rock with a huge bear growling fiercely at the bottom.

Kris was terrified, but he did not run away. When Christina saw him, she exclaimed: "Kris, save me! Save me!"

Kris was a brave boy, but his courage almost

failed him when he saw the huge bear. He wondered how he could save Christina. At last he thought of his pipe and began to play so as to attract the notice of the bear. The bear turned round to see where the music came from, and for the first time saw Kris. He started towards him, growling fiercely as he came.

When Kris saw the bear coming toward him he shouted to Christina: "Run home as fast as you can and get father to come and kill him. Maybe I can keep him off until father can get here. Hurry!"

Kris played on bravely in spite of the fact that the bear was coming towards him. He would not run while Christina was in danger. The bear stopped and listened to the music. He seemed delighted and ceased growling. Kris played his best, and the bear lay down and stretched out his paws as if he liked it. He got up afterwards and began to sway with the time of the music as if he would like to dance.

Christina climbed down from the rock and ran home and brought her father with his gun. They expected to find Kris eaten up by the bear, but when they came near they heard him still playing, and as they crept down and peered through the bushes, they saw the old bear get up from the ground, shake himself, and slowly disappear in the forest. The music had charmed him, and

Kris had saved Christina's life and his own by his sweet music.

A RACE WITH A FLOOD

A real hero must have presence of mind as well as courage in times of danger.

To-day we are going to learn how a man saved a whole village from destruction. The little village was built on the banks of a river, and a few miles above it was a great dam holding back the water until it looked like a great lake. It was very beautiful on bright sunny days to see the great sheet of water, and to watch the falls of the dam.

It had been raining for many days and the lake was getting larger and larger. The water rose until it came to the very level of the dam; but everybody thought it was safe, for the great rocks looked as strong as the hills themselves. So one night after the rain had stopped all the people of the village went to sleep as usual. Late in the night the water ran over the dam and tore a rock loose. Then a larger rock followed, and then another and another. By daybreak a great hole was in the dam and the sides were tottering.

Collins Graves, a young farmer, rose early and was on his way to the mill.

"I believe I will go by and take a look at the dam," he said to his wife, as he started off. It was well he did so. When he came to the lake he noticed how the water was going down. Then he went over to the dam and saw the great hole in it, and saw it was growing bigger and bigger every minute. As he stood watching it the whole dam gave way and the lake was emptied into the river.

"The village! the village!" he cried. "I must save the people!" and with that he leaped upon his horse and began a race with the flood. Five miles down the river lay the village asleep. Onward went the waters in a wave big enough to wash down the mill and all the houses of the people. On swept the brave horse as fast as he could race. Graves threw away his bags, his coat, even his hat to lighten the load, and called to his horse to run for the lives of the people.

He passed the big wave—gained on it—then rode a mile ahead of it and dashed into the village as the people were getting up.

"Run for your lives! The dam has broken and the waters are coming! Save the children and the stock—nothing else, for the wave will be here in a minute!" he cried out at the top of his voice. "Be quick!"

The people rushed from their houses, carrying the babes in their arms and calling for the chil-

dren. The barns were opened and the stock ran, scenting the danger. Up to the hills they flew —all of them—not a soul was left in the village; and the great wave rolled over their houses, barns, bridges and fences.

"Thank God for Collins Graves!" shouted the people, "one minute more and we should all have been drowned in the flood!"

ODIN AND THE DWARFS

A legend of the Norsemen in which the dwarfs are made to work for the good of mankind.

Odin was the head of all the gods. He sat upon the Air Throne and looked down on the earth and the sea. One morning he said:

"The earth is very beautiful, but the men on it are very idle and stupid. I see dwarfs who play tricks with the farmers. I see farmers sowing wheat, and a dwarf comes after him and changes the wheat into stones. I see two ugly dwarfs who are holding the head of a wise man under water until he is dead. They are mixing his blood with honey and putting it into stone jars. I will attend to them this very day." And so he called Flying Word and sent him down to earth to make all the dwarfs come before him.

The dwarfs were very frightened when they

came before Odin. He was so powerful and big, and they were so tiny and weak. But they were not scared long, and began to scamper and dance and laugh right in his face. Odin frowned and looked very fierce at them. There were, however, a few good little dwarfs who looked very serious. Odin spoke to the dwarfs who were drowning the wise man.

"Whose blood was that you were mixing with honey and putting into jars?" The dwarfs clapped their hands.

"Oh, that was Kvasir, who was so wise. We found him lying in a meadow, drowned in his own wisdom!"

But Odin knew that they had killed the wise man, and so he sent all those bad dwarfs away down into the earth. He made some of them put fuel on the earth's fires, and he made the others dig in the gold and diamond mines. They might come up at night, but by daybreak they had to go back to their underground work. And so the dwarfs scampered off and burrowed in the ground.

The good little dwarfs hung around, weeping and wailing by turns like "a morning shower."

"We have never done anybody any harm; let us stay on the earth; we will be very good," they begged and promised. And Odin said: "You must help then with the flowers and insects and

wild bees, and help the farmers, or down you go, too."

"If we only had some one to teach us," said they. "We are such tiny foolish little people!" Odin looked at them a while, and then sent Niord out to find them a teacher. Niord left the great hall and went out and sat on the side of a mountain. He whistled for a long time a low sweet note, and then out of the sky came two forms—a brother and sister—one named Frey and the other Freyja. Summer and Beauty were their other names. Niord brought Frey to Odin and said:

"Here is my son, the genius of sunshine and flowers, and forests and harvests. He will teach the dwarfs to work."

Odin liked the gentle Frey and said: "It is well. Take your little people away and put them to work." And so began the work of all the dwarfs and they are working to this very day.

THE ADVENTURES OF THOR

A legend showing what the Norsemen thought about thunder and lightning.

Thor was the son of Odin, and was one of the strongest men that ever lived. He had a hammer that always returned to him no matter how

far or how hard he threw it. Every time he threw the hammer it glowed brighter than the sun. Once upon a time he and Loki, a mischievous friend, set out to fight the giants that lived in Jotunheim. They traveled all day and at night came to a countryman's home. There was nothing to eat, so Thor killed two goats that drew his chariot, and cooked them for supper.

He said to the countryman's family:

"Do not, on any account, eat or crack any of the bones of these goats." But the countryman broke one of the bones and ate the marrow. The next morning Thor took his hammer and held it over the skins of the two goats. He spoke some words, and struck the skins lightly, when lo! the skins jumped up, two live goats, just as if they had not been eaten the night before.

But one of the goats limped because there was no bone in his hind leg. Thor was very angry, and the countryman confessed to having cracked a bone and eaten the marrow. To punish him, Thor made him join the party on the way to the land of the giants.

One evening they came to a big hall with a wide open door. They all went in and found it empty, but they lay down and slept very comfortably. Late in the night they heard noises and groanings like thunder near by. They wondered what these fearful sounds could be. The

next morning Thor found in the forest an enormous giant fast asleep and snoring like thunder and earthquakes. The giant woke up and Thor said:

"You make too much noise. You disturbed my sleep." The giant said: "You are Thor, and what have you done with my glove?" And then Thor found that he and his friends had been sleeping in the thumb of the giant's glove. Thor said:

"I have come to kill such giants as you," and threw his hammer at his head. "Oh, did a leaf touch my head?" said the giant. Again Thor threw his hammer at the giant's chest.

"Oh, my! an acorn must have fallen on me," said the giant. Thor then threw the hammer with all his might and hit the giant between the eyes.

"Why, some bird has dropped a feather in my face," said the giant.

Thor was so enraged at his failure to hurt the giant that he turned to go. The giant called after him: "I am a little giant compared to others whom you will see!" But Thor and his friends went on to find other adventures.

THOR CONTENDS WITH THE GIANTS

A Norway legend showing the folly of contending against the forces of nature.

The next day Thor and his friends came to a large city, very gloomy and silent. They walked up to a high building where the gates stood wide open. They crossed the threshold and found themselves in an immense hall where there was a long table and many giants seated around on stone thrones. They looked very cold and solemn, but Thor's men were not at all afraid. The head giant said:

"You are Thor, and very welcome, but what can you and your friends do to entitle you to enter here?" Loki spoke up and said:

"I am famous for eating; I can beat any one at that." The head giant ordered the table filled with food, and told a long, lean, hungry man to begin at one end, and Loki to begin at the other. Loki ate to the middle of the table and met the other man half way; but Loki had only eaten the food, while the other man had devoured bones, plates, table cloth and all.

"What else can you do?" said the head giant. This time the countryman who had cracked the goat's bone spoke up and said:

"I can run faster than any one here." Then the head giant took them all out to a great field, and selected a slender lad and started him and the countryman on a race. The countryman ran like the wind in a gale; but the slender lad ran past him on around the field and past him again and again.

"You must do better than that," said the head giant, "or we shall think you are mere braggarts. What can you do, Thor?"

"I can drink more than anybody here," said Thor.

Then the giant had a huge horn brought on and told Thor to drink three times. Thor drank and drank and drank, but the more he drank the more the horn would fill, until at last he had to give it up with great mortification.

"You cannot even lift my old cat off the ground," said the giant. Then Thor seized the cat and pulled and pulled, but the cat's feet never left the earth. Thor was very much mortified at the failure of his friends and himself. But the head giant said:

"Thor, you have some lessons to learn yet. Loki is indeed a great eater, but he was contending with fire that consumed all things; the countryman was running against thought that is swifter than the wind; you were drinking from a horn the other end of which is in the ocean, and my old cat's legs engirdle the earth."

When Thor heard these things he went back home and told his father, Odin, that there were some things he could not do after all.

FREYJA'S NECKLACE

A Norse legend to show that sorrow follows in the footsteps of pride and vanity.

You will remember that Freyja was the sister of Frey, and that her other name was Beauty. Everybody loved Freyja and liked to look at her beautiful face and listen to her sweet voice. She had a wonderful husband named Odur whom she loved very dearly and of whom she was very proud.

Now, it happened that all the gods and their wives were to dine at Valhalla one day, and Freyja was greatly distressed because she had no jewels to wear.

"You are more beautiful without jewels," said her husband; but Freyja thought of the other women and shook her head.

She went out to ask Frey to get her some flowers at least, but her steps took her down into the heart of the earth where the dwarfs were digging gold and diamonds. Four little dwarfs were tugging at something heavy and very beautiful.

Freyja saw it was a diamond necklace of wonderful charm.

"Oh, give it to me!" she cried, shielding her eyes from its dazzling light.

"All right," said the dwarfs, "but you had better let it alone." Freyja did not heed them but seized the necklace and hastened back home. She put the brilliant ornament around her neck, looked at her lovely face in a pool of water and went to find her husband. But Odur was not in his room. Odur had gone to the home of the immortals for he and the dwarf's necklace could not live in the same house. But Freyja did not know this.

Nobody spoke to her nor admired the necklace. They all went to the feast while Freyja sat at the door of the palace and mourned. The necklace sparkled in the sun and her tears dropped down and looked like jewels themselves. She arose and went to Odin and said:

"Let me go find my husband." And Odin answered:

"Go, Freyja, and good fortune attend you."

Freyja sprang into her chariot and began her search for her husband. She went to the houses in the big cities, and to the homes of the poor and destitute. "Is my husband here?" she asked everywhere. But all looked at the necklace and shook their heads.

"The necklace is very fair, but it is so heavy, and it makes my heart like lead," she said.

She went to the Iron Wood and asked the old witch, but the old witch was cross and drove her away. She drove up to the Vedar on the mountain side, but he was like a tree and merely shook his branches. And so she went on and on always with her necklace, but she never found her husband. And sometimes she stops to weep, and then people say: "The summer rain is falling on the flowers."

THE BINDING OF FENRIR

A Norse legend to show that little things are often stronger than large ones.

Loki, who was always doing what he should not do, had a fierce son named Fenrir. He looked like a wolf, and was so strong that nothing could bind him. Fenrir prowled around and was fed by Tyr who was the only god that Fenrir had the least fear of. Fenrir grew stronger and fiercer every day until Odin said he had to be chained. The question was how to get a chain strong enough.

Thor said he would make one with his hammer. So he took his mighty hammer and went

to the forge and worked all night making a chain. When the chain was ready he brought it to Odin, but Odin shook his head in doubt. Soon Fenrir came in and, strangely enough, did not mind the chain being put around him and fastened to a stone. When he had finished eating he snapped the chain apart and walked away laughing.

Thor went to work to make another chain. For three days he hammered and forged until the chain was so big and strong and long that Thor himself could hardly carry it. All the gods said:

"It is a marvelous chain. Surely Fenrir cannot break this!" Fenrir again allowed himself to be tied as before, and when he had finished eating he broke that chain as easily as he had done at first, and went away laughing again.

Frey now spoke up and said:

"I will go into the earth and get the dwarfs to forge me a chain." So he departed and was gone for a long time. The dwarfs made the chain for him as he asked them, but they made it so light that it could hang on a dwarf's little finger.

They made it out of the noise of a cat's foot, the beard of a woman, the roots of stones, the breath of a fish and a few other things like that, but when Frey tried to break it he found that he was powerless even to stretch a tiny bit. What

made it so strong, and in what manner the dwarfs made it no man ever knew.

Frey carried it back to Odin, and again Fenrir came in to be fed. He seemed afraid of the chain and would not let them put it on him unless he could hold Tyr's hand in his mouth. Tyr agreed to this, and they tied Fenrir and bound him to a great tree. Fenrir roared and struggled and bit Tyr's hand off in his efforts to get away. All in vain! The little chain held him. He was bound at last and could not get away.

All the gods set up a shout of joy, and Thor thrust his sword into the wolf man's mouth. A mighty red river gushed forth and poured over the valley. It is a dark and turbid torrent that roars down the mountain like a great wolf in distress and pain; and it is running to this very day.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

Part One

Brothers should not be envious of one another. Especially should older brothers be glad of special favor shown to their younger brothers and sisters.

Father Jacob had a big family—twelve boys! What a happy time they could have had together! Let us see why they did not. When most of

them were nearly grown, Joseph was seventeen. There was only one younger than Joseph. His name was Benjamin. The old father loved Joseph very much, and gave him a beautiful coat of many colors. The older brothers did not love and obey their father as did Joseph, and when their father gave him the beautiful coat, they began to hate Joseph. Soon they hated him so much that they would not even speak kindly to him. The brothers were not having happy times together. Besides this, Joseph had dreamed that they were binding sheaves in a field, and that his sheaf arose and stood upright, and that the sheaves of all the others bowed down before his sheaf.

Joseph dreamed again that the sun, and the moon, and eleven stars had bowed down before him.

When he told those dreams to his brothers, they hated him still more, and said: "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou have dominion over us?"

Now, Jacob had a great many sheep. The older sons took care of these sheep, and let them where they could find green grass. Sometimes they went far from home to find grass enough for all the sheep. Once when the sheep had eaten all the grass near home, the brothers took them a great way to Shechem. After a while

Jacob began to wonder how his sons were, and if the sheep and lambs were doing well. So he called Joseph and said to him:

"Go now, see whether it is well with your brothers, and well with the sheep, and bring me word again."

Joseph knew it was a long way to Shechem. He knew a bear might spring upon him by the way. He knew his brothers would not be glad to see him, and would not even speak kindly to him. But he did what his father told him to do. He started off to Shechem.

Joseph went on until he came to the fields of Shechem. But there were no sheep in the fields and his brothers were not there. As Joseph was still looking for them a man said to him:

"They have departed hence! for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.' "

So Joseph went to Dothan, and there he saw sheep feeding in the fields and men moving about. They were his brothers. He had found them at last. To-morrow we shall find out how the brothers treated him.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

Part Two

Showing that quarreling and envy can bring unhappiness into a home, and oftentimes a tragedy.

Joseph's brothers were feeding the sheep at Dothan. They had not seen their father nor Benjamin nor Joseph for a long time. The brothers saw Joseph coming across the field. They saw the colors in his beautiful coat. They remembered how their father loved Joseph best, and still remembered Joseph's dreams. Their hearts were full of hatred towards their young brother. They said to each other:

"Here comes the dreamer, let us kill him."

There was a deep hole or pit in the field. It was once a well, but there was no water in it then. When the brothers said: "Let us kill Joseph," Reuben, the oldest brother said: "No, let us put him in this pit," for Reuben wanted to save Joseph's life and take him back to his father.

When Joseph came near, his brothers spoke roughly to him. They pulled off his beautiful coat, and threw him into the pit. Joseph cried out to them but they would not answer. They sat down to eat and left Joseph alone.

By and by the brothers saw a long line of camels coming along the road near them. There were men with the camels, and each animal was loaded with spices and perfumes. The men were going to sell these things down in Egypt. Judah, one of the brothers, said:

"Let us sell Joseph to these men, that will be much better than to kill him." Reuben was not there, and the others agreed to do as Judah said. They drew Joseph up out of the pit and called to the men: "Here is a boy we will sell you."

The merchants halted and looked at Joseph. Then they said, "We will give you twenty pieces of silver for him." The brothers took the money and gave Joseph to the men. When Reuben came back and looked into the pit, he cried:

"The boy is not there! What shall I do?"

In order to deceive Jacob, the brothers killed a kid, dipped Joseph's coat in the blood and carried it home to their father. They said to Jacob: "We found this coat of many colors; is it your son Joseph's coat?"

"It is my son's coat," the poor father cried. "Some wild animal has torn Joseph to pieces and devoured him!" How unhappy poor old Jacob felt! None of his children could comfort him. He mourned for Joseph for many days, saying:

"I will go down to my grave mourning for my son."

But we shall see that Joseph fared better in Egypt than his brothers expected.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

Part Three

One should not cherish ill will for the sake of revenge, but should always return good for evil.

Joseph was carried away by the merchantmen. At last they came to Egypt and the merchants sold Joseph to Potiphar, the Captain of the guard. There in Egypt Joseph grew to be a man, wise, and good, and great.

One day Pharaoh, the king, sent for Joseph to explain one of the king's dreams. Joseph told the king that his dream meant that there would be seven years of plenty, when corn would grow in all the land. Then that there would be seven years when no corn would grow. Joseph told the king to gather up the grain while there was plenty; then it could be sold to the people when they needed it.

Pharaoh chose Joseph to do this work, and made him a great ruler in Egypt. He made his servants build storehouses. They brought much

grain and put it away. Then by and by when no grain grew the people became hungry. Then Joseph opened the storehouses and sold food to the hungry people.

At Jacob's home also, food was scarce. So Jacob said to his sons: "Go down to Egypt and buy food for us." All the sons went to Egypt except Benjamin.

One day ten men came to Joseph to buy grain. They bowed low before Joseph as others did. Joseph looked closely at them, and knew them to be his brothers. But they did not once think that this great ruler was Joseph whom they had sold.

Joseph wanted to know whether his brothers were kinder now than they had been, and whether they loved their father and Benjamin. So he pretended to be very cross to them. He said harshly:

"Where did you come from?" "We have come to buy food. Our father and our youngest brother are at home. One brother is dead," they replied. "You must bring the youngest brother, then I will believe you," said Joseph. Simeon, one of the brothers, was kept in Egypt while the others went home to carry food.

When that food was eaten up, Jacob said to his sons: "Go down again to Egypt and buy grain." But they answered: "We cannot go

unless Benjamin goes with us. The great man will not see us nor sell us any grain."

The old father replied: "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take away Benjamin. All those things are against me." Then said Judah to the old man: "Father, let him go with me, and if I do not bring him back, I will bear the blame." Then Jacob sent Benjamin with them. The brothers came again into Egypt and bowed low before Joseph as before. "Is your father well?" asked Joseph. "Our father is well," they said. When Joseph saw Benjamin he had to go to another place to conceal his emotions.

To-morrow we shall find out how Joseph treated his brethren.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

Part Four

One should never forget his duty to his parents, and brothers, especially in times of prosperity.

Then Joseph commanded his servants to fill the men's sacks with food, and to put every man's money in the sack's mouth. He also told them to put his own silver cup in the sack of Benjamin, and to let them depart.

Early next morning the brothers saddled their

mules and started home with the sacks of corn. Hardly had they gotten on their way, before Joseph sent his men after them to search them and to charge them with taking the money and also his silver cup.

The brothers were greatly afraid when their sacks were opened and they saw the money and the silver cup. When they were brought before Joseph they fell down and protested their innocence. Joseph pretended to be very stern with them and accused them of stealing, and said he would keep Benjamin with him since it was in Benjamin's sack that the cup was found, and the others might go on back to their father.

Then Judah spoke up and said, "My lord, the lad is beloved of his father, who is old, and if we go not back with him, our father will surely die. His life is bound up in the lad's life, for one son is dead and he mourned for him. Surely, if the lad stay here and we go back without him the gray hairs of the father will be brought down with sorrow to the grave. I pray thee, therefore, my lord, let the lad go, and let me be bound in his place."

Then Joseph could not deceive his brothers any longer. He made all others leave the room and when he was alone with his brothers, he said to them, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt." He then kissed Benjamin, and

all his brethren, and talked with them, and soon quieted their fears.

They told Joseph all about their father, and the people in Canaan. Then Joseph told them to hasten back and bring Jacob to Egypt. They hurried home to their father and told:

"Joseph is yet alive and is governor over all the land of Egypt." But Jacob could not believe it, until he saw the rich presents which Joseph had sent and heard more from his sons. Then he said: "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die."

So the old Jacob, and his sons, and their wives, with all their cattle and household goods, journeyed to Egypt in the wagons which Joseph had sent. Joseph met his father and gave him and his brothers a rich part of Egypt to live in. And thus it was that the people of Israel came to live in Egypt.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOUNTAIN ASH

In the legend of the trees, one finds not only an interesting story, but also a greater love and respect for Nature.

In a pine grove down in a dark glen lived some tiny fairies. They had a magic cap which fitted

any one who wore it. If one fairy put it on, then they all became invisible.

On the top of a mountain lived some giants who wanted the cap. A giant went out for a walk one day and came into the glen when the fairies were not at home. He felt sleepy and decided to take a nap.

The music of the birds lulled him to sleep. He snored and the fairies returning home heard the loud noise and thought a storm was approaching. They decided to stop where they were and spend the night. They spied the giant's ear, and the queen said:

"Here is a fine cave; we will put the cap in here."

A fairy put the cap in the giant's ear and thought it was a very safe place. Just then the giant awoke and sat up.

The elf in the giant's ear tried to jump out and run away with the cap, but the giant caught him and held him. The giant saw the cap in his hand and seized it. He placed it on his head and found that it fitted exactly. The fairies could no longer see him and began to cry so bitterly that by evening every plant in the glen was wet with tears.

An eagle who was passing by saw them and felt very sorry:

"I am called the king of the birds," said he,

"and I would be unworthy of the name if I did not help." So he flew to the top of the mountain where the giants lived.

Now, the giants like to fight better than anything else, so the eagle watched his chance and saw them preparing for war. He knew that they were proud of their size and always like to be seen.

"Now," said the eagle, "this is my chance; they will not wear the magic cap in battle, and I will watch and see where it will be hidden."

One of the giants placed it under a stone. The eagle went at once to the spot, and lifting the stone, flew away with the cap. The giants seeing this began to shoot arrows at him. Drops of blood and some feathers fell on the mountain side, but the eagle did not stop until the cap was safe in the hands of the queen of the fairies.

On the mountain side wherever the blood and feathers of the eagle fell, there sprang up trees with feathers like leaves and blood-red berries. All the giants, fairies, plants, and animals knew why they grew. The unselfish love in the eagle's blood could not die, but lived again in the beautiful trees. But people to whom the fairies have not told the story call them Mountain Ash trees.

SAM DAVIS

Sometimes it is one's duty to sacrifice his life rather than abandon his promised word.

You must know that in war it is necessary to have scouts who go into the enemy's territory and get valuable information which they bring back to their own commanders. These scouts are called "spies" by the enemy, and if they are caught they are put to death instantly. This makes a scout's life full of danger and adventure.

Sam Davis was a young Southern soldier, and was detailed as a scout. He was only seventeen years of age when he was sent by General Bragg to find out the strength of the Federal forts in Middle Tennessee.

General Bragg said: "Davis, be very careful, for if you are caught you will be shot as a spy."

Davis replied: "I know my duty, General, and its dangers. I am not afraid."

Davis went into the enemy's lines and procured the information and was returning with important papers in his possession. But as he was riding along the road he was seized by some Federal soldiers, and the papers were found

upon him. Poor Davis was carried before the Northern General, was tried as a spy and, according to the rules of war, was condemned to be shot.

The Northern General said:

"My boy, you are very young, and I hate to take a life like yours. Tell me who gave you those papers and I will let you go free." Davis replied:

"I received these papers from a friend, and I shall never tell his name." The General said:

"My boy, if you will not tell me the name of your friend, I shall be obliged to order you to be shot to-morrow morning," and there were tears in the eyes of the General as he looked into the face of the young lad. Davis answered:

"Sir, do you suppose I would betray a friend to save my life? No, I will die a thousand times first."

To the very last he was firm in his refusal to give any information as to when and where he received the papers. To the entreaties of those who were willing to spare his life if he would tell, he answered, "No, I shall not betray my friend. I have given my word." The next morning he was led out before a file of soldiers, and was shot to death. He died with a serene smile upon his lips, conscious of his devotion to duty as a man and as a soldier.

On the grounds of the Capitol building in Nashville, there is a beautiful monument erected to the memory of Sam Davis by the State of Tennessee.

HOW GEORGE SAVED THE TRAIN

Showing that one must act promptly in emergencies if he would save the lives of others.

George was a little boy who lived in a small town. His father was an engineer on a locomotive, and their house was near the railroad track. George liked to sit and watch the trains pass. Whenever his father's train would go by he would look out for his father's hand waved to him from the window of the locomotive. Sometimes his father blew the whistle to let his mother know that everything was all right.

A short distance from his house there was a very dangerous trestle. One day after a hard rain George ran out to wade in the water. He came to the trestle and saw that a part had been washed away. He knew at once that if any train tried to pass over the broken trestle that the engine and all the cars would fall through and the lives of many passengers would be lost.

George was a brave little boy and knew that he must do something and do it quickly. "I

must hurry to the station and tell the master to send some one to flag the next train," said he to himself. At once he started to the station to tell what he had seen.

Listen! What was that he heard? He listened again and remembered that it must be time for the train, and it was his father's train, too. If the train went on his father would be killed. The train did not stop at this station, and George knew he would not have time to get anybody now.

So he ran to the middle of the track and waved his hat up and down, trying to stop the train. On, on it came, but George did not move. It was near enough now for his father to see him. The whistle blew long and loud, still George did not move.

The whistle blew again and again, but George stood still in the middle of the track. His father was frantic with fear that the train would run over his little son, and he pulled down hard on the screaming whistle, while he plied the brakes to the wheels. The great engine slowed down with much groaning of wheels just before it came to the place where George was standing.

"What is the matter, George?" cried his father as he leaped from the engine and caught the boy in his arms. "Is your mother ill?"

"No, father," said George, "but the trestle is

washed away, and if you had gone on you would have been killed—and I didn't want you to be killed."

"You have done more than that, my son," said his father; "you have saved the lives of my passengers, and all the train property."

The passengers crowded around him, and called him a brave little boy and patted him on the shoulder.

THE PRINCE AND THE DRAGON

Wherein a brave young prince rescues his mother from a dangerous place.

Once upon a time a king and queen were giving a grand festival. The queen disappeared and no one could find her. The king told his three sons to go out and not to return until they had found their mother. Each one had a large trumpet; the one that found the queen was to blow a loud blast and the other two brothers would come to him. The oldest brother went into the cities; the second brother went into towns and villages, but the youngest brother went into the woods.

One day as the youngest brother was climbing a mountain he put his hand on a stone to climb over, and it moved aside. There was a deep

hole, and he believed his mother was down there, because he could hear voices. So he blew a loud blast and his brothers came to him. They made a basket and a long rope. The youngest brother climbed into the basket and they let him down.

When he reached the bottom he found three houses. In the first house he found a terrible dragon asleep before a big fire and snoring so loud that it shook the earth. In the second house was an enormous dog, with eyes as big as saucers, but he was chained to the wall. In the third house he found a beautiful young princess, and his mother.

His mother told him the dragon had seized her in the king's garden and had run away with her to this place. She was glad to see her son at first but when she thought of the terrible dragon that had brought her there, she begged him to go away.

The prince said that he was not afraid of the dragon, and would take them both home while the dragon was asleep. He put his mother in the basket, jerked the rope and his brothers pulled her up. They let the basket down again and he put the princess in, but before they could pull her up, the dragon awoke and rushed out of the house.

He was so angry that his scales rattled like rain on a tin roof, and he blew fire from his nos-

trils. The princess cried out with fear, and called for the prince to jump in the basket. He leaped in just as his brothers pulled them out of reach of the dragon's tail.

Up they went, the dragon right after them. The brothers pulled fast and hard but the dragon gained on them. The prince, seeing that something had to be done, seized a handful of sand in the bottom of the basket and threw it right into the dragon's eyes. The dragon roared with pain, but he stopped long enough to let the basket get out of his reach.

As soon as the prince and the princess were out of the hole the three brothers stopped it up with a big rock; but every now and then the dragon roars, and people say: "Another earthquake is coming," but really it is only the dragon trying to get out.

AN ARMY OF TWO

Nobody knows what he can do until he tries.

Many years ago when our country was at war with England, there lived in a little seaport town of Massachusetts a child named Rebecca. Rebecca's father was the light-house keeper. A mile back inland was a little village of people.

One day Rebecca and her little friend, Alice,

were playing on the shore, when they happened to look across the water and saw a ship headed for their harbor. There was something about this great ship which struck terror to these girls' hearts, for these were trying days when British warships would unload their soldiers and march in upon the villagers.

Rebecca and Alice ran to the light-house tower and watched for an hour or two, until they saw that the soldiers were going to land.

"If I were only a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do?" asked Alice.

"I'd fight 'em!" cried Rebecca. "I'd use father's old gun."

"I wonder if there'll be a fight?" broke in Alice.

"I don't know. Our men will do what they can."

"But see how quiet it is! Not a man on shore."

"Maybe they are hiding until the soldiers come, and then we shall hear shot and the drum. Oh, but the drum! It's here; father brought it yesterday to mend it," said Alice.

"Oh, dear! what shall we do?" cried Rebecca.

"See! they have reached the shore!"

"Where's the drum? I shall go down and beat it."

"What good will that do?"

"Maybe it will frighten them."

"But they will see that it is only two little girls."

"No, we will hide behind the sand hills. Come, let's go."

"All right," said Alice. "There's the fife, I'll get that, too."

Away the little girls ran, scrambling behind bushes, rocks and hills, out to the end of the point.

Drum! Drum! Drum! Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

The soldiers stopped to listen. Again the drum sounded and the fife squeaked.

"What does that mean?" asked a British soldier.

"Troops! They are coming down to hem us in. We'd better leave."

Up over the sides of the ship they scrambled like frightened rats. By the time the American army of two had reached the point the great ship was speeding away out to sea. Meanwhile the villagers had been much surprised, thinking that troops had come down from Boston to help them and just in time, too! Imagine their surprise to see sitting comfortably on the rocks, their drum and fife by their sides, these two little girls, Rebecca and Alice!

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

How one man was willing to sacrifice his life for his friend.

Once upon a time there were two very great friends who lived in Syracuse. One was called Damon and the other Pythias. They were always together. They ate together, they walked together, and often could be seen with their arms around each other on the streets of Syracuse. On one occasion Damon, in anger, had called the ruler of Syracuse a tyrant, for which he was condemned to die. He asked to go and bid his wife and child farewell. Pythias promised to stay in prison for him and let his life be the forfeit if Damon failed to return. Dionysius, the ruler, was only too glad, as he thought Damon would not return, and thus he would be rid of the two friends.

Damon, after a long weary journey, had only a short while to stay with his family. When he called for his horse to start on his return trip, his slave, who loved him and did not want him to die, said:

"Master, your horse is dead."

"Murderer!" cried Damon. "You have not only killed my horse, you have killed my friend!"

Damon started back to Syracuse on foot, and when he came to a raging river he threw himself into the water and swam across although his strength was nearly spent. After struggling along, weary and worn, he met a man riding a fine horse. He offered to buy the horse, but the man said: "No, I need my horse." Whereupon Damon pulled him off, and throwing him a purse well filled with gold, rode off at high speed to Syracuse.

The time for the return of Damon came and he had not yet appeared. Pythias was ready to give his life for his friend—well knowing that nothing but sickness or death would have kept him.

Pythias was led up to be executed when suddenly a shout arose from the people who were watching the road; the thunder of a horse's heels was heard, and Damon rode into the crowd. He leaped from his foam-covered horse, crying:

"Forgive me, Pythias! I could not get here sooner—but I am in time!"

"Oh, why did you return, my friend? I had hoped that some accident had detained you and that my life might be given for yours," said Pythias.

When the people saw how devoted were the two friends, each willing to give up his life for the other, they cried with a thousand voices: "Pardon for Damon! Pardon for Damon."

Dionysius ordered the prisoner released, for he, himself, was moved by this spectacle of devotion.

"Accept, Damon and Pythias, my life to link with yours in friendship's chain," said the tyrant.

And thus Damon, Pythias, and Dionysius became the closest of friends.

SIEGFRIED SLAYS THE DRAGON

He who is without fear can do marvelous things. The faint heart is defeated before the battle begins.

Many years ago there lived in the Netherlands a king named Siegmund. When he died he gave his broken sword to his queen telling her to give it to his little son when he became a man. Now, this was a magic sword which had come from Odin, and which no one but Odin could break. Odin had appeared in battle and had shattered the sword in Siegmund's hand, and had wounded him to death. The name of the sword was "Gram," which means Wrath.

The young prince was named Siegfried. He grew up to be a man of great strength and was without fear. No other could handle a sword so well as he. When he was old enough his mother gave him his father's broken sword and

took him to a cunning smith who could make swords so sharp that they would cut iron and never turn an edge. The smith was named Mimer.

Mimer told Siegfried strange stories of the dwarfs under the earth, and of the golden treasures of the Nibelings guarded by a dragon, and of a helmet which made the wearer invisible, and of a ring that gave the owner power over all the earth. The dragon's name was Fafnir, and he was very dreadful. His eyes shot fire, and smoke came out of his nostrils, and his tail could cut down a forest tree at one blow. His tongue was like a sword, and his claws were sharp as steel.

"I have no fear of the dragon," said Siegfried. "What is fear?" At this Mimer started up, for there was an old legend that said the dragon should be slain by a youth who had no fear. Mimer and Siegfried began to make a sword. They mended the broken sword of Siegfried's father so well that when Siegfried struck the anvil he split it half in two, but the edge was not dulled. Then it cut a lock of wool that lay upon it, by its own weight. It was indeed a sword fit to slay the terrible Fafnir.

They went to a great hollow in the mountain side and waited for Fafnir to come down. Siegfried blew his horn so loudly that the echoes rang

far into the valley. The dragon heard him and came crashing down his path. He was on his way to the river. He saw Siegfried: "Ah!" said he, "I was looking for drink, but I also find food!" At that he made a lunge at Siegfried.

But Siegfried was not to be caught. As the dragon leaped across the chasm, the young prince jumped into it, and thrust his sword up from below into the body of the monster. The sword pierced the heart of the dragon and he lay dead across the chasm. The dragon's blood touched Siegfried's lips and suddenly he felt a wonderful change. He heard the voice of a bird telling him where the treasure was. He followed the voice, found the treasure, the helmet, and the ring of which Mimer had told him, and was now ready for the many adventures which befell him.

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES

The great lawgiver of Israel saved from destruction by the protection of the king's daughter.

The people of Israel had been living in Egypt for a long time, and Pharaoh, the king, made them labor very hard. Indeed, they were enslaved and were made to do the hardest kind of

work. Joseph was no longer there to help them, for he had been dead many years before Pharaoh became king.

Pharaoh made the people of Israel build treasure houses to hold grain. He made them work with brick and mortar, and in the fields, and do all manner of services. He set task masters over them to beat them if they refused to work or did not labor fast enough.

Finally he gave an order that all boy children should be killed as soon as they were born, but that the girl children should be allowed to live. He did that because he was afraid to have too many Hebrew men in the kingdom since they might rise up and rebel against his cruelty.

But there was a Hebrew woman who had a beautiful little boy, and she hid him until she made a little ark or cradle of bulrushes, and daubed it with mud and pitch.

She then took the little boy and wrapped him up well and put him in the cradle and hid him in the reeds and flags along the banks of the river. She hoped to keep him there in case the officers of Pharaoh came to her house to see if there were any male children and to destroy them.

The boy's sister was set to watch the cradle to see that nothing happened to the little boy. One day the daughter of Pharaoh came down

to the river to bathe. She and her maidens walked along the side of the river until they came to the place where the cradle was hidden.

Seeing the cradle, the daughter of Pharaoh sent one of her maidens to bring it to her. When she opened the cradle the little boy cried, and Pharaoh's daughter felt very sorry for him. She said: "This is one of the Hebrew children."

The boy's sister came up and said:

"Shall I go and call a nurse of the Hebrew women; that she may nurse the child for thee?" And Pharaoh's daughter said: "Go," and the little maid went and called the boy's mother. Pharaoh's daughter said:

"Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." And the woman took the child and nursed it.

And the child grew, and after a while the mother brought him to Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son, and she called his name Moses, because she said: "I drew him out of the water."

Moses grew to be a great and wise man. He learned all the laws of Egypt, and when he was old became the leader of the Hebrews when they left Egypt to go back to their home in Canaan.

THE EGYPTIANS ARE DROWNED IN THE RED SEA

The tyrant and the oppressor will always come to destruction, and the righteous will be protected.

Moses became a great and wise man in Egypt. The Hebrews, his people, were held in bondage by the wicked Pharaoh. The Lord told Moses to go to Pharaoh and tell him to let the people go into the wilderness to serve Him, but Pharaoh hardened his heart and would not let the Hebrews go.

Then the Lord told Moses to punish the Egyptians.

The first thing that Moses did was to stretch his staff over the rivers of Egypt, and the waters turned to blood, and all the fish died and the people had no water to drink. But Pharaoh would not let the Hebrews go.

Then Moses smote the land and a great plague of frogs came. They jumped into the houses, into the beds, the ovens, and the troughs of the people. Everywhere were the frogs. But Pharaoh would not let the people go.

Then Moses smote the dust of the land and all the ground turned to lice. They crawled over man and beast everywhere and infested the

houses of the people. But Pharaoh would not let the Hebrews go.

Then Moses brought on a plague of flies; then a disease of all the cattle so that they died; then a plague of hail that beat down all the crops; then a plague of locusts that ate up every green thing in the land; then a plague of darkness that covered the land so thick that it could almost be felt. Still Pharaoh's heart was hard.

At last the Lord told Moses that He would have all the first-born of the Egyptians slain if Pharaoh still refused to let the people go. To protect the Hebrew children he told the Hebrews to sprinkle the blood of a lamb on their door posts. When the destroying angel came he passed over the houses of the Hebrews where the blood was and slew all the first-born of man and beast in Egypt. There was not a house of the Egyptians where there was not one dead.

Pharaoh now begged Moses and the Egyptians to be gone for fear that the plagues would utterly destroy the Egyptians and all their land. So the hosts of Hebrews were gathered into camp and started into the wilderness, and they were near the Red Sea.

Now, Pharaoh, as soon as the Hebrews were gone, repented of letting them go and followed them with his horses and chariots. When Moses saw the Egyptians coming he stretched

forth his hand over the Red Sea and the Red Sea opened and the Hebrews passed over on dry land to the other side.

As soon as Pharaoh saw the Hebrews safe on the other side and the waters of the Red Sea piled up so as to make dry land, he drove in with all his men and chariots to do as the Hebrews had done. But when all the Egyptians were well in, Moses stretched forth his hand again, and the waters closed over Pharaoh and his hosts, and they were drowned, every man and beast.

PIPPA PASSES

Even a little child can bring courage and consolation to those who toil in the world's affairs.

There was a little girl named Pippa who worked in a great mill where they made silk. All day she worked in the mill, winding silk on the spools. Sometimes she looked out of the windows and saw the woods and sky, and then she would sigh for the birds and the flowers. Sometimes she would see a lovely lady go by in a silk dress, and then she would say: "We helped make that dress," and then she would feel very proud of the great mill.

There was one day in the year that Pippa had

for her very own. She could go out in the woods and gather flowers and hear the brook ripple along, and she could sing just as the birds did in the trees. When this day came Pippa was a very happy little girl.

The time was coming for Pippa's holiday. The night before she prayed that the day might be gentle and sunny. The next morning she woke early and saw that the sun was bright and the sky was blue. She clapped her hands with joy and began to sing. She sang to the sunshine; she sang to the sky and to the flowers. She sang as she put on her clothes and even hummed her song as she ate her morning meal. Her heart was singing all the time, and she could not keep from letting the song flow out of her mouth.

The song was a wonderful one. It was low and sweet and no one had ever heard it before. It sounded like birds singing, only her song had words to it. Pippa sang her song as she went down the street of her little village. Everybody stood still to listen and then they would smile and say:

"Pippa passes! Bless her heart for her cheerful song!"

A poet was writing a song, and when he heard Pippa pass he played the strain so sweetly that he set the whole air singing. The children heard

her and began to dance. A sick man heard her and felt better. A lame man heard her and tried to throw away his crutches. A blind man at the corner tried to forget he was blind, and wanted to run after the wonderful song.

Out beyond the village men were building a castle. A young man was making the staircase and was discouraged because it was only the steps for people to tread on. Pippa passed and sang her song. The young builder listened and then went back to do his work gladly and properly. In the next house lived a man who was called on to make a great sacrifice. He hesitated until he heard Pippa pass singing. Then he leaped on his horse and was gone to do a great deed.

Pippa sang all that glorious day. She did not know what her song had done for others. When she lay down to sleep she said:

"I should have done something to-day besides singing," but those who heard her thought that Pippa had done a wonderful thing.

LOUIS AND THE THREE WISHES

In which a little boy has some adventures with his gun and his fiddle.

Louis had worked for his master for three years and had only cast-off clothes to wear. One day he went to him and said:

"I will have to go out into the world and earn my living—if you think I have earned anything here, pay me."

"Upon my soul," said the man, "I will give you only three pennies."

Louis felt quite rich for he had never had a penny in all his life. He started off, but while seated upon a rock up came the ugliest man he had ever seen, and asked for something because he was hungry.

"I have only three pennies, but I will give you one," said Louis. Stopping to rest again, another man larger and uglier than the first asked for help, and Louis gave him a penny. Again a man larger and uglier than the others asked aid, and Louis gave him his last penny. Then the man changed into a brownie and told Louis that for his unselfishness he would grant him three wishes.

"I wish for a gun that will hit everything I

shoot at." In a moment the gun came through the air.

"I wish for a fiddle that when I play everybody will dance." Down came the fiddle.

"I wish that whenever I ask for anything it will be given me."

"You may have it," said the brownie, and disappeared.

Louis went into a store and the proprietors gave him clothes and a fur overcoat. At a livery stable they were delighted to give him a pair of horses and a carriage. Driving up the street he met the policeman.

"I have a gun with which I can shoot the bird off the church steeple," said Louis.

"If you shoot it I will go into the briars and pick it up," said the policeman. Bang! down fell the bird, the policeman went for it and Louis began to play his fiddle. The policeman danced, and danced, and Louis played on until the policeman was quite worn out. Then Louis lay down and went to sleep.

While Louis slept, the policeman put handcuffs on him and put him in prison. Next morning he was brought up before the judge, who sentenced him to jail. He asked to be allowed to play his violin. The people insisted that his request be granted, but the policeman begged to be tied to a post so that he should not dance any

more. Louis began to play. The people danced; the judge danced off the bench; the policeman bumped his head and knocked his feet so hard against the post that the judge was obliged to set Louis free so that he would stop playing, and the people could stop dancing.

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES

Wherein it appears that an absent minded king forgot the duty in hand while he was thinking of something else.

A long time ago there lived in England a good king who was named Alfred. He was very wise and brave, and did so much for his people that he is known as Alfred the Great.

In those days kings had many wars with their enemies, and when the wars came the king always led his own men in battle, and was up in the very front ranks where the fighting was the worst. At the time we are telling of, the Danes had come over to England, and had fought a fierce battle with King Alfred, and had scattered his army far and wide, so that the king had to flee through woods and swamps in order to save his life.

Alfred escaped from his pursuers, and late in the day came to the hut of a poor wood-cutter,

deep in the forest. He was very hungry and was weary, and muddy and did not look much like a king. In fact he looked more like a beggar than anything else. He asked the old woman in the hut to give him something to eat, not letting her know who he was.

"Very well," she said, "I am going out to milk the cow, and if you watch those cakes on the hearth while I am gone, I will let you have one. Watch so that they do not burn." And she went on out to milk the cow.

Alfred sat down in front of the fire, and the cakes were cooking on the hearth. He watched them for awhile, and then he began to think about his army, and his people, and the Danes, and to wonder if he would ever get his soldiers together again. He forgot all about his hunger, and all about the cakes on the hearth. He even forgot he was in the wood-cutter's hut, for his mind was on his own affairs, and they were very bad indeed.

The one cake began to burn, then another cake began to burn and then all the cakes began to burn. Still Alfred paid no attention to them, but kept on looking into the fire and thinking about the enemies of England.

After awhile the old woman smelt the burning cakes. "Mercy on me," she said, "that man has let the cakes burn," and she set down the

milk pail, and ran into the house where the king sat before the fire paying no attention whatever.

"You lazy fellow!" she cried, "see what has happened! The cakes are not fit to eat. You are very trifling indeed, and are too lazy to be trusted." The king laughed and went to bed without any supper.

"Perhaps I deserved that scolding," he said. "Even a king should pay attention to the little things of life." At any rate it was not long before he had gotten all his soldiers together and driven the Danes out of his kingdom.

THE GIFTS OF THE NORTH WIND

Wherein gifts come to a boy by obedience to his mother; also showing that he was a careless boy to allow his gifts to be stolen.

Rudolph's mother sent him with the last money she had to purchase flour to make a little bread. The North Wind blew the flour away. The mother sent him to the North Wind's cave.

"Mr. Boreas," said Rudolph, "please give us back our flour or we shall surely die."

"I have it not," the North Wind growled, "but I will give you this table-cloth which has a magic charm; you have but to spread it out and

every dish which you command will appear upon it."

Rudolph thanked the North Wind, and on his return home stopped to spend the night at an inn. There he showed his magic table-cloth. While Rudolph slept the inn-keeper crept to his room and stole the table-cloth, putting another in its place.

Reaching home, his mother doubted that the table-cloth possessed a magic charm, and upon spreading it out, Rudolph discovered that it was nothing but a common table-cloth.

His old mother sent Rudolph back to the North Wind's cave, insisting that he should return the flour.

"I have it not," growled the North Wind, "but I will give you this little goat instead. You have but to tell it this: 'Make money, master Bill,' and he will give you golden coin as many as you will."

When Rudolph reached the inn he foolishly showed the magic goat, and commanded that golden coins fall from its mouth. The inn-keeper crept to the shed and stole the goat, slyly placing another there. Reaching home and finding that it was an ordinary goat, his mother insisted that he go again to the cave of the North Wind and for the third time demand the return of the flour.

"I have it not," growled the North Wind, "nor can I give you anything except this cudgel which hath a magic charm. You have only to say: 'Good cudgel, hit away,' and it will obey you until you bid it stop."

He showed the magic staff at the inn and placing it upon a table pretended to sleep. The host crept into the room to steal the stick, but Rudolph exclaimed: "Stay! I see what you would be at! Good cudgel, hit away!"

The cudgel thumped about the inn-keeper's ears until he cried for mercy, but Rudolph would not command it to stop beating him until he had brought back the magic table-cloth and the magic goat.

Returning home his mother thought it was indeed well the North Wind stole the flour. Spreading the table-cloth every dish appeared as they called for it, and they invited their neighbors to enjoy the feast. Each time the magic goat said "Baa!" golden coins would fall from his mouth, and Rudolph became very rich. He built a beautiful home and placed the cudgel behind the front door. Whenever any one comes to steal from him the magic club drives the rogue away.

TINY TIM

Part One

In which a loving family has a happy Christmas upon small means.

It will surprise you very much to hear that there was once a man who did not like Christmas. His name was Scrooge. Mr. Scrooge had no wife and children and Christmas meant nothing to him. He hated the noise, and the merriment, and thought the time was wasted. He was a very unhappy man because he had nobody to love and loved nobody.

Well, it was Christmas Eve, a very cold and foggy one, and Mr. Scrooge, having given his poor clerk permission to spend Christmas Day at home, locked up his office and went home himself in a very bad temper. He got into bed and had some wonderful and disagreeable dreams, to which we will leave him while we see how Tiny Tim, the son of the poor clerk, spent Christmas Day.

The name of the clerk was Bob Cratchit. He had a wife and six children. Tiny Tim, the youngest, was a weak and delicate little cripple, and for this reason was dearly loved by his family. Whenever he could spare the time Bob

Cratchit delighted to take his little boy on his shoulder to see the shops and the people, and to-day he had taken him to church for the first time.

"Whatever has made your precious father and your brother, Tiny Tim, so late for dinner!" exclaimed Mrs. Cratchit. "The dinner is ready to be dished up."

"Here they are now!" cried Belinda. In came Bob Cratchit with Tiny Tim on his shoulders. Then out ran two of the boys and hustled Tiny Tim out to the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing on the copper.

"And how did Tiny Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold, and better," replied his father. Just then his little crutch was heard on the floor, and back came Tiny Tim to sit before the fire, and wait while his brothers and sisters brought in the dinner. Such a bustle ensued, and such a dinner! Bob took Tiny Tim by him at the table; then the plates were put on and grace said. There was a breathless pause as Mrs. Cratchit plunged the carving knife into the breast of the goose. Never was there such a goose, and the potatoes and apple sauce made your mouth water.

When the plates were cleared off the pudding was brought in, steaming hot, looking like a

speckled cannon ball, with Christmas holly. Oh, such a wonderful pudding!

Bob Cratchit said it was the greatest success ever achieved by his wife. The dinner finished and all cleared off, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel of chestnuts placed on the fire, sputtering and cracking noisily.

Then Bob Cratchit proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears, God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed. "God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim the last of all.

TINY TIM

Part Two

In which a miser has a change of heart and has a happy Christmas after all.

While the Cratchits were having their merry Christmas dinner, old Mr. Scrooge had gone home and gone to bed. "All this is foolishness," he said, "and a waste of time and money. I wish there was no such thing as Christmas," and with that he went to sleep.

Mr. Scrooge had some disagreeable dreams on Christmas Eve. In one of them he dreamed that a Christmas spirit showed him his clerk's home. He saw them all gathered around the fire, and

heard them drink his health, and Tiny Tim sing a song. Not a word of abuse for Mr. Scrooge who had been so hard on Bob Cratchit.

How Mr. Scrooge spent Christmas Day we do not know, but on Christmas night he had more dreams and again he saw his poor clerk's home. In his dream he saw the mother was busy, and as she sewed tears dropped on her sewing now and then. The children were sad, and up stairs was the father with his face hidden in his hands as he sat beside a little bed on which lay the figure of Tiny Tim, white and still.

"My little child—my precious child!" sobbed the poor father. Then into the ear of Mr. Scrooge whispered the dream spirit:

"Tiny Tim died because his father was too poor to give him the necessary things to make him well. YOU kept him poor."

The father kissed the cold little face, then went down stairs, took his hat and went out with a wistful glance at the little crutch in the corner.

Mr. Scrooge saw all of this and many more strange and sad things; but wonderful to relate, he awoke the next morning feeling like a different man—feeling as he had never felt before.

"I hope everybody had a Merry Christmas, and here's a Happy New Year to all the world!"

Poor Bob Cratchit was late the next morning and expected to be roundly abused. But no

such thing. His master shook hands with him and told him he was going to raise his salary, and asked affectionately after Tiny Tim. Bob could scarcely believe his eyes or ears, but it was all true. Mr. Scrooge had had a change of heart and mind. His dreams had shown him that he was wrong, and that Christmas was a good time after all.

Such doings as the Cratchits had on New Year's day had never been before in their home. Such a turkey Mr. Scrooge had sent for dinner! Tiny Tim had his share, too; for Tiny Tim did not die.

Mr. Scrooge became a second father to him from that day; he wanted for nothing, and grew up strong and healthy. Mr. Scrooge loved him, and well he might, for was it not Tiny Tim who had unconsciously touched his hard heart through his Christmas dream, causing him to become a good and happy man?

THE BIRTH OF JESUS

In which is told the story of the Christ child, the annunciation to the shepherds, and the adoration of the wise men.

In the distant country of Judea lies the little town of Bethlehem. It is five miles south of

Jerusalem. Such queer little homes we see; such narrow streets; and only one large inn. Down these narrow streets all day crowds of people had passed. People who had once lived in this little town of Bethlehem and had moved away were coming back to pay taxes. It was late in the evening. The little streets were almost deserted. The inn was full, and the tired travelers were making ready for the night.

No one noticed a man and a woman that came very slowly. The man had a heavy beard and wore long white robes, and led a donkey with a woman sitting on it. How tired the woman looked! But there seemed to be a light shining from her eyes, and one marveled at her beauty. The man's name was Joseph, the woman's name was Mary. Arriving at the inn Joseph knocked and was told that there was no room. So creeping wearily to a little stable behind the inn, they, too, made ready for the night.

In the early hours of the morning a son was born to Mary and Joseph, a baby whom they called Jesus.

On this very night that Joseph and Mary journeyed to Bethlehem, shepherds were watching their sheep on the hills. Drowsy and sleepy were they when suddenly the angel of the Lord came upon them, and a bright light shone upon them. They were much frightened.

An angel said to them: "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. In Bethlehem is born this day a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. You will find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger." Then the sky was filled with voices saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

When the song ended, the angel disappeared. Then the shepherds hurried to Bethlehem to find the Christ Child. It was still dark. The people and animals were sleeping. The inn was closed. The shepherds went to the stable beyond, and there they found the Christ Child wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.

Then a strange procession entered the town. People looking from their windows were curious to know whence came those men. Wise men of the East riding on camels were they, following what seemed to be a brilliant light in the shape of a star. And now the light ceased to move and they stood looking in a crude stable door. The camels kneeled, the wise men got off, and went into the stable to see the little babe.

The wise men bowed low before the baby. Then they went out and returned with costly presents for the little Jesus. There were gold and sweet perfumes. These were gifts that people gave to kings. The wise men had taken a

long journey across the hot sands to bring these gifts to the little Jesus, for they knew he was the Messiah.

THE LITTLE PINE TREE WHO WISHED FOR NEW LEAVES

It is very foolish to wish to be different from the way we were made. The wise course is to improve the gifts we have, and to be content.

A little pine tree grew in the forest. It was not happy because it did not have leaves like the maple, oaks, and other trees that grew near.

"Why must I have only green needles on my branches?" it sighed. "How I wish that I might have leaves of shining gold and be different from all the other trees in the forest."

Now, the angel of the forest heard the little pine tree, and that night while it slept, its wish came true. The next morning the little pine tree had leaves of shining gold, and was very happy.

"How beautiful I am!" it thought. "What must the other trees think of me now!"

How foolish was the little pine tree! In the night a man came to the woods. He picked every one of the gold leaves and put them in a box.

"What shall I do?" cried the little tree. "I see now that it will not do to have leaves of gold. If I could only have leaves of glass, I should be happy again."

The angel of the forest, who was listening, again granted the little tree's wish, and the next morning when it awoke its branches were covered with leaves of clear, shining glass. Again the little tree was happy, but not for long. After a while the sunbeams hid and clouds gathered in the sky. Lower and lower they hung, and by and by the rain came. How the wind did blow! The glass leaves shook in the wind, and struck against the branches and against one another. Soon the leaves were shattered, and little bits of glass covered the ground. Not a leaf was left on the branches!

"Ah, me!" sighed the little tree again. "Perhaps I should not wish to be better than the other trees. If I could only have green leaves like theirs, I should be happy."

A third time the angel of the forest granted the little tree's wish. When morning came it was covered with big shiny green leaves. By and by a goat came along and ate every one of the nice juicy leaves for his dinner.

"Dear me!" said the little tree. "Perhaps it is best after all that I have only my green needles! If I could only have them back!"

While it slept that night the angel of the forest touched it and the next morning it awoke to find long green needles covering its branches. "I like the needles better than the gold or the glass, or the green leaves," said the pine tree. The little pine never complained again. The birds were happy, too, for in the winter it was the little pine tree that kept them safe and warm.

THE DRAGON SLAYER

In which we see that it is harder to conquer one's own ambitions than it is to slay a dragon.

The Knights of St. John were both priests and knights. Their badge was a white cross which they wore upon their mantles, over their shining arms. The head knight was called the Grand Master.

In a marsh lived a terrible dragon. Its head was larger than a horse's head. It had a huge mouth, very sharp teeth and enormous eyes. It ate the sheep and cattle when they came for water. Sometimes shepherd boys were missing and even men were devoured by the dragon.

Many of the knights had gone out against this monster, but its body was covered with such thick scales that swords and arrows could not hurt it,

and not one of them came back alive. At last the Grand Master ordered that no one else should go.

There was one young knight who wanted very much to try to kill the dragon. He had once hunted for the monster, but when he saw it, had come back without striking a blow. Although the dragon had lashed its tail so fiercely that he could not get near it, he had noticed that the scales did not cover the under part of the body.

Now he had a plan. He did not tell it to the Grand Master. He only asked that he might go to his father's home. There he made a dragon which looked exactly like the real dragon. He made the under part hollow, and filled it with food. He trained two fierce dogs to fly at this part of the dragon to get the food. When the animals were sufficiently trained, he went back to fight the dragon.

He knew he ought not to disobey the Grand Master, and that he had no right to fight the dragon, but he could not resist the temptation to have the people say: "Behold the Dragon Slayer," and so he took the two dogs and went forth to battle.

There was a terrific struggle, the horse became frightened and the knight had to jump off. The dragon knocked him down with his fierce tail. Then the dogs fastened themselves upon the

dragon. The knight got on his feet again, and while the dogs were fighting the dragon, the knight stuck his sword into the dragon's body. It gave a great groan and fell on its side dead.

The people shouted with joy as they went to tell the Grand Master. When the Grand Master saw the young knight, he looked grave and said: "Thou art brave, but a knight who wears the cross should learn a greater thing. He should not love his own way, but should be humble and obedient. Be gone from my sight!"

The crowd was surprised at this and cried out against the unjust sentence. The knight bowed his head in shame, for he knew that he had not obeyed the Grand Master. Sadly he took off his mantle and walked away. Then the Grand Master called him back and said: "Now, thou art worthy, thou hast overcome a worse enemy than the dragon—thyself!"

THE GOOSE GIRL

Part One

One should always be helpful and respectful to the aged and infirm, regardless of any return or reward.

Once upon a time there was an old woman who lived with her flock of geese, in a small cottage

in the woods. Every day she went to the meadows and gathered a big bundle of grass to carry home to the geese. She was very polite to everybody and said "Good morning," but nobody ever helped her carry her bundle.

One morning a lively young fellow saw the old woman.

"Ah, my good woman," said the young man, "let me help you with the bundle; my father is a rich count, but I am strong and willing to help the poor." The old woman thanked him and the young man lifted the bundle to his shoulders and started home.

The bundle was very heavy and grew heavier every step he took. He could hardly carry it, and tried to set it down, but to his dismay he found that it had grown to his back and he could not get rid of it. The old woman laughed and danced around as lively as a young girl. When they reached the foot of the hill the old woman jumped on the bundle and told the young man to hurry up for she wanted to get home to feed the geese.

The young man staggered up the hill carrying the bundle and the old woman. At last they came to the cottage. The old woman jumped down and took the bundle off his shoulders and made the young man lie down on a bench in front of the cottage. It was cool and refreshing on the bench and the young man was tired.

Pretty soon the geese came home making all sorts of noise, for they wanted the grass. A girl was driving them who was very ugly and brown. The old woman said:

"Go inside, my daughter, for this young man might fall in love with you." But the young man laughed and said:

"Not very likely, for she is too old and is not at all pretty." The girl said nothing but went into the house.

By and by the old woman came out and said to the young man:

"You may go now, but you can have this box. It will bring you good luck," and she gave him a small box cut out of a single emerald. He put it in his pocket and went on down the path, glad to get rid of the old woman, her geese, and goose girl.

After three days the young man came to a large city and asked to see the king and queen. They led him into the palace and he fell down on his knees before the queen. "I am the son of a count and have lost my way home. I pray you to believe me and to accept this present," said he, and gave her the box.

The queen was delighted with the young man and the beautiful box. She took the box in her own hands and opened it. She saw it was full of beautiful pearls. Then she began to cry as

if her heart would break, and the king was so angry he ordered the young man away. We shall find out to-morrow what she was crying about.

THE GOOSE GIRL

Part Two

No matter what misfortune overtakes us we should never forget the teachings of our good parents.

The queen stopped crying after a while and made the king send for the young man. She then sent everybody from the room and made the young count tell the story of how he came in possession of the emerald box. When he had finished the queen cried again.

"Why do you cry?" asked the young count.

The queen told him that she had a beautiful daughter years ago who had been lost in the forest, and that they had never been able to find her. She wore a large emerald around her neck and pearls on her arms. Perhaps wild beasts had devoured her, or an old witch had stolen her and changed her into some hideous form. The queen said the emerald and the pearls belonged to her lost child and begged the young count to lead her to the place where the old woman lived,

for there, perhaps, she might find her daughter.

The next day they all started out. The young count went on ahead to show them the way. He went fast because he was strong, and soon came near the old woman's cottage. It was now dark and he climbed a tree to keep wild beasts from reaching him. Late in the night the moon came out and it was so bright that he could see anything. Before long he could see the goose girl coming down to the well to get water.

"Ah, here comes one witch! we shall soon have the other," said the young count to himself. But the young girl stopped by the brook and took off her mask and let her hair fall down over her shoulders. He then saw how beautiful she was, with skin white as milk, and hair as golden as ripe wheat.

The young girl bathed her face and hands and put on her mask again, and tied up her hair and looked old and brown and ugly. She then went back toward the cottage and the young count climbed down from the tree and followed her. When he reached the cottage, he saw the old woman cleaning the floors and windows, and brushing down the cobwebs. The geese were picking the grass from the walks, and he could hear the goose girl in her room putting on her clothes, for it was daylight again and soon the king and queen would come.

After the sun rose the king and queen came to the cottage. The old woman asked them in and the young count with them. She called the goose girl, and when she came in she no longer wore the mask and the old dress, but was a beautiful young woman in a dress as fine as the queen wore. The queen knew her to be her daughter, and threw her arms around her and kissed her. The king kissed her, and the young count kissed her, too. Then the old woman stamped her foot and the cottage became a palace, and the geese became serving men, and the goose girl and the young count were married at once, and are living there to this day.

FOOLISH FRED

One must think for himself after all, for no instructions can be completely definite.

Fred was a little boy who always did what his mother told him to do, but because he did not "put on his thinking cap" he was called "Foolish Fred." His mother said: "My son, go to the store and buy me a dozen eggs."

"Yes, mother," said Fred, and away he went. He put the eggs in the pockets of his trousers and sat down upon a stone. Of course we know what happened. His mother said:

"My son, you should not have done so; you should have put the eggs in a basket and covered them with cool green leaves."

Next day his mother sent him to buy some needles. He put them in a basket, and of course we know they did not stay there.

"Mother," said Fred, "I did just as you told me, but the silly things fell through the basket."

"Oh, my son!" said his mother, "you should not have done so, you should have stuck the needles in the lapels of your coat."

Next day Fred went to the store to buy a pound of butter. He stuck the butter carefully in the lapels of his coat; being tired he sat on a stone to rest and fell asleep. His mother threw up her hands when she saw melted butter all over him.

"Mother," said Fred, "I did just as you told me, but the silly sun shone so hot that the butter melted."

"My son," said his mother, "you should have put it in a bucket and put the lid on securely."

The following day she sent Fred to market to buy a pig. He purchased a nice, fat pig, put it in a little bucket and started home. The pig objected to such close quarters, kicked the lid off the bucket and ran away. He told his mother he did just as she told him, but the silly pig ran away.

"My son," said his mother, "you should have tied one foot with a strong rope and led him home."

She sent Fred to the Intelligence Office to hire a servant girl. Seeing a strong Irish girl, he stepped up behind her, took a rope from his pocket and tied it around her ankle, thus trying to lead her home with him. The girl indignantly jerked the rope away, boxed his jaws soundly, and away she went.

"Mother," said Fred, "I did just as you told me."

"My son," said his mother, "you should not have done so. You should have raised your cap, spoken to her kindly, placed some money in her hand, and she would have come with you gladly."

The following day she sent Fred to buy a cow. He selected a cow, raised his hat, spoke to her kindly, and stooping down tried to place some money in her right hoof. The angry cow lowered her head, and lifting Fred upon her horns tossed him so high that he only stopped when he reached the moon.

THE SIX SWABIANS

To accomplish great deeds one must have knowledge as well as courage.

There were once six Swabians who went traveling in search of adventures. They thought themselves very valiant and knew they were going to create a great stir in the world. They carried a long pole to protect themselves with, which they all grasped, with Schultz, the boldest, in front. As they passed along the road a hornet flew out from behind a bush and hummed in a most warlike manner. Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Schultz let go of the pole and trembled with terror. "Listen!" cried he. "I hear a trumpet somewhere." Hans also let go and cried: "I smell fire and brimstone!" Then the hornet stung Jacky on the end of his nose, and he ran across the fields crying: "Fire! Murder!" until he ran all the way home.

The others took up the pole and marched along. A cat ran out from a hedge which frightened Hans so he jumped over the hedge and lit on a rake. The rake flew up and hit him on the head. He cried out: "The enemy has attacked us! Run! run!" Then he ran home.

The others lifted the pole and went on as be-

fore. As they turned the road an old woodpecker began to drum on a tree. "Tap! Tap! Tap!" "What is that?" cried Schultz. "Surely some one is loading a gun." They all stopped and listened. The old woodpecker went "Tap! tap! tap!" Then Schultz dropped his hold on the pole and said: "They are getting ready to fire! I must get out of this." And so he took to his heels.

Then the others took up the pole and started down the road. Before long they heard an old owl away off in the woods cry "Whoo! Whoo!" They stopped and Michael dropped his end of the pole. His hair stood up on end. "Do you hear that?" he cried. "They are saying 'Whom shall we eat first?' I tell you they are giants!" And then he put out for home so fast that he fell over the doorstep.

The others took up the pole and went along looking for adventures. Soon they came to a tall tree where they decided to rest. They set down the pole and began to talk about how brave they were. Just then a big acorn fell on Marli's head. "Mercy on me! they are shooting at me from the top of that tree. I must hurry home!" And before the others could stop him he began to run home so fast that he fell headlong through the window.

There was nobody left now but Jorgli. So

he took the pole and began to fish. By and by he caught a frog and took him home. "Ah ha," he cried, "I am the only one who has had an adventure. See this monster! It took me an hour to overcome him!" The others were much ashamed that Jorgli was the only one who had conquered a real enemy.

THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

A nonsense story for amusement showing the strange adventures of three homely articles.

A dish of beans was cooking on the stove. The old woman had made a fire and it was burning brightly, and the beans were getting hotter and hotter. The pot was full to the top, which was bad, for one bean jumped out and fell on the floor near a straw. The fire crackled and sputtered and a live coal popped out and fell down near the bean and the straw.

"Where did you come from?" they asked the live coal.

"I came out of the fire," said the coal; "if I had not popped out just when I did I should have been burned to ashes by this time."

"You see," said the straw, "the old woman put a lot of us under the fire, and the rest are gone

by this time. I am glad I fell on the floor. Come, let us travel in the world and see what we can see."

So the bean, the coal, and the straw started out into the world. The straw was slender and could take long steps, but the coal and the bean were short and were soon out of breath.

"Let us stop by this brook and rest awhile," said the coal. "I am really hotter than I should be—see how I am glowing!" They all agreed and sat down by the brook for the coal to cool off a little.

They decided to cross the brook to see what was on the other side. There was no bridge, and they could not find any log which they could use. So they thought for a long time. At last the bean said:

"I must be moving, for if I stay here much longer I shall sprout and take root, and then I can never get away." So the bean got up and rolled over a few times just to harden its skin.

The coal was almost asleep, and so the straw blew in its face which started quite a red color in its cheeks, so that it woke up at once. Then the straw said:

"I will lay myself across the stream, and then you cross over me; but be very careful." So the straw made a bridge of itself across the stream.

The coal started over, but being hot it was very much frightened at the water and stopped in the middle of the straw. When the coal stopped the straw began to burn and soon was half in two. Plump! went the coal into the water and was drowned. The straw floated on down the stream in two pieces.

The bean saw all this and laughed so that it split wide open. A tailor came along and sewed the bean up with black thread. The bean thanked the kind tailor for this; but to this very day all beans have black seams down their backs.

HANS IN LUCK

One had better hold on to what he has, than to be forever seeking to exchange it hoping to better his condition.

Hans had worked for seven long years and had not been paid a cent. So one day he said to his master, "Give me all you owe me, for my time is up, and I wish to see my mother."

So his master paid him all in silver. It was a big bag, as large as a cabbage, and very heavy for Hans to carry; but he tied up the bag and slung it over his shoulder and then started off home. As he trudged along a man came by riding a fine horse.

"What a fine horse," said Hans. "It must be good sport to ride instead of having to walk. I am quite sore in my feet, and my back aches." He then told the man he had silver in his bag, and proposed to swap the silver for the horse. The man agreed, after seeing the silver, and Hans rode off quite gaily on the horse. About a mile down the road the horse began to rear and pitch and Hans fell off into the briars. As he sat there rubbing his head, a cowherd came along with a fine cow.

"Say, will you swap your cow for this horse?" called out Hans. "I cannot ride him, and besides I should like some milk."

The cowherd looked at the horse and gave Hans the cow. Hans was now happy again and drove the cow along until milking time. Then he stopped to milk her, but she was as dry as a dusty road.

"Oh, me!" said Hans. "What can I do with this cow?"

Just then a man came along with a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is that you said?" asked he of Hans. Hans told him he was tired of the cow and offered to swap it for the pig.

"Good!" said the man. "You take the pig and I will rid you of the cow." So Hans took the pig, tied a rope to his leg and went on down the road. But the pig was hard to drive and

Hans had all he could do to keep him in the road at all.

A peasant came along with a load of geese. Hans saw the big white birds and his eyes glistened. "Here, take this pig and give me a goose!" cried he. The man stopped and looked the pig over. Then he handed Hans a goose and took the pig in the wagon.

By and by, Hans grew tired of the goose, it fluttered and made so much noise, and beat him in the face with its wings so that Hans was almost ready to let it go. But just then he met a man sharpening a scythe with a whetstone.

"What a fine business—and so easy," cried Hans. "My friend, take my goose and give me your whetstone." Again an exchange was made and Hans took the whetstone and went towards home. It was now quite late and Hans was tired and thirsty. He stopped by the side of a well to get some water. As he looked in, the whetstone slipped out of his pocket and fell to the very bottom.

"Well, I am in luck, sure enough," said Hans. "Now, I have nothing to bother me." And he went whistling down the road.

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD

Learn not to place faith in fair speeches.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl with her mother on the edge of a village. Her grandmother lived beyond the woods, and was a poor old woman, who loved the little girl dearly. She had made a red cloak for her that looked so pretty every one called her "Little Red Ridinghood." One day her mother said:

"I hear your grandmother is ill. You must take her this cake and a little butter." Little Red Ridinghood set out at once for her grandmother's. On her way she met a big wolf who asked her:

"Where are you going, my little girl?"

"I am going to see my grandmother, and take her this cake and a little butter," said Little Red Ridinghood.

"Does she live near here?" asked the wolf.

"Not very far; just on the other side of the wood, in a little white cottage," replied Little Red Ridinghood.

The wolf told the little girl good-by and ran off as if he were going home. But, no, indeed; he ran as hard as he could in a roundabout way and came to the little white cottage where the grandmother lived, and knocked at the door.

"Who is that?" asked a feeble voice.

"This is Little Red Ridinghood come to bring you some cake and a little butter," said the wolf.

"Pull the string and the latch will open," said the grandmother. The wolf pulled the string and opened the door. Then he jumped on the old grandmother and ate her up in a minute. He got in bed and pulled the old woman's cap over his head.

By and by Little Red Ridinghood knocked at the door. The old wolf made his voice very feeble and said: "Who is that?"

"I am Little Red Ridinghood, grandmother, and I have brought you some cake and a little butter."

"Pull the string and the latch will open," said the wolf.

Little Red Ridinghood pulled the string and went in and put the cake and butter on the table. Then she went up to the bed where the wolf was and when she saw how changed her grandmother was, she said:

"Grandmother, what long arms you have."

"To hug you the better, my dear," said the wolf.

"Grandmother, what long ears you have."

"To hear you the better, my dear," said the wolf.

"Grandmother, what big eyes you have."

"To see you the better, my dear," said the wolf.

"Grandmother, what big teeth you have."

"The better to eat you, my dear!" With that the wolf fell upon Red Ridinghood and ate her up, until there was not a piece left.

THE DISCONTENTED TAILOR

It is a wise man who knows when he has enough. The effort to get more may result in misfortune and misery.

A tailor and a goldsmith were walking one evening through the woods and wondering if they should ever be rich men with gold to spare. They heard the sound of distant music and went to see what it could be.

The moon had risen, and on a little hillock they saw a band of tiny men dancing in a ring with hands joined, while an old man, with hair down to his waist, played on a pipe. This was the music which the tailor and goldsmith had heard.

They stopped and watched the dancers for a while. At last the old man beckoned them to join the circle and dance with the tiny men. Seeing how many they were, the tailor and the gold-

smith agreed and soon were dancing as merrily as the best of them.

Then the old man took a pair of shears and cut off all the hair and beard of the tailor and the goldsmith until they were quite bald. This made the tiny men laugh, and they were merrier than ever.

Then all at once everybody began to gather rocks and fill his pockets full. The goldsmith and the tailor did likewise, and then when the moon went down they all lay down and went fast to sleep.

What do you think? In the morning when the tailor and the goldsmith woke up their hair and their beard had grown again, and the rocks had turned to gold and they were now quite rich.

"Oh, this is plenty for me," cried the goldsmith. "I shall now live in ease the rest of my life. I shall build me a house, and get me a wife and buy a horse and carriage. Oh, I have enough for my purposes!"

The tailor looked at his gold, and though he had never lived in anything but a room back of his shop, yet he said:

"This is not enough for me. I want a palace and many servants, and a whole troop of horses. I shall go back to the tiny men to-night." So he hid his gold in a tree and waited for the night to come.

The goldsmith went on home, but the tailor waited until the moon had risen and then joined the tiny men in their dance. He could hardly wait for the old man to cut off his hair and beard. He took the shears and cut it himself. Then when the time came to gather rocks he eagerly filled his pockets, his shoes, his hat and held some in his hands.

"I may as well get a plenty," said he.

Then they all lay down and went to sleep. Early the tailor woke up and felt for his rocks. They were still hard rocks. When he hunted for his gold of the night before, it also had turned back to rocks. Besides that, his hair and beard had not grown out, and he was quite bald. The poor tailor had lost what he had because he was not satisfied with enough.

HOW A GIRL SAVED A FORT

Wherein we see how a brave girl risked her own life to save that of others.

Betty Zane moved with her parents to the Ohio country. The new home was in a western wilderness, but all the settlers were full of hope and courage. They all lived in a big square fort with a high fence of logs on every side, and at

each corner a strong-house with loop holes for guns.

Betty liked the place and soon began to do her share of the work, for everybody was busy at Fort Henry, as the place was called. All around were thick woods where the Indians lived, and Betty could hear the wolves howling in the depths of the forest. Soon other settlers came to live with the first comers, for in those days the strength of the white men depended on their numbers.

The Revolutionary War began just about this time. The Indians were treacherous and savage. The English wanted their help, and offered a good price for the scalp of every settler. One day a message came in great haste to Fort Henry. It was that the Indians were on the war path and traveling rapidly toward Fort Henry. The alarm was given and all the settlers hurried into the fort to make ready for the attack.

Betty peeped through a crack in the wall and saw the Indians sneaking through the woods. Soon they were everywhere, dodging and hiding in the underbrush. The leader of the band held a flag of truce. He was a white man. All the settlers knew Simon Girty. He hated the white people and willingly led the Indians against them.

He told the people in the fort that if they would surrender no harm would befall them, but that if they resisted the fort would be destroyed and every man, woman and child would be put to death. Colonel Sheppard answered that as long as there was one person alive in the fort it would be defended.

Then the fighting began. The yells of the Indians filled the air, and the bullets whistled through the trees. Colonel Sheppard was dismayed to find his powder nearly all gone. A keg of it had been left outside in one of the cabins, and they must have it if they were to win. He called for a volunteer to go after the powder. The cabin was so far away that it was almost certain death to try to reach it.

Then Betty Zane came forward. She was a brave girl, and told them that she would go for the powder. The gate was opened before any one could stop her. The men cried, "Come back and we will go," but she ran all the faster. She seized a bag of powder and started back. The Indians fired upon her, but not a bullet touched her. Into the gate she ran and gave the powder to the men, while they cheered her for her bravery. With the powder that Betty had brought the men kept the savages at bay. Soon some hunters came to aid the settlers, and together they drove the Indians into the woods and away

from the fort. Colonel Sheppard told the newcomers how "brave Betty Zane" had saved Fort Henry and the settlers from the savage Indians.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

We should obey the call of duty even to any sacrifice, knowing that the result is in higher hands than ours.

Abraham and Sarah, his wife, were very old and were sad because they had no child. They prayed earnestly for a son, and at last, when Abraham was one hundred years old, a son was born and they named him Isaac. They were very happy now, and the child grew and became strong.

To see whether Abraham was still faithful to the Lord, it came to pass that God called him one day and Abraham said:

"Behold, here I am." Then the Lord said:

"Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

Abraham was sorely grieved that God had told him to burn his only son, whom he had given.

But he rose up early in the morning, saddled his ass, cut the wood, and took Isaac and some young men, and went up into the mountain, just as God had told him.

On the third day he came to the place; then Abraham said to the young men:

"Ye abide here, with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship and come again to you."

Abraham took the wood and laid it upon Isaac. He took the fire and a knife and went together to the place that God had showed Abraham.

Then Isaac said: "My father?" And Abraham replied: "Here am I, my son." Isaac said:

"Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?" Abraham replied:

"My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering." And they went on together.

They came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar and laid the wood in order. Then he bound his son Isaac and laid him upon the wood on the altar. Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son.

Just then he heard the voice of an angel call-

ing him, "Abraham!" He answered: "Here am I." The angel said:

"Lay not thy hand upon the lad; neither do thou anything with him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me."

And Abraham looked and behold, there was behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns. And Abraham went and took the ram and offered him for a burnt offering instead of his son.

BEOWULF CONQUERS THE MARSH MONSTER

An old legend in which a brave warrior overcomes a terrible menace by strength and skill.

Beowulf was the nephew of a king who ruled over a part of Sweden. He was a young man of great strength. No one could stand against him. At that time there was a monster named Grendel, half man and half beast that came out of the swamp every night and snatched away the warriors as they slept in the hall of the king, and carried them off to his lair and devoured them. No matter how the warriors tried to protect themselves, the terrible Grendel would break in the place where they were sleeping, seize one

of them in his mighty arms and bear him away.

Beowulf heard of all this and set out with a band of trained warriors to help the king get rid of the monster.

The warriors entered the castle and prepared to lie down to sleep. Beowulf took off his armor, laid aside his helmet and handed his sword and shield to his servant. He had on only a silken coat. The warriors said to him, "Put on thy armor, and thy helmet, and take thy sword and shield, for Grendel is an enemy that will demand all thy strength."

But Beowulf said to them: "I shall fight Grendel and conquer him with my own good hands and head, and with my strong heart." He then lay down like the others, but not to sleep. He kept a lookout for the approach of the dreaded monster.

Out of the mists of the marsh, as dark came on, strode the monster, Grendel. With one blow of his mighty arms, he broke the bolts and bars of the doors and entered the hall where the warriors lay sleeping. With a loud laugh, he seized one of them and tore him asunder. Beowulf watched him as he sprang on his prey and saw his method of attack.

The monster came the next night, and when he entered the hall hungry for a feast, he looked over the warriors who were asleep and started

to seize one in his terrible arms. But Beowulf was as quick as Grendel and caught the monster's arm in his own mighty grasp and twisted it round and round.

The fight that ensued was terrible. The tables were overturned, the castle shook with the noise and the people in the town were awakened with the sounds of the battle. The roar of the monster could be heard a mile, but Beowulf uttered not a sound.

The sleeping warriors rose up and joined in the fight; but Grendel's hide was thicker than armor and their swords were useless. The blows they rained upon him made no impression.

At last Grendel tore loose, leaving his arm in Beowulf's grasp. Bleeding and exhausted he crawled back to the marsh where they found his dead body the next day.

BEOWULF SLAYS THE WATER WITCH

An old legend in which the hero overcomes the terrors of the sea.

After Beowulf had slain the terrible Grendel, there was great rejoicing. The furniture in the hall was all restored; the tapestries and carpets

were made new; embroideries were hung on the gold benches and a great feast was prepared. Never was there so splendid a banquet. After the feast the king gave Beowulf and his warriors many presents, coats of arms, horses and gold handled swords. After the feast was over, the minstrels sang songs and everybody lay down to sleep.

But away down in the sea, the Water Witch, the mother of the dead Grendel, nursed her wrath, and at night came up to the land, and went straight to the Hall to avenge her son. While they slept she crept in through the cracks in the door and seized a warrior and bore him off to the sea to drown him. She was almost as horrible as Grendel himself. The warriors arose in great fear and called for Beowulf.

"The Water Witch! The Water Witch!" they cried. "The mother of Grendel has come upon us! What shall we do?"

Beowulf begged them to be calm, and he would fight the Water Witch as he had done her son. All the warriors went with him to the shores of the sea where the Witch lived. On the dark waters swam many dragons and serpents and awful looking worms. Beowulf took his sword in his hand, put on his helmet and his coat of armor, through which no steel might ever pierce; then bidding the king farewell he leaped

into the sea and went down and down until he touched the very bottom.

Here the Water Witch lived, and as soon as she saw Beowulf she reached out her long skinny hand to crush him. But his armor was so strong that she could not hurt him in any wise. She then dragged him into her cave. She held him so fast he could not unsheathe his sword. Terrible sea monsters attacked him on all sides. But he was unhurt.

Finally he drew his sword and attacked the Water Witch; but she was no more to be hurt by a sword than was Beowulf. Seizing her by the shoulders he dragged her down and there was a fearful fight on the floor of the sea. The water boiled and great waves rose to the top. Beowulf saw a shining dagger hanging to a rock. It glittered like diamonds and gold; as they swayed over to it, he seized it and thrust it into the heart of the Water Witch.

She sank on the floor and her blood dyed all the water red, and the people on the shore thought the setting sun had done it. Beowulf rose and saw that she was quite dead. On the floor of the cave lay the body of Grendel also. So he cut off the head of the monster and rose to the surface and swam to shore where he laid the bloody head before the king and told him the Water Witch could do him no more harm. And that was the end of Grendel and his dreadful mother.

BEOWULF SLAYS THE FIRE DRAGON

In which the brave hero stops the ravages of a fire-breathing monster.

After Beowulf had slain Grendel and the Water Witch he returned to his own country. When the ruler of that country died, they made Beowulf king, and he ruled over the land for fifty years.

Beowulf was growing old and all the land was in peace. One day, however, he punished a slave for disobedience, and the slave fled into the mountains. Seeking in a cave he found it full of wonderful treasures which were guarded by a terrible Fire Dragon. The Dragon was asleep, so the slave crept in very quietly and stole a gold cup and ran back to Beowulf.

"Here is a gold cup I found for thee, my lord, now will you pardon me?" Beowulf forgave him, for the cup was wondrously beautiful.

When the Fire Dragon awoke and missed the cup, his wrath was terrible. He crawled out of the cave, and over the mountains and through the forests looking for the thief. As he went the trees and grass were consumed around him. Then he flew to the cities breathing flames, and all the houses burst forth in fire. The crops in

the field, the barns full of grain, the homes of the farmers all were devoured by his breath. The people fled and hid in the water ditches to save their lives.

Beowulf was very old, but he was still a great warrior. His heart boiled with rage when he saw what the fire dragon had brought to his people.

"Bring me my iron shield, my steel coat of armor and my great sword!" he cried. "Tell my warriors to follow me," he ordered. Then the old king, whose arms were still the strongest in all his kingdom, went forth to fight the terrible dragon who was still raging in his wrath and burning everything he flew over.

Beowulf found the Fire Dragon in his cave, and his fiery breath came out like flames from a furnace door. The dragon came forth and Beowulf raised his shield to ward off the heat. It was an awful battle. Up went Beowulf's great sword but it melted as it touched the Dragon's red hot sides. The warriors all turned away afraid of the consuming breath of the terrible monster.

One alone, Wiglaf, helped the old king in his combat. Wiglaf had a wooden shield but it caught fire and was burned from his arm. Together they fought as the Dragon's breath wrapped around them. At last the dagger of

Beowulf found a vital spot in the Dragon's throat, and as he pierced him his hot blood flowed out over the land. Slowly the flames died down and the monster ceased to move. After a while nothing was left but its dead body on the side of the mountain where it had been slain by the mighty king and his faithful follower.

THE DEATH OF BEOWULF

In which an old king sacrificed his life for the good of his people.

We told you that Beowulf slew the Fire Dragon, but we did not mention that during the conflict the hot and fierce beast seized Beowulf's neck in his teeth, and bit him so terribly that his blood flowed over his bright and shining armor.

While the Dragon was biting at the neck of the great king, it was then that his faithful Wiglaf struck his sword into the monster's body. The Dragon relaxed his hold of Beowulf just enough for the old king to escape death at the time, and to plunge his own dagger into the throat of the fiery creature.

After the fight was over, poor Beowulf, old and exhausted, fell on the ground, and the wound in his neck began to swell and to burn with the

dragon's poison. It sank into his heart and he grew cold and knew he was going to die.

"My faithful Wiglaf," said the dying king, "in the Dragon's cave are many treasures, gold, silver, jewels, armor and precious gems. I would give them to thee before I die. Get them for me." So Wiglaf left Beowulf and ran many miles until he came to the Dragon's cave in the mountain. Here he found many sacks of treasure, but he could carry only one at a time. With this he hastened to Beowulf who was fast growing weaker and weaker. When he reached the old king, he poured the treasure at his feet.

Beowulf took the gold collar from around his neck, and his helmet and his ring and his coat of mail and gave them to Wiglaf as his last gift, and bade the young warrior to use them well.

"Thou art the last of the race. My kinsmen have all gone before me, and I follow them soon." These were his last words, and Beowulf lay very still and cold before his weeping friend.

Now that the fight was over and the Fire Dragon lay dead all the servants who had deserted the king in battle, came back. Wiglaf met them with scorn and drove them away, so that they wandered homeless and beggared over the land. Everywhere they went they heard the words: "Death is better than a life of shame."

Then all the people came to see their dead king

as he lay on the ground. Wiglaf told them of the conflict and then of the treasures in the cave. Sorrowfully, they went and gathered every bit of the cave's treasures and brought them forth. To the top of a high hill they carried the body of Beowulf and piled the treasures around it. Then for days and days they piled stones over the body of the king until it was so high that it could be seen from out at sea. And to this day people call it Beowulf's Mound.

ANTONIO CANOVA

The story of a great artist who when a child showed his genius.

Many years ago in Italy there lived a boy whose name was Antonio Canova. His father was dead, and he lived with his poor old grandfather who was a stone-cutter.

Antonio was not very strong, and could not play at the rough games of the other boys, so he liked best to be with his grandfather and play around the stone-yard watching the cutters at work. He was fond of making little statues out of clay, and sometimes with hammer and chisel he would try to make a statue from a piece of stone. One day his grandfather said, "You will be a great sculptor some day, my boy."

In the same town there lived a rich man who was a count, and who was accustomed to give great feasts to his friends. They would come from far and near to his dinners. The Count left no effort untried to give the most expensive dinners he could, and to please his guests by new decorations for the table and the rooms.

Now it happened that Antonio's grandfather was a cook as well as stone-cutter. He often went to help in the kitchen to prepare the dishes for the Count's table, and upon some occasions Antonio went with him to wash the dishes and do errands. In this way he made a little extra money.

One day the Count was giving a great feast, and had planned to place a beautiful marble statue in the center of the table. The servants were busy running about, when suddenly one of them overturned the statue and it fell to the floor and broke into a hundred pieces.

"What shall I do?" cried he. "The table is ruined without the center statue. What will my master say?" And the servant wrung his hands in great dismay.

Antonio listened and decided he would try to help the servant out of his trouble. "May I make a statue for the center? I will make it out of the butter," said he. They were quite astonished at this request, but all agreed for him to try.

The great tub of butter was brought in, and Antonio began work. In an hour he had made a most wonderful lion, all out of the hard butter. They placed it on the table just as the guests were coming in.

"How beautiful! How beautiful!" they exclaimed. "Who has done this carving? He is a genius. Bring him here and let us see him."

Little Antonio was brought in and they crowded around him as he told them about his work and himself. "The lad must be taught," they said. "If he can work that well in butter, what could he do in marble when he is a man?"

And so Antonio went to school, and became one of the great artists of the world. But his first piece of work was the lion made out of a tub of butter.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

In which it appears that a leak should be stopped at once, and that a little boy can do a great service.

Holland is a country far across the sea. The boys and girls there wear wooden shoes. They like to skip and dance along the streets clicking these shoes together, or making them ring as they strike the hard pavement.

Peter was a little boy who liked to skip and

dance with the others. He was a poor boy and had to wear wooden shoes like the others. He did not mind that, however. He liked best of all to play on the top of the sea-wall, for where Peter lived, the people had to build sea-walls, or dikes, to keep the water from rushing over the land.

Every day Peter would play on the top of the dikes, and was careful not to fall into the water. He would see the great ocean on one side of the dike, with ships and fishing boats far out at sea, and on the other side, below the level of the water, he could see his own little home, and the houses of his neighbors and friends.

One day, while he was playing he heard a little trickle of water. He stopped to listen. He found a tiny stream running through a small hole in the dike.

Peter knew this was a dreadful thing, for he had often heard his father say that a small leak would grow into a great leak, and would break down the great sea-wall, and destroy the village. He knew then that in a little while the small hole would be a large one, and the sea would be rushing in, and it would be too late to stop it.

He said to himself "What can I do? Before long my mother, my father, and all my brothers and sisters will be drowned, and the sea will wash away the whole village." He was almost ready to cry, but he was too brave a boy for that.

He called aloud, but no one heard. It was growing dark. He put his hand over the hole to see if he could stop the water. But the water was coming in so fast that he had to push his arm in to stop it. He found that by pulling some grass from the sides of the dike and wrapping it around his hand and arm that he could hold the water back.

It was now quite dark. He lay down on the side of the dike and held his arm in the hole. The water stopped running, and little Peter lay very still. After awhile he called out for help, but still nobody heard him. He could see the lights in the houses, and knew the people were having supper. This made him hungry and he began to get cold. All night long he lay there holding back the water.

At last morning came, and a man passing by saw Peter lying there, with his arm still in the dike. He called men to help him, and the brave little boy was lifted up, and the leak in the dike was soon stopped.

When the people of the town heard what Peter had done, they cheered him, and soon the mayor came to his home and called him a brave boy who had saved the town from destruction.

TUBAL CAIN

Men are happier and better when engaged in useful occupation.

To-day we will learn about Tubal Cain who was the first smith of which we have any knowledge. We do not know very much about his life, for the Bible merely says he was a worker "in brass and iron." We may suppose, however, that he had a forge somewhere, and that he labored day by day making things that were needed by the people in those rude days.

Men came to him at his forge and said: "Tubal Cain, we are engaged in hunting and we need sharp points for our spear heads, and arrows so that we can kill the game we need." Then Tubal Cain would set his forge to flaming and his anvil would ring while he made spear points and arrow heads for the hunters.

Then men came to him and said: "Tubal Cain, we are about to go to war, and we need sharp arrows to kill our enemies." Then Tubal Cain would swing his mighty hammers and the anvils would ring and the fires glow while he fashioned swords that were sharp enough to cut off a man's head at a blow.

Then men came to him and said: "Tubal Cain, we need helmets of brass, and shields of

iron to protect our head and bodies when we go to war. Then we want iron chains to bind our enemies, so that they may not escape." Then Tubal Cain would start the forge again, and the anvil would sing loud and long as the hammer beat out all the things the men asked for. The swords and helmets and shields and chains brought Tubal Cain much money, but he saw what bloody work they did. The more swords he made the more men fought. At last he said: "I will make no more swords for men to slay each other with." And so the forge was cold, the fires were out, the anvil was silent and Tubal Cain sat at his door and shook his head at all who begged for swords.

One day he said: "Why should I be idle? I will make plows and scythes instead of swords," and then the forge glowed again, the anvil rang, and Tubal Cain was busy. When men came to him he said, "Here, take this plow and break the soil and plant grain. It is better than the sword. Take this scythe and reap the grain. It is better than helmets or shields or chains."

Thus Tubal Cain made plows and taught men to use them in raising crops instead of making swords to slay one another. Wars stopped for a while, and the fields were full of growing crops, for men could now plow the soil and cut the grain with scythes.

And Tubal Cain sang his song all day long for he was happy because he was making something useful for his fellow men.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Part One

A folklore story current in many lands, that shows the power of love to awaken all things to life. The first part shows the deadening effect of malice.

Once upon a time a king and queen grieved sorely because they had no child. When a daughter was born there was great rejoicing and all the fairies in the kingdom were invited to a feast.

All the fairies came that the king knew of, and all brought the young princess a gift. One gave her beauty; another gave her wit; one said she should draw perfectly, and another said she should sing. At the end of the feast an old fairy who had not been invited because the king did not know of her, came into the hall and began to abuse the company for neglecting her. She turned to the princess and said:

"You will have all the gifts the others have given you, but I tell you that some day you shall pierce your hand with a needle while you are spinning, and you shall die of the wound."

The king and queen began to weep at this, and so did all the fairies. One of them, however, said to the princess:

"You will pierce your hand, but it will not be death that shall come to you but sleep." And then the feast was over and all the fairies vanished.

The king made a law that nobody should spin or have needles in their homes, for fear that the princess might pierce her hand.

All went well until the princess was nearly grown. She was indeed very beautiful and very lovable. One day the princess was visiting one of the king's castles. She saw an old woman spinning. The old woman was so deaf she had not heard of the king's command. The princess ran up to her and seized the needle. It pierced her finger, and she fainted away.

The old woman screamed and the king and queen and all the courtiers came running. Alas! they could not waken the princess at all. She breathed but could not be aroused. They laid her on a couch and put flowers all around her. Just then a fairy came in and said:

"I told you it should be sleep instead of death. It will be a long, long sleep for her and for you all."

With that she touched with her wand the king and queen and all the courtiers, and they all fell

fast asleep. All the servants in the castle and in the kitchens; all the grooms and all the horses stopped still. They slept on and on. A thick wood grew up around the castle door, and all the world forgot there was ever such a queen and king and princess; and they were afraid to go into the castle for the rumor went round that it was a haunted place. Here we will leave them until to-morrow.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Part Two

All things awaken into life when warmth and love exert their influence.

We left the princess and all her attendants asleep in the castle. The years went. Kings and queens ruled over the land and died. The old castle was covered with ivy and hidden deep in the forest. Nobody went near it, for everybody was afraid of it. At last the tangle of the thorns grew so thick that only the towers of the castle could be seen above it.

One hundred years passed by. The son of the king at that time was one day hunting in the forest, and asked what the castle was. Those who were with him told him it was a fairy castle; some said a monster lived in it; others said that

it was filled with dead bodies. One of his attendants cried:

"I heard a story from my grandfather when I was a boy, that there was a princess in that castle who was asleep. The story said that she was put to sleep by a fairy, and that the fairy said that she was to sleep for a hundred years, and at last be awakened by a young prince who would break through all barriers and awaken her by a kiss."

When the young prince heard this story he felt that he was the one to awaken the young princess. It was a beautiful day in early spring, but the snow was still on the ground. The prince said to those around him:

"I am he of whom the fairy spoke. I shall break through all barriers and awaken the princess."

He drew his sword and started toward the tangle of thorns. As he began to cut his way the thorns fell aside easily and a path appeared before his feet. He followed the path into the castle gate. The woods closed behind him and left him alone.

At the castle gates he saw the porter asleep. As he went on he saw horses and dogs and grooms all asleep. He entered the kitchen and saw all the cooks and maids asleep. Then he went into the hall and found all the courtiers fast asleep.

The king and queen were fast asleep. On the couch he saw the beautiful princess as rosy and fresh as she was a hundred years ago, but deep in slumber.

The prince walked up to the couch and kissed her. Then she woke up and smiled. The king and queen rubbed their eyes, the courtiers leaped up from their chairs; the cooks and servants began to move about; the horses neighed and the dogs barked. Outside the thorns vanished and the roses bloomed in their stead. All was life and motion where before all had been so silent.

"Have you come at last?" said the princess. And then they all left the castle, and as they looked behind, it vanished and there was nothing left but the beautiful woods.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S GRANDDAUGHTER

Showing how one should act in an emergency demanding thought and nerve.

There are many lighthouses along our coasts, and the keepers live in them. They have great responsibilities. They suffer many hardships, and sometimes they lose their lives in discharge of their duties.

In one of the large lighthouses along the coast

of Maine there lived an old gray-haired man with his little granddaughter, Jane. The keeper was quite old and at times very feeble. Jane was the orphan child of his own daughter, and he loved her very much. They often thought and talked of the brave sailors out on the open sea, whom they protected by sending out the bright rays from the great light which shone high up in the tower. The sailors looked for this light and depended on it to help them reach shore.

Jane's grandfather was a faithful old keeper of the light, and had never failed to have the welcome beams shine out far into the darkness of the ocean. Night after night he would climb to the top of the tower with his lantern and light the great light. Sometimes Jane carried the lantern to help her grandfather.

Many happy years were passed in the old lighthouse, and the old man was growing more and more feeble. He climbed the steps more slowly each day; his hand trembled sometimes as he reached for the light, but still he was faithful to his duty.

There came a night when he could go no more; he was broken down and ill. He could only lie still and think of the dark tower and the unlighted lantern. Outside a storm was raging. He thought of the sailors on the wild waters fighting against the furious storm, but he could

not give them the light that they needed so much.

Little Jane saw her grandfather's distress. She, too, had learned to love the men of the sea, and knew that the brave sailors would be lost if the light was not there. She went to the foot of the stairs and looked up the dark passageway. She could hear the wind howling and the rain beating against the tower. Terror was in her little heart. Could she go up alone? Could she light the great lantern without her grandfather's help? Then she caught a vision of the helpless ones outside.

Up and up she climbed. It was cold and dark, yet she went on. Finally the top was reached, but how was she to lift the great wick? She pushed hard, and something seemed to give her strength. Slowly the wick swung back. Quickly she touched the match, then the great light shone forth over the sea giving help to the souls who would have otherwise perished in the waves.

When she came down and told her grandfather she had lighted the lamp, he patted her on the head and said: "You are a brave girl, and have perhaps saved many lives this night."

THE WIND AND THE SUN

In which the silent forces of nature show themselves to be more powerful than the noisy ones.

The Wind and the Sun quarreled one day as to which of the two was the stronger. Each contended that he was mightier than the other, and stood ready to prove it in any way. They got so angry that people thought a storm was coming on and ran inside their houses. The Sun said:

"I am able to bring the summer, to ripen the grain and the fruit, and cover the earth with flowers. I can melt icebergs and clear whole fields of snow. I can drive away darkness and night and make day to come."

"And I," said the Wind, "can break down trees and move ships across the ocean, and bring the cold winter. I make icebergs when I am cold. I turn wind-mills, and move clouds across the sky. I can be a breeze or a hurricane. I can raise great clouds of dust so that people will hide from me."

So they ended where they had begun; each thinking that he had the greater power. Quarrels never do go very far in settling anything. The wind still boasted of what he could do, and the sun still insisted he was the stronger.

Just then they saw a traveler coming and they agreed whichever should make the traveler take off his coat should be counted the stronger.

The Wind was the first to try, so the Sun went behind the clouds. The Wind blew with all his might; he blew so strong that he almost blew the traveler away. He blew ice into the traveler's face, and snow down his back. But the harder the Wind blew and the more noise he made the more closely the traveler wrapped his coat about him. At last the Wind gave up in despair, for the traveler had buttoned his coat up tight and strapped it around his waist.

Then the Sun came and sent his warmest rays right down upon the traveler's head. It grew hotter and hotter. There was no noise and no storm, just sunshine. The traveler threw open his coat, turned it back, and at last took it off altogether. He said:

"I am glad that the blustering wind has gone and the sunshine has come. It is so hot I must take off my coat." And so it was that the Sun who had made so little noise in the world, yet proved himself to be very powerful.

MOTHER EARTH'S CHILDREN

In which it is shown the power of gentleness and mercy over physical strength.

Long, long ago the Snow King looked down from his home on a great mountain in the North, and said:

"I shall show my power and strength by covering all the earth with a great mantle of snow; I shall lock in ice every stream and river; when I blow my breath the poor shall shiver in their homes, the leaves shall fall from the trees, the birds hide for fear of me, and all the little animals in the forest shall hide in the ground, and all shall say: 'Oh, how strong, how terrible is the great Snow King!'"

Mother Earth heard the boasting of her son and was sorry, for she knew what suffering he could bring upon her children, so she said:

"Snow King, I pray you remember the poor, and be not cruel to my children of the woods and trees."

The Snow King laughed aloud and shook his hoary head. Every tree and housetop were soon covered with the soft snow flakes that fell from his hair and beard. He waved his arms until he had stilled the music of every brooklet and they were frozen hard and fast. Then he

blew his icy breath and the old women shivered with cold. The little leaves fell from the trees; the birds sought shelter in the swamps, and the rabbits and squirrels dug deep holes in the ground.

"This is a terrible winter," said every one. "How awful is this cold!"

However, a gentle daughter of Mother Earth named Spring, had overheard the proud words of the Snow King and seen the suffering he had caused. She said to herself:

"I, too, have power, and I shall use it to undo the work of my brother, the Snow King."

So after a while the maiden clothed herself in soft garments, and on her feet she put sandals of flowers, and as she walked sweet perfumes were wafted about her. She breathed upon the air and the snow melted away, the streams resumed their laughter, the trees put forth their leaves, the birds came again to nest in the branches, and the little animals came out of their burrows and began to play about the forest.

"This is beautiful weather," said every one. "I am glad spring has come, and the awful winter has passed." And the whole earth smiled because it felt so happy and full of promise.

Then the spring maiden turned to the Snow King and said:

"You see, O King, that I, too, am mighty on

the earth—that I have strength equal to yours and can undo all that you have done. My power is even greater than yours, for mine is the power of love."

SEEDS OF GOLD

Real wealth comes from the soil.

Many years ago there lived a little girl named Merline. Her mother had to go out and sew, while Merline stayed home and cared for the house. One day Merline's mother came home sick, and the next day she could not go to work. This was very bad, but Merline was a brave little girl and worked and cared for her sick mother. The doctor came in one day and told Merline she must go out for a walk, and that a walk would put the roses in her cheeks. "And, besides," said the doctor, "you might find some gold somewhere."

Merline walked slowly down the road and into the woods, looking for roses, thinking about gold, and listening to the birds. Now and then she stopped to pick some flowers to take to her mother.

By and by she came to an oak tree that had a big hollow place in it. She climbed in, leaned

her head back and closed her eyes. No sooner had she done this than she felt herself gradually sinking. She was afraid to open her eyes for awhile, but when she did, she was in the dearest little room, just the kind of room that she had often wished to have for her doll.

Merline was looking about in wonder, when she heard a soft voice behind her. Turning around, she saw a tiny little fairy that looked for all the world just like the fairies in her story-book. Merline told the fairy all about her sick mother, and how she had cared for her, and how the doctor had sent her out to look for roses and perhaps to find some gold.

"You poor child," said the fairy, "I will help you all I can." As she said this she took off her pointed cap and shook it over Merline's lap. As she did this, a great many gold pieces fell from it.

Merline clapped her hands for joy when the fairy told her that all the gold was hers. "Now I shall have enough to buy medicine, and food, and my mother need not work any more," said she.

She closed her eyes to try to think whether this was all true or not, and when she opened them she was in the old hollow tree again. She looked in her lap for the gold, but there was nothing there except some small seeds. "These may

be gold seeds," said Merline, as she jumped from the tree and ran home.

In a few days her mother was much better, and together they went into the orchard and planted the seeds. Merline watched them as they sprouted and sent tiny shoots above the ground. She and the plants grew up together.

Several years passed and the seeds had grown into trees, and Merline had grown into a fine young woman. The trees were covered with beautiful white blossoms, and when the fruit ripened it looked like big round lumps of gold. "They were seeds of gold after all," said Merline one day. But everybody else thought they were orange seeds.

LATONA

In which some selfish people meet their just fate.

Once, long years ago, there lived a goddess called Latona. Juno, the queen of the gods, became jealous of her, and drove her and her two little children away from their home. So Latona wandered around and around with her two little children, who were called Apollo and Diana.

One day she came to a beautiful valley and nearby saw a pond of clear water where some people were gathering willows and osiers. Latona

was very tired and thirsty, for she had traveled a long way, and she knelt down to get a drink of water. But the people stopped her and would not let her drink. Latona asked them why they would not let her get a drink of water.

"Water is free to all," she said, "Mother Nature does not let any one claim as property the sunshine, the air, or the water. I do not want to bathe in this water; I only want a drink to quench my thirst. I ask it of you as a favor. My mouth is so dry I can hardly talk. Please let me have a drink of water. See these children holding out their little hands—surely you cannot refuse them!"

And the children stretched out their little hands to the people. But the people laughed and told her they would hurt her if she did not go away; and they waded into the pond and stirred up the mud with their feet so that the water was not fit to drink.

At this the people laughed as if it was a good joke. The little children cried when they saw how muddy the water was, for they were thirsty. The people did not know they were dealing with a goddess, but they were soon to find out.

Latona became very angry, and lifting up her hands to heaven, said: "May they never leave that pond, but live there all their lives!" And all at once those selfish people began to change.

They shriveled up to small size, but their eyes became big and their mouths wide stretched, their feet became webbed and they dived into the pond.

And those people still live there. Sometimes they sit under the water; sometimes raising their heads above the water or swimming about on the pond. Sometimes they come out on the bank, but soon jump back, for the water calls them.

Whenever you pass a pond or lake you hear their hoarse voices. Their throats are bloated, their voices are harsh, their mouths have become stretched from so much croaking; their necks have shrunk up and disappeared altogether, and their heads are joined close to their bodies. Their backs are green, their stomachs white, and when we hear them now croaking and quarreling among themselves we say: "Listen to the frogs! they are certainly talking to-night!"

CERES AND HER DAUGHTER

In which we find out how it happened that we must have winter time and summer time.

Ceres, the goddess of the harvests, was very fond of her daughter, Proserpina, and seldom let her go into the fields alone. One time when she was very busy looking after the crops all over the earth, she gave Proserpina permission

to go down to the shore and play with the sea nymphs.

She had not been playing long before she besought the sea nymphs to go with her into the fields to gather flowers. The nymphs dared not to go upon the dry land because they had to keep themselves wet all the time, so Proserpina ran off alone. Never had she seen such lovely flowers, and the farther she went the more beautiful they became. She was just on the point of turning back when she saw a shrub covered with blossoms. The shrub was so full of them that she decided to pull it up by the roots.

Proserpina pulled and pulled. Finally it came up leaving a hole that deepened and widened before her. All the while there came a rumbling noise out of its depths, like the tramp of horses' hoofs and the rattling of wheels. She soon saw a team of four horses snorting smoke out of their nostrils, and tearing their way out of the earth drawing a splendid chariot of gold.

In the chariot was a man with a crown on his head. He kept rubbing his eyes and shading them with his hand because he was not fond of the sunlight. This man was Pluto, god of the lower regions. He seized Proserpina, placed her in the chariot, shook the reins, and away galloped the horses. Proserpina screamed for her mother, but Ceres was thousands of miles away.

Down to his palace they went where Pluto did everything to make Proserpina happy. Proserpina made a vow not to taste food while within King Pluto's dominion, because those who eat there can never leave.

When Ceres heard what Pluto had done she was so miserable she cared neither for seed time nor harvest. She came to the resolution that not a stalk of grain, nor blade of grass should grow until her daughter was restored. All vegetation was parched brown when Mercury was sent to Pluto in hopes of persuading him to release Proserpina.

At last he consented to do so. Proserpina had not eaten food for months and had just bitten a pomegranate, which a servant had brought her, when in walked King Pluto and Mercury. Proserpina quickly withdrew the pomegranate from her mouth, but she swallowed six of the seeds.

Pluto did not know this, however, and let her accompany Mercury back to the earth. But for each of the six pomegranate seeds she has to spend one month in King Pluto's palace, and only six months with her mother, Ceres.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

(Adapted from Hans Andersen)

Part One

Wherein it is shown that one may not be discouraged by a bad beginning.

An old duck sat on her nest in the high grass just outside of the barn yard. It was summer time; the corn fields were yellow, and the hay had already been put up in stacks. Everybody was busy, but the old duck was busiest of all, for she had hatching to do and it kept her closely confined to her house.

She was very lonesome, for none of the other ducks came to see her, and she was stiff and worn out sitting so long. But she kept her mind on her business until one day the egg shells began to crack. "Peep! Peep!" the baby ducks cried, and then "Quack! Quack!" answered the mother—which we all know is duck talk.

At last they all were hatched, and came out stretching their wings.

"How big the world is!" they said. "We certainly are glad to get out of those shells; it was so close and stuffy in them we could hardly breathe." And then they all went into the barn yard to be introduced to the friends of their mother.

They were beautiful little ducks—all but one —and he was big and ugly and almost fell over when he walked.

"I am afraid he is a turkey," said the old duck; but when they got to the duck pond he jumped in and swam off. The ugly duckling swam as good as any, and even dived under the water.

"No, he is not a turkey," said the old duck, "for he swims very well. He must be a goose anyway," and the old duck let it go at that.

When they came to the barn yard all the ducks came around to see the new family. Even the old Spanish duck, with a red rag around his foot, came up to say he was glad to see the old duck back again.

"But what an ugly duck that one is!" they all cried, and before the mother could prevent it, one duck bit him on the neck until the blood came.

"Let him alone!" cried his mother. "He is not doing you any harm. He may be ugly, but he is my duck, and you keep away!" So the ugly duck kept close to his mother, who, after all was quite ashamed of him.

Poor little ugly duckling! When his mother was not looking he was pushed and bitten by the other ducks until he was sore all over. The turkey gobbler swelled up and gobbled at him, and grew red in the face. The old rooster picked at

him if he came anywhere near. His sisters and brothers kept out of his way because he was so big and awkward and ugly. Even the yard man kicked at him with his foot.

So one day he slipped through a crack in the fence and was gone. But he had many adventures that we shall learn to-morrow.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

(Adapted from Hans Andersen)

Part Two

Early appearances are often deceptive, and one cannot tell how an unpromising beginning may end.

The ugly duckling found himself in the tall grass, and up flew a lot of little birds, making much noise. "That is because I am here. Even the little birds fly from me," thought the poor duck.

Next morning he came to a marsh where the wild ducks lived. They looked at him and said: "You are really very ugly, but that does not matter so long as you do not marry into our family." The little duck had no such idea, and so he stayed a while in the marsh.

Then came the wild geese, but they were young

and foolish. They came flying down to where the little duck was and wished him to join them. But just then bang! bang! went the guns and two wild geese fell dead. A great dog jumped into the grass and bore one of the wild geese off in his mouth.

"I am glad I am too ugly to be shot, and too ugly for a dog to bite," thought the duck, and hid himself under a tuft of grass, where he stayed all night, in great terror.

Then he went to a peasant's hut and crept in the door, for a great storm was raging, and he was wet and tired. In the hut lived an old woman, a hen and a cat. The hen looked at the duck and said: "Can you lay eggs?" "No," said the duck, "I have never tried." The cat said: "Can you arch your back and purr?" "Oh, no, indeed, I know I cannot!" said the poor duck.

"Then get out of here, for you are of no use," and the poor duck had to run for his life. The cat spit at him as he ran, and the hen scratched dirt in his face, and even the old woman, who was blind, threw her shoe at him thinking he was a weasel.

And now the winter was coming on. The duck had to find some place to live and something to eat. He felt stronger every day and learned to dive into the marshes for eels and

frogs; but still he was far from strong. It began to grow cold and the wind blew.

The duck had to swim around to keep the water from freezing, but the hole grew smaller and smaller until at last it froze quite fast, and the poor duck was caught on the ice. Early in the morning a peasant came along and took him home and thawed him out by the fire. But he flew over the fence and went again into the marshes. Here he passed the winter.

Now it was spring. The duck rose in the air and began to fly. "How wonderful it is to fly!" he cried joyously and flew on and on until he saw a lake in the park. Here he flew down and looked at himself in the water. He was no longer a duck, but he saw a beautiful white bird with a long graceful neck. The children on the bank called out:

"Oh, come and see! Another swan! and he is the loveliest of them all!" Then he looked again in the water and hid his beautiful head under his wing to hide his joy. "I never dreamed I could look like this when I was the ugly duckling," he said to himself.

KILLING THE BIRDS

The needless destruction of birds is not only a wanton and cruel sport, but costs the farmers of the country a vast sum of money by allowing injurious insects to flourish.

It was spring. The skies were blue, the grass was green and the trees were covered with leaves. All nature seemed glad. The farmers alone were dissatisfied and angry. And why? Because the birds had eaten so many of their cherries and so much of their grain. They called a meeting at the town hall to consider what could be done to prevent this devastation.

At the meeting, the farmers spoke. Each told of his loss through the greediness of the birds. One farmer said, "The birds come into my oat field and light on the stalks and actually pick oats out of the stalks."

Another one said, "They peck holes in the peaches, and apples, and eat up the cherries and figs, so that I lose a lot of fruit every year."

Still another said, "I wish you could hear the noise they make around my house. They fly down and eat the chicken feed, then they fly off to the corn field and eat corn. Heaven only knows how much it takes to feed them." And so it was that every farmer complained of the poor little birds.

Finally they decided that all the birds should be killed. Poor birds! They had but one friend at the meeting—the school master. In vain he begged for his friends, the birds; in vain he spoke of their use to the farmers—of their sweet music. The farmers would not listen, and the decree went forth that all the birds must go. By summer all had been killed by the farmers, or by traps set by the farmers' boys. The little ones were left to die in the nest. Not a bird was to be seen.

And now hundreds of worms ate everything that grew. The branches of the trees were brown and dry, for the worms had eaten the leaves. There were worms everywhere—but no birds to eat the worms and stop their ruining the crops. The farmers now realized what a terrible mistake they had made in killing the birds. Their crops were ruined. Starvation stared them in the face. What could they do?

They went to the school master to ask his advice. "My friends," said he, "you must get birds from somewhere; without birds your farms are worthless. You see you need the birds to destroy the worms, or else the worms will destroy your crops."

At great expense and trouble the farmers went to a distant country to buy birds. They were brought in cages and turned out to make their

homes in the trees. But it took many years to undo the harm that had been done by the foolish act of the farmers in destroying their bird friends.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

A true knight is one who fearlessly offers himself in defence of the helpless, particularly women and children.

There was a rich king who had a daughter that he loved better than anything else in the world. She was very beautiful and everybody in the kingdom loved her dearly. Though she was the king's daughter, yet she always thought of and helped the poorest of his subjects.

One day there came from the mountains a dragon with his mouth wide open to devour everything. The dragon's breath was like fire, and his scales rattled as if they were made of tin. He was dreadful to behold. The king's soldiers and knights were sent for to kill or drive away the dragon, but nothing could be done. Every time a knight would go out to fight the dragon, the terrible monster would knock him down with a blow of his tail, and then devour him, armor and all.

The dragon demanded that every morning a

young girl should be tied to a tree by the river where he could find her and eat her. There was great grief in the kingdom over this, but everybody knew it had to be done, for the dragon would come into the town and eat up everybody.

When the king's daughter heard of the demand of the dragon and the grief of the people, she said, "Let me go. If the dragon must devour a young woman every day, he shall take me the very first morning."

All the people begged her not to go, but she insisted. The high priest decided to take a pigeon into the court yard and set it free. If it flew to the East the king's daughter was to go to the dragon.

When the pigeon was set free it flew to the East for a great distance. Finally it came to a knight on his horse. The pigeon lit on the knight's shoulder and cooing tried to tell the knight of the trouble. Then it flew in the direction it wanted the knight to go. The knight understood and followed the pigeon.

He found the princess tied to a tree and the dragon close by. He told the princess not to be afraid for he was going to kill the dragon. She kept very still and the dragon lashed his tail in a fury as the knight came near to where he was.

Now, this knight knew that no ordinary meth-

ods would conquer the dragon. All the other knights who had attacked the dragon had been slain by its poisonous fangs. He quickly called for some pitch. The people ran to their houses and brought him a bucket full of pitch. He made a large ball of it, and put it on the end of his spear.

When the dragon came near with its mouth open he thrust the ball of pitch down its throat so that it was not able to open its mouth or use its poisonous fangs. The dragon was choked by the ball of pitch.

While the dragon was choking and trying to get the pitch out of his mouth the knight thrust his sword into him and killed him.

The princess was then untied and taken to the palace where there was great rejoicing. The king rewarded the knight by calling him St. George and giving him a gold cross.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

To show how a very wise man found out the truth of a cause brought before him for decision.

Solomon was king of Israel after his father, David, died. Solomon was a very wise king. He wrote a great many proverbs which we read in the Bible. He probably said these proverbs

to his people in order to make them lead correct lives and to prosper in all their work. He was also a prosperous king and gathered much money for himself and his people. Upon one occasion the Queen of Sheba came to see him. He showed her his vast treasures of gold and silver, his houses and cattle, and he answered all the questions she asked him. The queen was greatly astonished at all this wealth, and said:

"Behold! the half was not told me. Thy wisdom and prosperity exceed the fame which I heard."

We know that Solomon and his men built the great temple for the people of Israel, known as Solomon's Temple. He had the stone cut in the mountain and shaped, so that when it was brought it fitted exactly into place. There was neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building. So wonderful were the gold and precious jewels and rare woods and fine cloths of the temple that when it was finished there was no temple in the world finer than Solomon's temple.

To show how wise a king was Solomon, let us see how he decided one case that was brought before him for judgment.

Two women came before the king. One of them said:

"Oh, my lord, this woman and I dwell in one

house. We both had a little baby of nearly the same age. There was no one else in the house with us. This woman's child died in the night, and while I slept she took my child from its bed and gave me her dead child. I pray you make her return to me my own child, for her child is dead and it is mine that is yet alive."

Then the other woman said:

"Nay, it is my child that is alive, and it was her child that died; and now she seeks to rob me of my living child. I pray you, my lord, to judge between us."

The king thought a little while and then said:

"Bring me a sword," and they brought him a sword. Then he said:

"Divide the living child in two and give half to the one and half to the other."

One of the women readily agreed to this, but the mother cried out:

"No! my lord! give her the living child, but in no wise slay it. I would she keep it altogether than to have it dead before my eyes."

Then Solomon said: "Give this woman the child, for it is hers. Only a mother's heart can feel such sacrifice." And he ordered the child given to its true mother.

HOW THE RABBIT GOT ITS COTTON TAIL

If we desire to avoid trouble we should always do as we are told.

Once upon a time there lived a mother rabbit with her baby rabbit in the midst of a deep forest. Her love was very great for Bunny. She thought that no other rabbit in all the woods had such a straight pretty little tail.

All rabbits had short straight tails then and I suppose they would have been that way until this day had it not been for this foolish little Bunny that I am telling you about.

For a long time he was content to play around the door of his little house, but by and by when he began to feel like a grown-up rabbit, he wanted to go away to Farmer Green's turnip patch. When his mother shook her head and said "No," he wrinkled his nose and became a very cross little rabbit.

When night came and his mother had fallen asleep in her bed of warm dried leaves, Bunny crept silently out of the house on his cushioned feet up to the dark world and ran as fast as he could.

Finally he came to a great field and right in the midst he could see the farmer's house, and

on one side the garden. Straight toward this garden he ran at such a pace it did not take him long to reach the fence and find a hole to crawl through. Such a sight he saw! Rows and rows of juicy turnips, and fresh crisp lettuce, and round green cabbages. There was so much that he did not know what to taste first.

All at once in a corner he saw a tiny, house-looking thing with an open door inviting him to come in. Bunny went in and found there a sweet red apple. But he couldn't come out again! Try as he might, the door would not open. He was in a rabbit trap!

The next morning Farmer Green came and carried poor Bunny to the barn and left him shut up in a large room. By and by the hired man came in and left the door open. Quick as a flash Bunny was out and running through the door. Then down he fell into a tar bucket, sticky and black. There he twisted and turned over and over until he was all covered with tar.

It seemed as if he would never reach the side of the bucket, but finally one black little foot stretched up and he pulled with all his might, till over he went and started to run again. This time he ran straight into a cotton basket full of white cotton. He was certainly a sight now, for the cotton stuck to the tar. For a long time he lay there and rested.

When night came he crept out of the basket and ran home where his poor little frightened mother was crying. You may be sure she hardly knew her son, and she began at once to wash and scrub and scrape him to get off the tar and the cotton. At last he was the same little rabbit again, except for a fluffy little piece of cotton which clung to his tail and still clings there yet. And that is why we call him cotton tail.

LEGEND OF THE WOODPECKER

In which we see how a well-known bird got its color and habits.

Once there lived an old woman on the edge of a wood far away from anybody. She lived in a little cabin and did all her own work. Nobody ever came to see her because she was cross and mean and selfish, and nobody ever cares to visit a person like that.

She always wore a black dress, a white apron with bows, and a queer little red bonnet on her head. How selfish she was! She could not keep a dog, nor a cat, nor even a bird because she would not feed them. She raised no flowers because she would not spare the water to keep them alive.

One day she was baking some cakes and a poor hungry man came to the door and begged for one. "Please give me one of those cakes you are baking," said he. "I am very poor and hungry and am weak from tramping so far." And then the man sat down on the door step while the old woman thought it over.

The old woman broke off a piece of dough and put it into the oven to bake. After it was baked she decided it looked so nice and brown that it was too large to give away. She then broke off a very small piece of dough and put it in the oven to bake. After it was baked it was as nice and large as the other one. At last she broke off a piece as small as a pinhead. After it was baked it was as large and nice as the others.

She looked at the old man and said: "These cakes are too nice to give away," and then she put the cakes away in the cupboard.

Then she offered the man a piece of bread. The poor man took the crust of bread and disappeared. The woman then felt sorry she had given away even so small a piece of bread and wanted it back again. She said: "I wish I were a bird so I could fly to this man and get my crust of bread back."

All at once she felt herself growing smaller and smaller. Then she shrank to the size of a bird. She still had on the black dress and the

red bonnet. She flew after the man and cried out, "Crust! Crust! My Crust!" But the man could not be found. She looked in the woods, she looked in the chimneys, and she decided he had hidden in a tree. So she began to Tap! Tap! Tap! at every tree she lit on.

She was now no longer a woman but a bird. Her black dress became the body of the bird, her white apron became the white wings, and the red bonnet became the red head of the bird. She is called the red-headed woodpecker.

All day long she knocks at trees. Her head is so hard that it never hurts, no matter how hard she knocks. She is still trying to find her crust of bread. All we know is that when she finds a worm she eats it on the spot and never leaves even a bite for the other birds.

A DISOBEDIENT DICKY BIRD

Our mothers know what is best for us, and a wise child always obeys.

Three little birds, Fluffy, Chirpie and Dicky, lived in a beautiful nest hung high among the branches of an old oak tree. The father and mother birds were kept very busy every day gathering food for the hungry little mouths that al-

ways flew wide open whenever the parent birds came near.

Day by day they grew until they were large enough to take their first trip out of the nest. First they hopped to the edge of the nest, then to the nearest branch, and as they grew stronger they would hop from twig to twig. At last the mother said:

"Now, birdies, it is time for you to fly down and eat sand." Fluffy and Chirpie flew down and began eating sand, but Dicky said:

"I can't fly; and I don't like sand anyway."

"Oh, but you must eat sand," said his mother. "Birds have no teeth with which to grind their food, so we must eat sand that it may grind up the food that we eat, such as bugs, worms and seeds. Come, you must eat sand if you would become strong." But Dicky only cried the louder: "I can't fly, and I don't like sand!"

Then the mother went to him and pushed him out of the nest, and he spread his wings and flew to the ground.

"Eat sand and grow strong," said Chirpie. "How do you know you don't like it if you won't taste it?" But foolish Dicky only said: "I won't eat sand!"

Now, the mother bird had promised that when they had grown strong they should go to the meadow. So one spring morning she told them

they might go, though she feared Dicky was not strong enough to go so far. They flew over the fence and through the orchard, and by this time Chirpie and Fluffy were far ahead. Dicky was being left behind. He called loudly: "Wait! wait!" but they were already too far away to hear.

Soon all but Dicky reached the meadow.

"Why, where is Dicky?" exclaimed the mother.

"We left him sitting on the orchard wall," said Fluffy; "he was too tired to fly. He will not eat sand and the bugs make him sick. He is weak."

What a fine time they had! Mother showed them how to get the nicest bugs, worms and seeds; and they bathed in the brook to their hearts' content. When they had eaten all they could and frolicked all they wished, they looked and saw the great round sun going down in the west, and they knew that night was near. Then they flew back to the dear home tree, and what do you think was the first thing they saw when they reached home? Yes—there was Dicky under the tree eating sand! He wanted to be strong and had found out that he had to do what his mother told him.

ROBERT E. LEE

(January 19th)

In which it appears that a good boy can become a great man.

Robert E. Lee was born on a beautiful plantation in Virginia. He was a very handsome boy. His father was rich and had many servants, but Robert was not spoiled by all these things. His father and many members of his family had been soldiers. Robert loved to listen to their stories about the battles they had fought for love of their country. He said to himself: "When I am a man I, too, will be a soldier and fight for my country."

As he listened he learned that a soldier must always do his duty; that means he must do the right thing in the right way at the right time. He learned that a soldier's duty is always to obey orders, to be brave, to be faithful, and to be tender-hearted.

Day by day this little boy tried to do these things. Was it easy? Oh, no! but soldiers do not hunt for easy things to do. Perhaps sometimes when he had a hard lesson he would rather have gone hunting or drilled with his boy company or played ball, but he did his duty first, and then he played as hard as the other boys.

Soon his family, his teachers and boy friends found that Robert could be trusted, in work or play, to do his very best.

When Robert was eleven years old his brave soldier-father died. It was a sad time for him. His brothers were away from home, and his mother was sick. Then Robert showed his faithfulness and tenderness.

Young as he was, he carried the keys to the big store-house and gave out the rations to all the servants on that big plantation. He helped his mother in many other ways. On pleasant mornings he would order out the carriage and leaving his playmates, would take his mother to drive, and tell her all about his work and play to cheer her up.

How his mother loved him! She would often say: "Robert is both son and daughter to me."

I wonder if the boys teased him sometimes, and if he felt like giving up? I think he did, but he knew that soldiers must keep on trying.

With work and study and play the years went by until Robert was eighteen years old, and it was time for him to go to West Point and learn to be a soldier. During the Civil War he became a great general, and was in command of all the soldiers of the Confederate States. He always felt kindly toward his enemies. After the war he said to a lady, "You must train your sons

to love all the country, and to be good Americans." He was one of the greatest soldiers a country has ever had, and a pure hearted, Christian man. That is why we celebrate his birthday.

WHY THE BLUEBIRD CARRIES HAPPINESS

Service is the source of happiness.

Once there was a little fairy whose name was Good Luck. She was known and loved all over the world because she carried Happiness to every one. This Happiness she carried in an ugly black box, and though it could only hold a tiny bit, it was always full. Now Good Luck had to be very careful of her gift, for if she lost Happiness the world would be very sad.

One night she was very tired. It was very dark and not a star could be seen. So Good Luck had to hunt a place to hide her treasure. She thought perhaps the trees would help her, so she asked a pine tree to hold it while she slept. But he answered: "What, that ugly little box! No, indeed! I have too many pretty cones to hold."

The tired little fairy hurried on until she came to a fir whom she asked to hold her precious gift.

But the fir was too busy and would not bother with it.

Thus each tree gave some excuse. Poor Good Luck was about to cry when she spied a tree whose branches drooped down to the ground. "Will you hold my box, little tree?" she cried.

"My branches bend low," sighed the little tree sadly, "and I am too ugly to be of much use. I will watch it. Lay it near my trunk."

Early the next morning Good Luck awoke, and opening her box she sprinkled a tiny bit on the tree. Then she thanked the kind tree and flew away. Later the sun was surprised to find the bent tree straight and its branches reaching up to the skies.

Now, that night a little brown bird came to the branches of that tree. She told him of Good Luck and her box; but she made a mistake and told him it was golden when it was black. This little bird was ugly and the other birds made fun of him. Usually he was too busy helping others to think of himself, but this night he determined to find Good Luck and ask her to give him beautiful plumage like the other birds.

So he started out. One day when he was flying over a brook he saw a fairy caught in a spider's web. Quickly cutting the threads he put her on his back and carried her away. After putting her down he saw she carried a small black

box. The fairy asked him would he carry it for her. "Yes," said he. Before flying away he asked her if she could tell him where he could find Good Luck and her box.

"I am Good Luck," answered she, "and you have the box of Happiness on your back—Happiness isn't always in golden boxes."

The little bird flew to the brook to see the box, but instead he saw a beautiful bluebird. And that is how the bluebird got his color, and why it is such a happy little bird.

HOW THE LITTLE BIRD REACHED HOME

The protection of helpless birds is a virtue that should be encouraged.

Surrounded by brick tenement houses where lived the families who worked in the great cotton mill is a little park where the children from the Kindergarten love to go. There in the springtime they watch the butterflies, the rainbow as the sun shines upon the spray of the fountain, the little fishes and frogs in the fountain, and the birds in the trees.

By the fountain stands an old oak tree where two little birds had built a wonderful house. In

the body of the tree is the home of a red-headed woodpecker, and at the foot of the tree some dear little squirrels live, and they were all so happy.

After a while there were three little baby birds in the nest, and the Kindergarten children were as much excited as the mother and father birds. One day the mother and father bird had flown away to find food for the baby birds, and one little baby bird wished to watch the children playing so happily beneath the tree.

He leaned so far over the edge of the nest that he fell to the ground. Now the little brother and sister birdies in the nest begged him to come back, but he just said: "Twee, twee! I can't get back in my nest for mother has not taught me to fly, you know."

The little frogs and fishes in the pond were sorry for him; the woodpecker, and the squirrels and the butterflies were sorry, but the children were more sorry than all the others. The frightened birdie nestled against the trunk of the oak tree. A little boy named Leland, caught the bird and put him in his cap, but the tree was too high for a five-year-old boy to climb. A great gray cat came up waving his tail and thinking what a nice bird dinner he would have. A lame boy offered to watch all the afternoon to keep the cat from catching the bird, but he could not

climb a tree, for he had only one leg and had to walk with crutches.

A man in a furniture wagon came to the rescue. He stood upon the high seat and threw the birdie up on the branches, but the bird fell again. A man with a string of fish and a pole on his shoulder was stopped by the children. He took the birdie and put him on the top of his tall fishing pole. The bird held on tight with his little feet. Slowly he raised the fishing rod until the bird was at the edge of the nest, then he hopped in where his brother and sister were waiting for him.

How happy the mother and father birds were when they came home and heard all that had happened! How happy the woodpecker, the frogs, the fish, the squirrels and butterflies were! But the little children were happier than all the rest.

THE JOURNEY OF A DROP OF WATER

Showing how each single drop plays its part in making the earth fruitful.

In a tiny spring at the foot of a green mossy hill, a merry drop of water once decided to take a journey. "Good-by!" it called to the others,

and away it ran, faster and faster until it came to a brook.

Here it had the merriest time running over the shining pebbles, and joining in its song as the little brook wound in and out through the forest. It saw the tiny fishes darting here and there, and the dragon flies above. Sometimes the cows came for a nice cool drink, and once it passed some children playing on the bank.

It helped to carry the paper sail boats far down the stream, and just as it was thinking how much it would like to turn back to play with the children, the little brook emptied into the river.

Now, it was not so pleasant here for the little drop of water. The river ran so fast and there was not much room to turn about. You see the river had much work to do. There were the big boats that had to be carried from place to place, and the wheels of the factories had to be turned, and there were many logs to be carried from the timber forests to the saw mills, where there were still other wheels to turn. The river was a very busy place indeed, and every drop had to work.

"Oh, river!" the little drop cried, "please wait for me!" But on and on it ran, and by and by the little drop of water was carried into the sea. Here the big waves rolled and tumbled over each

other. Farther and farther out it was carried with never a moment to rest. The little drop of water thought the waves were very rough indeed, and wondered if they were never still.

After a while it saw a sunbeam. "Now is my chance," it thought; "what fun it will be to climb up to the land where the Sun King lives. Good-by, old Ocean; you may roll on without me," and up and up it climbed until it was too tired to go any higher. Then suddenly it fell off into a cloud and floated through the sky.

After a while the cloud melted and down, down fell the little drop. It was not alone, for hundreds of little raindrops were falling with it. It fell right into the tender leaves of a stalk of corn that was growing in the field. The corn was so grateful that he drank the little drop of water, and let it go down on to its very roots.

But there were others there, too, and so they began to travel under ground until one day they came out from the side of a hill, and splash! the little drop of water was back in the very spring from which it started!

"Why, what a journey I have had!" exclaimed the drop. "I should like to do that again," and straightway started on its way down the brook. And to this day the little drops of water go down the brooks, and out to sea, and up in the clouds, and down like rain, and they do that over and over again.

HOW WE CAME TO HAVE UMBRELLAS

It is a wise man that makes provisions against a rainy day.

One morning in April a wee brownie started out for a walk. It was a beautiful day and there was not a cloud in the sky. He put on a brown jerkin and brown breeches, and brown pointed shoes, and a little brown pointed cap, as all brownies should. He looked quite new and quite fresh. He carried his basket over his arm, for he had a bit of marketing to do by the way. He skipped along as merry as any brownie could be on a bright, sunny morning in April.

He bought a jar of honey from a wandering bee, and a jar of butter at the buttercup shop. He drank some milk that he got from a milk weed, and then lay down to rest a bit. By and by a squirrel came along and said, "You had better hurry home. It is going to rain." But the brownie looked at the sky and laughed at the squirrel. By and by a butterfly flew by and said, "You had better hurry home. It is going to rain." But the brownie laughed again and paid no attention to the butterfly.

When it was time to go home, the brownie started across the fields when he felt a drop on

his face. "Bless me! what's that?" said the brownie. The sunny April day had changed to a showery April day, and it was raining. It is quite bad enough to be a little child out of doors when it is raining, but think of a tiny little brownie with fresh new clothes, and every raindrop as full as a bucket!

He crept under the tallest blades of grass and tried to cover himself, but it was no use. The raindrops fell thicker and faster, and he became more drenched every minute.

At last he saw, just a little way ahead, a fine broad toadstool. That would make a good roof! So he ran as fast as his little legs would carry him to get under the stool.

But some one else needed shelter from the weather, too. The brownie ran straight into a huge doormouse who lay safe and dry under the toadstool.

Poor little brownie! He was frightened. The doormouse looked as large as a bear. But it was warm and dry under the toadstool, and very wet outside. The doormouse did not see him, and kept on the other side of the stalk, just peeping out now and then. The brownie began to tug at the toadstool. It was very heavy. But never mind! Tug—tug—tug—up it came, and off scampered the brownie with the toadstool over his head, and the doormouse was left out in the rain!

By and by a grown-up person with very sharp eyes, saw the brownie, and the grown-up person went off at once and made himself a large toadstool from iron and wood and cloth to hold over his head when it rained. So that is how we came to have umbrellas.

JOHNNY'S RABBIT

The wild animals have feelings that should be regarded and rights that should be respected.

Johnny had caught a rabbit in his trap. He had intended eating all the rabbits he caught, but this one was so beautiful he just could not eat him, so he built a pen for him and intended keeping him.

Then he went for a stroll in the woods. After walking quite a distance he sat down under a tree to rest. Suddenly a black bear and a gray fox appeared in the clearing. They looked very fine and gay as they stood there watching Johnny.

"What shall we do with that bad boy?" asked Mr. Fox of Mr. Bear. "You know so much about everybody's business, and where every one is, you can go and call all the animals together. Then we'll decide what is best."

The fox disappeared and in a short time

Johnny began hearing rustling sounds in the bushes about him. Suddenly the clearing was crowded with animals. A big old rabbit with ragged whiskers and long fur frightened him more than the bear or the fox, because he remembered all the rabbits he had caught.

Mr. Bear sat down beside Johnny and cleared his throat.

"This little boy," he began, "has caught a rabbit, and has put him in a pen. He may kill it and eat it. Now, we don't know when he may take a gun and come out to shoot us."

All the animals looked solemnly at Johnny. Mr. Bear went on: "This is his first trip so far into the woods alone. Shall we send him home to his mother?"

Mr. Fox looked at Johnny through his narrow eyes, then said: "Let's chase him through the woods and see how he likes it; guess that will teach him a lesson."

Johnny was frightened almost to death and his lips trembled. He looked straight at Mr. Fox, but he didn't cry. Mr. Bear laid his big paw on Johnny's shoulder. Then old Mr. Rabbit spoke:

"I don't think he meant to do us harm. You know he has been a good boy up to this time. Suppose we give him one more chance."

Most of the animals did not like this idea, but

Mr. Bear, the judge, thought it would do. So he dismissed court, and with Mr. Rabbit escorted Johnny to the edge of the woods where they let him go.

Johnny went home and gave the little rabbit some carrots, then filled a basket with cabbages and turnips, and took the basket and the rabbit to the edge of the woods. Off scampered the rabbit and told the other animals about the basket. That night there was a great feast in the woods, and Johnny was much happier than he would have been had he kept the poor little rabbit.

HOW JACK CAME TO HAVE A WINDOW BOX

A spirit of love and thoughtfulness for others is a means of our own growth in character.

Jack was a little boy who had been sick nearly all his life. He was never able to go into the parks and gardens to see the squirrels and flowers, and play in the sunshine as all other little boys did. All day long he would lie in his little white bed and watch the wind frolic in the tree tops and the sunbeams dancing on the floor. And, oh, how he longed to be outside! But he would never let any one know that he was so unhappy because he could not go out and play with the children.

He said to himself, "I know it hurts my mother as much as it does me to see me here in bed all the time. So I must try to be cheerful for her sake. Besides, it will do no good to complain."

So he was a merry, bright little fellow. All the children loved to come and sit with him. "Hello, Jack," they would say as they came into his room. "Hello, Bob," he would answer. "So glad to see you! tell me about the ball game." And they talked about their sports.

Each day one of his friends would come and bring him a bouquet of flowers, so that his room was always bright and cheerful. He loved the white roses because they were so pure and sweet, but best of all he loved the big yellow daffodils, and always wanted a vase of them right by his bed.

One day when it was almost time for Jack to have a birthday one of Jack's friends said to all the other little boys:

"Let's make something nice for Jack's birthday; something that will make him happy for a long time."

So the boys thought and thought and talked about it for a long time before they could decide what to give him. But one morning Jack's best friend called all the boys and said:

"Let's make a big box to fit right in Jack's

window, and keep flowers planted in it all the year round."

So the boys got their fathers to help make the box, and they took it to Jack's room and put it in his window and filled it with rich soft earth. They got some daffodils and planted them about an inch apart. Every day Jack watched for the daffodils to shoot up above the earth. By and by they began to come up, then they grew and grew until at last they began to bloom. The box was a glory of yellow flowers, and Jack was a very happy little boy.

His friends came every day to see them and to talk with Jack.

"I have a beautiful garden," said Jack; "all filled with golden balls." And so when he went to bed he told his garden "Good-night!" And when he awoke he smiled at his flowers and said, "Good-morning!" And they smiled back and seemed to know him.

DOROTHY'S DREAM OF HAPPINESS

Wherein a little girl learns a great lesson in her dreams.

"Mother dear," said Dorothy, "may I go pick some flowers?"

"Yes, but you must not go far as it is getting late."

"Very well, mother," said Dorothy, "I'll do everything you say," and off she scampered to pick flowers.

It was a beautiful day in May and all the flowers were in bloom.

"Oh, how I wish I were a flower!" thought Dorothy. "They are such beautiful things and they make so many people happy."

She walked along as happy as happy could be picking flowers and humming to herself. Then Dorothy sat down to rest, and leaned her head against the trunk of a big tree.

Then it grew so dark she could not see. She had forgotten that her mother had told her not to go far. She looked all around, but could not see a thing. It was black dark everywhere. Dorothy wondered why it was so dark.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do! there's no place to go, and I can't stay here." She walked on feeling her way among the trees until she saw a light away up on the top of a steep hill. She climbed the hill in the direction of the light until she came to a little house. Out at the gate stood an old, old woman gazing up at the stars.

"Oh, please," said Dorothy to the old woman, "help me out. I am lost from home and I do wish I could make somebody happy. Do you know how I can do it?"

The old woman thought for a minute and then she said:

"Yes, I can turn you into a beautiful daisy, and you can grow here on the hillside, and you will afford somebody happiness."

"Very well," said little Dorothy, "that suits me exactly, for I have been wishing I were a flower."

The next morning when the old woman awoke she went to her window and looked among her flowers, and there was the most beautiful daisy growing among the others.

In a short while an old man passed by and noticed this beautiful daisy.

"Look what a beautiful flower," said he to himself, "with its golden heart and its silver dress. I will take it to Louise, how happy she will be to see this lovely flower."

Louise was sick, and when the old man gave her the flower how happy she was! The little flower afforded Louise pleasure until she grew well and strong again.

Just then a call came: "Dorothy, Dorothy, where are you, dear?" Dorothy opened her eyes and answered:

"Here I am, mother, under the big oak tree." She had only been dreaming. But as she went into the house she said to herself, "I wonder if I need to be turned into a flower to give happiness to others."

THE PRINCESS LOSES THE FOOT RACE

If we desire to run in a race we should keep our minds free from all diverting influences.

There was once a king who had a daughter so beautiful that everybody loved her, and all the princes far and near were anxious to marry her. The young princess was not so eager to get married, and so she gave it out that she would not marry any man unless he could beat her in a foot race.

She was a very swift runner; nobody had ever beaten her in a race, though many had tried. She could run almost as fast as the wind and could easily outstrip the wild animals in her father's forests. She announced that anybody might run against her for her hand, but that any one who failed must have his head cut off.

And now the young men came to run with her. There was a race every day and sometimes two, but the young girl always beat, and the headsman was ready with his ax to chop off the head of the young man who failed to beat the princess in the race. It looked as if the pile of heads would be as big as a house if it kept on at that rate.

There was a poor young man who heard about the princess and wanted to try his fortune in the race. He was very good looking and a fine runner himself, besides which he had some sense which is of much importance in a race as we shall see.

He gathered a bunch of roses, and had a silken girdle made, and took a bag with a gold ball in it, and knocked at the door of the palace.

"I have come to race with the princess," he said. "And I am ready now to try my fortune."

"You will lose your head," said the princess, "though I hope not," she added as she looked at the young man.

Well, the race began, and the princess flew on ahead of the young man. He was just behind her and threw the bunch of roses in front of her flying feet. She stopped to pick them up and fasten them in her belt. Then she ran on, overtook the young man and was again ahead of him. This time he threw the girdle in front of her. She stopped to pick that up, too, and to fasten the rose in it. Then she ran on again and overtook the young man and was about to pass him in the race.

He dropped the bag with the gold ball inside. The girl stopped and picked up the bag; she took out the ball and began to play with it. She sat down on the grass and tossed it up and caught it

in her fingers, while the young man ran on to the goal.

When he came back to get her she was still playing with the ball, and it seemed to everybody that she did not mind losing the race at all.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Part One

Loveliness of character is often developed by adversity. Misfortune need not make us unhappy, nor rob us of sweetness of temper.

There was a merchant who had three daughters. The two oldest were very proud and haughty and ugly. The youngest was so gentle and pretty that everybody called her Beauty. The merchant lost everything he had and was obliged to move into the country and do his own work. The two oldest daughters behaved very badly, were very cross, and refused to do anything at all. But Beauty rose by daybreak, cooked all the meals, cleaned up the house, and grew more beautiful every day. This also made the other sisters crosser than ever, but Beauty paid no attention to them but went on singing and working.

One day their father had to go to town on

business. As he was coming home he lost his way in the woods and wandered far from the right direction. At last he found himself before a great palace, the windows all lighted and the doors wide open. The stables were open too, and his horse rushed in and began to eat the hay and oats.

The merchant was too tired and cold to ask questions. So he walked into the palace and looked around. Not a soul in sight. There was a table spread with food, a bright fire burning.

"I may as well get warm," said he, and stood close to the fire. "I may as well eat," said he, and ate a good supper from the table spread before him. "I may as well sit down and rest," said he, and sat down before the fire until he was very sleepy.

Nobody came near him and he heard no voice. "I may as well go to bed and sleep," said he. So he wandered through the palace until he came to a bedroom. Then he undressed and lay down on a beautiful bed and went to sleep. When he woke up in the morning he found his old clothes gone and in their place he found a new suit of beautiful material. He put it on and went into the dining room and ate breakfast. Nobody came near him. He thought this very strange.

After breakfast he wandered into the garden.

There were many beautiful trees and flowers in bloom, and birds singing. He gathered some of the flowers, and came to a special rose-bush on which was a large rose red like blood. He broke it off with his hand. Then he heard a roaring like some one in anger and distress. He turned, and a terrible Beast came down the path.

"You have plucked my rose and now you shall die or some one in your place," cried he in a great rage. "That was my magic rose."

The merchant begged to be allowed first to go home to see his family.

"Very well," said the Beast, "but be sure to return or send some one, or I shall come after you."

And the poor merchant found his way home the next day and told his sad story to his three daughters. To-morrow we shall see how it turned out.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Part Two

Self-sacrifice is a noble trait of character and sometimes brings an unexpected reward.

You can imagine how the older sisters acted when they heard their father's sad story. When the time came for the merchant to go, Beauty

declared that she would go with him and die in his stead. So Beauty and her father set out for the palace of the Beast.

They entered the palace gate, and the horse found his way to the stable and began to eat as before. In the house they found the fire burning and the table spread for two persons. After supper there was a great roaring, and the Beast entered and said to Beauty: "Did you come of your own accord?" Beauty replied, "I did."

Then the beast made the merchant leave the palace and go back to his own home, but Beauty had to stay in the palace until the beast had made up his mind what to do.

Beauty bade her father good-by, and then began to walk through the palace. She came to a room marked "Beauty's Room." It was full of books, fine furniture, and many beautiful things. Among the rest was a looking-glass in which she could see her father on his way home—and all that he was doing. That very night she saw him reach home. He looked very sad, but Beauty thought her sisters looked glad that he was alone.

The next day Beauty found everything ready for her everywhere. Her meals were ready and sweet music sounded when she ate. At night the Beast came and took supper with her. He said nothing and Beauty was frightened for fear he would get angry. At last he said:

"Beauty, do you think I am ugly?" Beauty could not deceive him, so she said: "Yes, but you are very good." Then the Beast smiled and left her.

Every night he came and took supper with Beauty and asked her the same question. Every time he smiled at her answer, and somehow, every time he smiled he looked less and less terrible than before.

Time passed and Beauty saw the Beast every day. One day she looked in her mirror and saw her father lying ill at home. She begged the Beast to let her go to him.

"Be back in ten days, or I shall have to die," said the Beast, and at once she was at home and her father was holding her hand. But in ten days he was well, and Beauty thought of the Beast. "I wish I were with him," said Beauty, and so it was, for at once she was in the palace again. Beauty wished for the Beast and when he came in to supper she went up and kissed him on the cheek and said: "You are not ugly and I love you!"

And then what do you think? He was the Beast no longer for the charm was broken and he became a prince and turned to Beauty and said: "You have freed me from the charm of a wicked fairy. You said I was not ugly and that you loved me. That has set me free," and he

took her by the hand and kissed her. Thus it was that Beauty became the wife of a prince and lived happy ever after.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

(Adapted from Browning's poem)

One should stick to his bargain or abide the consequences.

Over in Germany is the town of Hamelin. A long time ago that town was troubled with rats until it was terrible. The rats were in the houses, in the stores, in the churches, they ran over the streets, and the people were eaten out of house and home. The rats fought the dogs and killed the cats. They ate all the cheese, they made nests inside men's Sunday hats. Oh, it was an awful time the people had with the rats of the town of Hamelin.

At last the people said: "We will not stand it any longer. What is our Mayor for if he can't rid us of rats?" So they went to the Mayor and said they would send him packing if he did not find some way to run the rats out of town. The poor Mayor was in a quandary. He did not know what to do.

Just then came a knock on the door. "Come in," said the Mayor. In walked a strange man,

tall and thin, with a funny hat on his head, and with clothes half red and half yellow. His eyes were sharp and bright. He had a little pipe in his hands upon which he could play music.

"I am the Pied Piper, Mr. Mayor," said the strange man, "and I can rid your town of rats for a thousand coins."

"Good!" said the Mayor. "Go on! it's a bargain. Be in a hurry about it, for the people are already angry with me."

The Piper went to the door and began to play on his pipe. It was a strange high tune. All at once the rats began to run out from everywhere. All kinds of rats, big and little, old and young, they came running and tumbling and falling over each other. Then the Piper led them down to the river where every last one of them jumped in and were drowned. Not a rat was left in all the town of Hamelin.

"Now for my thousand coins," said the Piper to the Mayor.

"Oh, come!" said the Mayor. "I did not really mean to pay you all that money. Here —take ten and be satisfied."

But the Piper said he wanted his thousand coins and would take no less. So the Mayor puffed up, and grew red in the face and told the Piper to be gone.

The Piper then went into the streets and be-

gan to play another very strange tune. All the children pricked up their ears to listen. The Piper played on. The children began to run out of the houses and the stores and down the street, shouting and laughing and dancing after the Piper.

"Stop him! Stop him!" cried the people. But the Piper did not stop but marched on towards the mountains where a great door opened and all the children marched in after the Piper. The door then closed and the people never saw the Piper nor their children any more.

That is what happened because the Mayor would not do as he promised.

THE LAME PRINCE

In which we see how a wicked uncle is punished and the little lame prince comes into his own.

Many years ago the king and queen of a certain country were very sad because they had no little son who would become king after they were dead. But at last one day a little prince was born which rejoiced the hearts of his parents greatly.

During a great feast the people wanted to see the little prince, and they crowded around him so close that the nurse dropped him and hurt

his leg. They thought nothing of this for a while, but as he grew up to be a large boy and wanted to play like other boys it was found that he was lame and had to go around on crutches. The people loved him very much, and called him "Our lame prince."

After a while the king and queen died, and the prince's uncle, who was a bad man, came in with his followers, and in spite of the tears of the people, sent the little prince away and confined him in a tall tower in a desert region.

One night as he was sleeping with his windows open he was awakened by a tap on his shoulder. He sat up in bed and saw standing by him a queer little old woman in a gray cloak. She said to him,

"Little prince, I am your fairy godmother, and I want you to come with me and ride over your kingdom on my cloak."

She spread the gray cloak out on the floor and she and the prince sat down on it. The fairy waved her wand and the cloak flew out of the window, taking them both along. Over the desert and forest and into the town they went. She and the prince were invisible so long as they stood on the cloak. They flew into the palace yard and into the great room where a ball was going on and everybody was dancing and feasting. Nobody could see them of course.

The old uncle had told the people that the lame prince was dead, and had ordered them to come to this feast and dance whether they liked it or not. As the cloak carried the prince and the old fairy godmother into the room the prince heard his uncle say: "I tell you he is dead! He fell off the tower and broke his neck."

The prince stepped off the cloak and said loudly: "No, I am not dead! I am here, alive and well."

The people saw him standing in their midst and set up so great a shout that the old uncle was seized with fear and trembling.

"Our prince is alive! long live our lame prince!" shouted all the people.

The old uncle heard them cry and ran out of the palace and into the yard, and into the street, and on into the forest, and so far as we know he may be running yet.

The prince became king, but he never heard anything more of his fairy godmother and her gray cloak.

BENNY IN BEASTLAND

How a visit to Beastland cured a little boy of cruelty to animals.

This is a story of a little boy who made a visit to Beastland where all the animals go when they

die. The boy's name was Benjamin, but everybody called him Benny. He was a cruel little boy, and threw stones at all the dogs, and cats and birds that he saw. Sometimes he hurt the poor animals, and often he killed the little birds.

After a while the animals all ran, and the birds flew away when he came in sight. The dogs would not play with him, but ran under the house when they saw him coming; the cats climbed up the trees or over the fence, and the birds flew over into the next yard. "We will not stay near such a cruel little boy," they all said.

One day a poor dog passed in front of Benny's house. The dog was very tired and hungry, and not knowing Benny he stopped as if he would ask for a bone or a piece of bread. But Benny picked up a big rock and threw it at him and broke the poor dog's leg. Then he ran away and hid to keep from hearing the poor dog howl with pain.

That night Benny could not sleep. He covered his head up in the bed clothes, and shut his eyes tight, and put his fingers in his ears, but he still saw the poor dog and heard his pitiful cries. After a while, as he lay very still trying to go to sleep, he heard a scratching at the window sill, and looking up he saw a big dog climbing in the window.

"What do you want?" he asked.

The dog stood up on his hind legs and said: "I have come to take you to Beastland."

Then he took a rope out of a bag he carried, and tied poor Benny hand and foot. Throwing him across his back he went out of the window, out of the yard and way off up the side of a mountain. At last they came to a land where there was nothing but animals and they were all talking about boys and girls.

The big dog who carried Benny took him to the Court House and brought him before Judge Lion and a jury of cats and dogs. He was to be tried for cruelty. There were ever so many witnesses against poor Benny. All the dogs he had stoned; all the cats he had chased; all the birds he had killed rose up against him. Finally Judge Lion said: "Tie a tin can to him and chase him through town." Then the big dog tied an awful tin can to Benny's foot, and all the dogs and animals ran him and ran him, and barked and snapped until he was chased out of Beastland and right into his little bed. He woke up with a start and exclaimed:

"My! But that was an awful feeling!" But he was kind to all animals ever afterwards.

A SUNSHINE FAIRY

He who takes sunshine into the lives of others also lets it into his own life.

Alice was in the garden gathering roses for her mother. The day was warm and the sun very bright, so she sat down under a tree to rest, exclaiming: "Oh, if there was only such things as fairies! I wish I were one, for I would like to do nothing but play. I'm so tired of working and going to school!"

Just then something touched her on the shoulder, and turning round she saw a tiny fairy with a smiling face and shining wings, standing in the heart of a sleeping poppy.

"Little girl," said the fairy, "we don't play —we have to work, and very hard sometimes."

Alice laughed at the idea of a fairy working, but the wee voice continued: "I am a sunshine fairy, and I have to make people smile and be happy. Would you like trying to be a fairy?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I would," replied Alice. So they started off together. As they walked along the road the fairy stopped and kissed all the flowers to wake them up. Then she smiled and waved her hand to the birds and butterflies as they flew by; and on every one she passed she threw a ray of sunshine from her magic wand.

She stopped at a little hut in the woods and helped an old lady cook dinner for her son. From there she went to a big hospital where many sick people were, and she cheered them up and soothed their pain. Then she went to a poor man's house, and finding his little children eating dry bread for supper, she touched it with her wand and turned it into cake.

As the big round sun began to go down, the fairy turned homewards, and after walking a long way they came to a large forest. In it was a mossy throne where the fairy queen sat, surrounded by hundreds of Sunshine fairies. As Alice and the fairy came in they went and knelt before the queen, who smiled and asked them if they had had a pleasant day.

"Oh, yes," said Alice, "but I am so tired; I'll never say again that the fairies don't work!"

The queen stopped and kissed her, and just then Alice woke up and found her mother bending over her. Her mother asked how she had enjoyed her nap—and would she like to go and see a sick friend.

"Mother dear, I've been to sure-enough fairy land where the Sunshine fairies live, and I'm going to try to make people happy just like they do!" exclaimed Alice.

"I am so glad, dearie; as soon as you are ready, we will go, and you may carry these beautiful

roses that you have picked, for I know that flowers always cheer the sick and make them feel brighter and happier."

"Yes, I will, and then I'll be a sure-enough Sunshine fairy, and not a dream one!" laughed Alice.

WHAT THE STUPID SON LEARNED

The stupid are not always really so, but only appear so. There is always something they can learn.

In Bavaria there lived an Earl who had one son who seemed never to learn anything. He could not remember even the simplest thing he was told by his teacher. Everybody said:

"He is too stupid to bother with. The Earl should send him away," and that is exactly what the Earl did. He sent him to Switzerland to a great school.

At the end of a year he came back home. "What have you learned in Switzerland, my son?" asked the Earl.

"I have learned why the dogs bark," the son replied.

"Did you learn anything else?" asked the Earl.

"Oh, yes! I have learned what the frogs say when they croak."

The Earl was in a great rage and declared

that he had wasted his money on a teacher who taught such foolish things.

The stupid son was left all to himself now, and so he wandered into the forest and came to a great castle and asked for a night's lodging. The lord said: "You may sleep in the tower, but the wild dogs howl all night so that no one can sleep."

Then the stupid son said: "I will find out what they are howling about." Accordingly he went into the tower to sleep, but soon the dogs began to howl.

"What are you howling about?" he asked the leading dog. They were much surprised to hear a man talking dog language; but they said: "We are guarding a treasure of gold under the tower for the lord of this castle."

The next morning the stupid son told the lord what the dogs said. The lord dug up the treasure, gave part of it to the stupid son, and heard no more of the dogs.

The stupid son then went along and came to a place where the frogs were croaking. He stopped and listened to what they said. They were talking about some robbers who had planned to carry off the king's daughter.

The stupid son hurried to the King's house and said: "The frogs have told me that robbers will seize the princess to-night. Be on your guard!"

The king thought this was a strange message, but he called his guard and put them behind a big tree in the yard. Late that night the robbers came creeping up to the window of the princess, but the guards seized them and bore them before the king, who promptly put them in jail. The king then loaded the stupid son with jewels and sent him on his way. Soon he came home and showed the Earl all the gold and jewels he had won.

"How did you get all this wealth, my son?" cried the Earl.

"By listening to what the dogs said when they barked, and to what the frogs said when they croaked," replied the stupid son.

SAMSON

Even the strongest can yield to temptation and be betrayed.

We read in the Bible of the strong man named Samson. One day he met a lion in his path. Samson had no weapon, but he caught the lion with his hands and tore it to pieces as if it were a kid. At another time he caught three hundred foxes and tied fire brands to the tail of each one of them. He then drove the foxes into the corn fields of the Philistines who were his enemies, and destroyed all their crops.

The Israelites were not pleased with Samson, and resolved to betray him to the Philistines. Three thousand of them bound Samson and took him to the camp of the Philistines. But as soon as the Israelites had left, Samson snapped the great cords as if they were flax burnt with fire, and finding the jaw bone of an ass he seized it and slew a thousand Philistines.

Samson once went to a city named Gaza where he spent the night. The people there laid in wait to catch him next morning, and closed the gates in the big walls of the city. But next morning Samson rose and came to the gates of the city and lifted them up—posts and all—and walked off with them.

After a while Samson met a woman named Delilah. He loved her and often went to visit her. The Philistines knew this and said to Delilah:

"Entice him and see wherein his great strength lieth that we may overcome him." They agreed to give Delilah a great quantity of silver for betraying Samson into their hands. Delilah agreed to do this and asked Samson what made him so strong, and how could he be bound so that he could not be taken.

Samson did not know her purpose and at first would not tell her what made him so strong. His strength lay in his long hair which fell down

over his shoulders, but nobody knew it but Samson. Finally Delilah teased him so much that he told her he had not cut his hair nor shaved his beard all his life, and that all his strength lay in his hair. One day she caught Samson asleep and cut off all his beautiful hair, and when he awoke he was as weak as any other man. Then the Philistines came and took him away and Delilah was paid her money for betraying poor Samson.

The Philistines then put out his eyes, and took him over to Gaza and made him grind in the mill. There he worked for a long time and the Philistines made sport of him. One day they were having a great offering in the temple. So they took the blind Samson up to the temple and set him between its pillars. But by this time his hair had grown out again and his strength had returned to him.

So while the temple was full of people Samson wrapped his mighty arms around the pillars and pulled them down and the temple fell in, and he and all his enemies were buried together.

THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

No one believes a story teller even when he tells the truth.

There was once a shepherd boy named Peter. He was a good shepherd boy. Early every morning he carried his sheep to the cool green pastures and watched over them all day. His faithful shepherd dog, Watch, was always along with him and helped him in every way. If any of the little lambs got lost or hurt, Watch would find them and bring them to Peter. Peter was very fond of his sheep and was very kind to them. He enjoyed going to the fields every day and caring for them, to see that none of them were lost or eaten by the wild beasts. But sometimes Peter was lonesome, and being a boy wanted to play as well as work.

One day when Peter was feeling rather cross he said to himself: "I am tired of doing nothing but care for these sheep. I wonder what I can do to have some fun?"

He thought a few minutes and then he said: "I know the very thing. I'll play a joke on the village people. I'll go down to the village and cry 'Wolf! wolf!' Then all the people will come running to help me. When they get there they

will find out I was just fooling and it will make them ever so angry."

So Peter did just as he had planned. He left Watch to look after his flock and ran into the village crying "Wolf! wolf!" Of course all the people ran to help him drive away the wolf.

What was their surprise when the men reached the field to find that Peter was only playing a joke on them. They did not like it at all, but went back to the village without scolding him that time.

Peter thought it was a great joke, and in a few days decided to play the same joke again. So he ran to the village and cried "Wolf! wolf!" just as he had done before. The men decided to trust him once more and went to help him. When they came to the field they saw that Peter had fooled them again. This made them very angry and they said: "We'll never come to help Peter again if he calls."

Not long after that two wolves did come after the sheep and frightened Peter very much. He ran as fast as he could to the village and cried: "Wolf! wolf!" but the men said: "No, we are not going to see about wolves any more."

Peter begged them to come but they would not. So he had to go back to the pasture by himself, and found nearly all of his sheep killed by the wolves. Even Watch had not been able

to protect them. You see Peter had fooled the people when he did not need help, and now when he did need them they would not come; therefore he lost his sheep.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(February 12th)

In which it appears that the character of the boy foreshadows the character of the man.

Many years ago in the State of Kentucky there stood a little log house, and in it was born a little boy whose name was Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln had a kind father and mother. His mother was his first teacher. He afterwards went to school but only for one year. He had no pencils or paper. Sometimes he did his number work on a shovel with a piece of burnt wood for a pencil.

Once Lincoln rowed two men across a river. The two silver dollars that they paid him was the first money he had ever earned. He felt as rich as a king. In the evenings when his work was done, Lincoln would study. They had no lamps so he had to study by the light of the fire. There were only three books in the house, and these he read over and over.

Once a man loaned Lincoln a book about

Washington. He read it in every spare moment during the day and took it to bed with him at night. One night, during a hard snow storm, the snow came in between the logs and spoiled the book. Poor little Abraham almost cried. He showed the owner his book and told him what had happened. He asked what he could do to pay for it. "Will you work to pay for it?" asked the man.

"Yes, I will do anything," answered Abraham.

"Well, you may hoe corn for me for three days," the man said, "then you may have the book." This was the first book Abraham Lincoln ever bought.

When Lincoln was twenty-one years of age he moved with his family to Illinois. There he set out to earn his own living. Sometimes he worked on a farm; sometimes he visited large cities carrying produce to sell. Sometimes he went surveying in the great forests. He was so poor that his first surveyor's chain was said to be a wild grape-vine. For a short time Lincoln kept a little country store. Once a poor woman came in to buy something. He made a mistake and asked her six cents too much. That evening Lincoln walked three miles in the rain to tell the woman of his mistake and return the six cents.

Lincoln was for many years a lawyer. He

was very just and fair and when people got into trouble they would go to him for help. "Honest Abe" they called him. Poor as he was and hard as he worked he spent every spare moment in reading. Finally the time came when our country needed a wise and brave man for president—a man with a clear head and a fearless heart. The people looked about for such a leader. There in Illinois they found him, and from all sides was heard the cry: "Abraham Lincoln is the man!" As Lincoln had always been a good and honest man so he was a good and wise president.

THE GOOSE BOY AND THE KING

In which we see that there are some things that kings cannot do.

King Maximilian of Bavaria was one day walking in the open fields. As the weather was warm he sat down under a tree to rest. The king took a book out of his pocket and began to read. Soon he began to nod, and before long he was fast asleep.

When he woke up it was past noon, so he arose hastily and started for town. After he had gone about a mile he felt for his book and found that he had left it under the tree where he had been asleep.

As he started back to get the book he saw a little barefooted boy in a field nearby watching a flock of geese. The king went to the boy and holding out a piece of money, said, "My boy, if you will run back to the big tree a mile down the road and get my book, I will give you this gold piece."

The boy wanted the gold piece very much, but he shook his head. "I should like to go for the book, but the geese will run away and then I shall be punished by my master," said he.

"Oh, I will look after the geese while you are gone," said the king. At this the boy laughed, for the man was fat and looked as if he could not manage even one goose, to say nothing of a flock of geese.

"Give me the whip, and let me try," said the king, "while you run along and get my book. Here, take the gold piece first, and be quick." Then the king took the whip and tossed the boy the money, who ran off down the road, while the king settled down to watch the geese.

All went well for a while until one old gander looked up and saw a strange face near. At this he gave a loud cackle and flew over the ditch. The others looked up and began to cackle and complain as if they missed the little boy. Then some flew one way and some flew another. Across the meadow they ran, the king after them.

He cracked his whip and tried to head them off, but it was of no use. Then he sat down to wipe his face.

Soon the boy came back and seeing the scattered geese, he cried out, "Just as I thought. You know nothing about geese, and now we have got to get them together."

So the king went around the field helping the boy, and with a great deal of shouting and scolding the geese were all gathered together again. Then Maximilian said, "You see, my boy, I am a king and I am not used to such work as this. The geese got away from me before I knew it."

"King indeed!" said the boy. "It's a pretty sort of king you are that cannot manage a flock of geese for a half hour." And then the king went on home thinking that perhaps the boy was right after all.

FAITHFUL BRUNO

Wherein we learn a lesson of a dog's faithfulness and a man's carelessness.

Bruno was a dog who belonged to a kind man. He was a large handsome dog who had been devoted to his master for many years, and always went with him to town.

Bruno had been raised with his master's chil-

dren and had played with them when he was a puppy. Now that he was a big dog he took especial care to see that nothing happened to them.

One day his master sold some land and received for it a large bag of gold money. He knew he must take it to the city immediately in order to put it in the bank. The journey to the city was long and tiresome, and had to be made on horseback. The master put the gold in his saddle-bags and slung them across his horse. Calling Bruno to go with him he set out on his long journey. On the way he told Bruno that he wished him to take care of the bags, so as they started along the dog kept his eyes on the saddle-bags to see that they did not fall off or get lost.

The day was hot and the way was dusty; so when they came to a cool spot in the woods the master got down to take a nap, using his saddle-bags for a pillow. He soon fell asleep with Bruno keeping watch by his side.

Presently the master was awakened by the dog's bark. He saw that the sun was low and the shadows long. He knew that he had been asleep a long time, and that if he did not hurry the bank would be closed before he got there. He jumped to his horse and set off at a gallop. Then he saw that Bruno was acting very strangely. He jumped and barked at the

horse's feet, and once he jumped up so high it seemed as if he was trying to bite his master on the leg. The master was puzzled and thought perhaps his dog had gone mad. Presently he saw a little brook in the distance. He said to himself that if Bruno refused to go into the brook he must have gone mad, because a mad dog will never go in or near water.

The horse splashed through the water but Bruno remained on the other side and barked and barked. The master called, and for the first time, Bruno did not obey. The man was convinced that he was mad, and so he took out his pistol and shot his faithful dog.

Poor Bruno's leg was broken, but he turned and crawled back the way he had come. The master rode on for awhile and then he missed his saddle-bags that held his money. He turned his horse's head and galloped back as fast as he could to the place he had laid down to rest. And what do you think he found there? Bruno had crawled back to die with his head on the bag of forgotten gold. He was faithful to the last.

PLANTING AN ORCHARD

(Arbor Day)

The life of a tree depends largely on the way it starts.

Once there was a man who wanted to plant an orchard of apple trees. He sent to a nursery for some young plants, and when they came all wrapped up in a good bundle, he thought of what fine trees he was going to have, and the beautiful apples they would bear.

The bundle came just about the time the man was starting to town on some business. So he sent off at once for a man who knew how to plant trees, and said to him, "Here are my young apple trees, and I want you to plant them for me. I shall be gone all day," and he showed the man where to plant them.

When he came back later in the afternoon the man had planted only six trees. The owner was surprised, and said, "You have planted but six trees. It seems to me you work very slowly."

The man replied, "Yes, but I do my work thoroughly. You see I dug great holes so that the roots of the young trees might not be broken or cramped; then I hauled rich earth from the woods, and mixed it well with the top soil; then

I packed the earth carefully around the roots so that it would be firm; and then I watered each plant until it was thoroughly soaked. All that takes time, and one must not be in a hurry about planting a tree if he expects it to live and flourish."

"That sounds very fine," said the owner, "but it is too slow a way for me. I could have planted five times as many in a day. You take too much trouble." So he dismissed the man and the next day he planted his orchard in his own way.

He dug the holes just large enough to hold the roots by twisting them together, and many of the rootlets were broken or injured as they were forced into place; he did not get the soft, rich earth from the woods, nor was he careful in packing the dirt around the roots, and then he did not fill the holes with water.

"Now, see there," he said to himself, "I have planted a whole orchard in one day."

But see what happened! The trees the owner planted so carelessly lived for awhile, and put out a few leaves. They bore some little apples, and then the owner cut them down. But the six trees the other man planted grew up strong and healthy. In a few years they were well shaped and tall and began to bear quantities of the most beautiful apples. When the owner was an old man they still were standing, and everybody

would say, "What wonderful apple trees! What splendid fruit!"

But the old man knew he could have had a whole orchard like that if he had planted them all as the six were planted.

JACK AND THE GIANT

One should always be willing to help the aged and infirm whether he is paid for it or not.

Once there was a little boy named Jack who lived near a great wood. One day while he was picking up sticks in the wood he saw an old woman bending under a huge bundle of fagots.

"My poor woman," said Jack, "I will take your bundle for you."

"Thank you, kind little boy," answered the old woman, and gave her bundle to Jack. When they reached the road the old woman gave Jack her walking stick of thick wood, saying he must use it carefully for it had the strength of a giant. Then the old woman disappeared.

Jack took the stick and looked at it in wonder. He struck it on the ground, and lo! it dug a big hole; he struck it on an old stump, and see! there was nothing there but kindling wood.

"I must be careful what I hit," said Jack, and went on home with his bundle of twigs, and the magic stick under his arm.

Now, there was a giant who lived in a cave deep in the woods, of whom everybody was afraid. He would capture travelers, and it was said that he would eat them, though nobody had ever seen him. Still everybody was afraid to go far into the woods for fear of the giant.

Jack was also afraid of the giant, and was ready to run if he should hear a loud voice. After the old woman gave him the magic stick he always took it with him, for he could break off twigs and even branches with a single blow.

One day his little sister went into the woods with him to help gather wood. They had wandered farther than usual. Suddenly he heard her scream, and then a great tramping in the bushes. "The giant has caught my little sister!" said Jack in great alarm, and seizing his magic stick he ran in the direction of the cry.

He followed the big footsteps through the woods, across streams and up the mountain side until he came to the door of a cave. The giant had rolled a big rock in front to close it, but Jack crushed it with a blow and ran in.

The giant had braced the inside with beams of wood, but Jack broke them to pieces with one stroke. Far inside the cave he saw the dreadful giant about to devour his little sister. As the giant raised his arm Jack's stick broke it in two. The giant leaped to his feet and raised his sword

with his other arm, but Jack's stick broke arm and sword into pieces. The giant roared and rushed at Jack. Jack hurled the stick at the giant and struck him full in the face.

So great was the blow that the giant's head rolled off his shoulders—rolled out of the cave and down the mountain side, and may be rolling yet for all we know. At any rate Jack did not wait to see, for he grabbed his stick, seized his little sister and ran home as fast as he could.

"I am glad I helped that old woman," said Jack, "for her stick made the last of that giant!"

TOM THUMB

Part One

It matters not how small one is if only he has wits and is not afraid.

A poor woodman and his wife had no children and were very sad and lonely. One day his wife said:

"I should be very happy if I had a child even if he were no bigger than my thumb."

It came to pass as she wished. One day a little boy was born and he was no bigger than her thumb. No matter how much she fed him he

never grew any larger, so she called him Tom Thumb.

One day the woodman started into the wood to cut fuel. Tom said:

"Let me drive the horse after you to bring home the fuel. I will climb into his ear and tell him which way to go."

The father thought this would be a fine plan and agreed. So Tom climbed up into the horse's ear, and said: "Go on," and the horse started. Then, "Go this path," or "Go that path," and the horse went along just as Tom told him, and finally came to the place where the woodman was cutting fuel.

A man came by and saw Tom sitting on a little stick watching his father. "What a funny little man," he said. "If I could buy him he would make my fortune." And so he bargained for Tom and gave his father a big lump of gold. Tom crept up his father's coat and whispered in his ear:

"Never mind, father! I will be back before long." Then they were off, Tom sitting on the rim of the man's hat to see the country as they passed along.

After a while it grew dark, and the man sat down and laid his hat on the ground. Tom cried out: "Good-by, my master! I'm gone!" And with that he ran over a furrow in the field and

slipped into a mouse hole. The man ran after him and poked about with his stick, but Tom was away down in the ground by this time.

By and by he heard two men passing. One of them said:

"How can we manage to get the farmer's money?" The other said: "If we only had some little boy to help us!" Tom followed them down the road listening to this talk and finally called out:

"I will help you get the farmer's money." They were greatly surprised to see such a little man, but finally agreed to take him along.

They came to the farmer's house and Tom slipped through a crack in the boards, and called out very loud: "Here is the money! Hold your hand while I hand it out to you!" This, of course, woke up the cook who struck a light, and the robbers ran away leaving Tom in the house. The cook could not find anybody, for Tom had slipped into the barn and gone to sleep on the hay.

Next morning the farmer came out to feed the cow, and taking a fork full of hay pitched it over in the rack. Tom was in the hay fast asleep, and when he woke up he was in the cow's stomach, and more hay kept on coming down until Tom could hardly find room to turn round. And there we will leave him until to-morrow.

TOM THUMB

Part Two

No matter how much trouble we may be in, there is always a good way out.

We left Tom Thumb inside the cow. More hay kept on coming down until Tom cried out: "Don't send any more hay! Don't send any more hay!" The cook was milking just at that time, and hearing the noise inside the cow she was so astonished that she fell off the stool and spilled all the milk.

She ran to the farmer and exclaimed:

"The cow is bewitched! She is talking aloud and says she don't want any more hay!" The farmer ran to the barn and listened to the voice inside the cow.

"Mercy on me!" he cried. "Surely the cow is bewitched. We must kill her at once!" So he took an ax and cut her all to pieces, and threw the stomach with Tom inside out into the road.

Before Tom could get out a wolf came along and swallowed the stomach without chewing it a bit, he was so hungry, and so Tom was now inside a wolf, and not much better off than before. But he was not at all discouraged and began to talk to the wolf.

"I can tell you where you can get some fine

things to eat—fresh meat, ham and some chickens," said he to the wolf. The wolf was eager to hear about the place, and Tom described the place and how to get into the kitchen where all those things were. The wolf did not know that Tom was describing his own home and planning to get the wolf into trouble.

"That suits me exactly," said the wolf, and that very night he ran to the farmer's house and squeezed into the kitchen through a drain pipe. He could do this easily for he was very thin from eating so little for a long time. Once in, he ate and ate until his sides stuck out like a balloon that had been blown up.

When the wolf had eaten all there was, Tom set up a great shout and woke up the cook. The cook came in, and seeing the wolf ran to wake up the farmer and his wife.

The farmer ran with his ax, his wife brought the scythe, and the cook seized the big meat knife. The wolf ran to the drain pipe and started to get through, but he had eaten so much he stuck half way. Then they fell upon him and began to hack him to pieces.

"Look out! I am inside here!" shouted Tom.

"Heaven be praised!" said his father. "That's Tom's voice!" and he soon had the wolf cut half in two and Tom jumped out, and into his mother's arms. They were glad to see their little son

home again. Tom told them all his adventures, after which he had plenty to eat and a clean suit of clothes, for those he had on were hardly fit to be worn any more.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE

In which a fisherman seeing his mistake corrects it as quickly as possible.

A poor fisherman was toiling on the shore of a great lake to catch fish. He had had poor luck all day. Towards night he threw his net into the sea. It was so heavy when he drew it out that he felt sure he had caught a large lot of fish. To his disappointment he found the net filled with stones and mud. He threw it again but each time it came up filled as before.

"I will throw it just one more time," said he. Then he cast the net for the last time into the sea. This time he was sure it had caught a great quantity of fish, for he drew it in with great difficulty.

On examining it he found he had caught no fish, but inside the net was an old copper jar. The mouth of the jar was closed with lead on which there was the impression of a seal. The fisherman examined the jar on all sides. The seal on the cover made him think there must be

something of value inside. He shook but could not hear. He took his knife and opened it, and turned the jar upside down, but to his surprise nothing came out.

The fisherman set it down before him and stood off a little distance. While he was looking and wondering a thick smoke came out of the jar. The smoke ascended almost to the clouds and settled over the water and the shore. When it had all come out, it collected, became solid, and took the shape of a genie of gigantic size.

The fisherman trembled with fear to see the great giant before him. Then the genie began to scold and grew angry. He said he was going to kill the poor fisherman. When he threatened to kill the fisherman, the fisherman reminded him that he had let him out of the jar. This did not seem to appease the genie's wrath. He told the fisherman to get ready to die. The fisherman was greatly alarmed, but he said to the genie:

"Before you kill me I want to know one thing truly. Did you really come out of that jar or not? I would like to be sure about it, and then you can kill me."

The genie told the fisherman he did, but the fisherman would not believe it. The genie said he would show him. So he changed back into smoke, went up to the clouds and then down to

the stream and slowly entered the jar. The fisherman then quickly clapped on the top and the genie could not get out.

The giant begged the fisherman to let him out. He promised to make him rich if he would open the jar again. But the fisherman would not listen. He threw the jar back into the sea, and warned all fishermen not to open the jar if by any chance they caught it in their nets, and it may be there to this very day.

THE GIRL WHO WANTED EVERYTHING

When one begins wishing, it is hard to know when he has enough.

In a little house near a great forest lived Ludwig and his sister, Marleen. They were very poor. Ludwig had to go into his forest every day to gather berries.

One day he heard a voice calling: "Help me out, little brother! Help me out!" Looking around he saw a red fox whose foot was caught in a trap. He opened the trap and found the fox's foot badly hurt. He wet his handkerchief in the spring and bound up the fox's foot. The grateful fox told him to make a wish and it would be granted. So he wished that his pail might al-

ways be filled with berries, and straightway his pail became full.

Running home he told Marleen of his good fortune. "You were a foolish boy," said Marleen. "That was no ordinary fox. I would that our cupboard was always filled with food. Go tell the fox."

"Be satisfied," said Ludwig, "we are very happy as we are." But she gave him no peace until he went again to the forest. When the fox saw him, he said:

"How now, little brother, is it not well with thee?"

"No," said Ludwig, and he told the fox his sister's wish. "Go! it shall be as she wishes," said the fox.

On Ludwig's return home he found the wish come true. A few days later Marleen said:

"I'm tired of just things to eat. I want a doll dressed in shining silk. Go tell the red fox so."

"Be satisfied," said Ludwig, "we are happy as we are." But she gave him no peace until he went again to the fox, and again her wish was granted. This satisfied Marleen only for a few days; then she wanted a dress just like her doll's, and again Ludwig had to go to the fox. As before, her wish was granted and she was happy.

Then she wished that she might live in a fine

house of many rooms. Again Ludwig was persuaded to go to the fox. Again the fox granted her wish. Upon returning home Ludwig found the little house gone and in its place was a palace. After spending days roaming through the house, Marleen wished to have one of every toy in the world to play with, and insisted upon Ludwig going again to the fox. Again the red fox said: "Go! it shall be as she wishes," and it was so. It took the children days to play a minute with each toy. Then Marleen said:

"I'm tired of these toys. I want that ball that shines in the sky at night to be my plaything. Go tell the fox so." Ludwig went once more to the fox who, when he heard her wish, said:

"Go! it shall NOT be as she wishes!" Ludwig frightened, ran from the forest, and found Marleen sobbing upon the porch of their little old home. They searched far and wide for their friend the fox, but never saw him again.

PUSS IN BOOTS

Part One

Though one have nothing but a cat, yet his fortune can easily be made.

Once upon a time there was a miller who died leaving his three sons nothing but a mill, a cow,

and a cat. The oldest son took the mill, the next one took the cow, and the youngest had nothing left but the cat. But his cat was a wise animal.

The young man did not know what to do, so he said:

"I think I shall skin my cat and eat it, then I shall sell his skin; after that, I shall die of hunger."

"Not so fast, master," said Puss. "Get me a bag and a pair of boots and we shall make our fortune yet." So his master got him a bag and a pair of boots, and Puss ran off to the field to hunt. He lay in the grass until a rabbit ran into the bag, then Puss tied the bag up and took it to the king.

"My master has sent you a fine rabbit," said Puss to the king.

"Who is your master?" asked the king, delighted with the present.

"My master is the Marquis of Carabas," replied Puss, thinking that was as good a name as any.

The next day Puss caught two partridges in his bag and took them to the king, and said the same thing as before. Every day he took his bag into the field and caught some game and took it to the king telling him it was sent by the Marquis of Carabas. The king by this time be-

gan to think the Marquis must be a great man and a fine hunter.

Now the king had a beautiful daughter who had not as yet fallen in love with anybody, though many fine young men came to see her every day. One afternoon she and the king were about to take a ride along the river bank. When Puss heard of this he ran to his master and said:

"Master, master, come and bathe in the river and your fortune shall be made." The master readily obeyed, and was deep in the water when the king and his daughter rode by. Puss ran out in front of the carriage and cried:

"Help! Help! the Marquis of Carabas is drowning. Some robber has stolen his clothes while he was in the river and he cannot get out!" Then the king stopped his carriage, told his men to hurry back to the castle to get some fine clothes, and they all waited until the Marquis could leave the river and put on the fine clothes.

After this had been done, the master came out from the bushes where he had dressed, bowed very low to the king and kissed the hand of the princess. She blushed very red and asked him to ride in the carriage by her side. She thought he was a very handsome young man, and he thought he had never seen so lovely a young lady in his life. To-morrow we shall see what happened.

PUSS IN BOOTS

Part Two

From the humblest beginnings one may rise to the highest position by enterprise and good fortune.

Things were going very well with Puss and his master. The king was delighted, the princess was blushing, and the young master was looking very handsome, while Puss ran on ahead of the carriage. Puss came to a field where laborers were mowing grass.

"Some men are coming and you must tell them this field belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or you will be ground into mince meat," said Puss and ran on down the road. Soon the king came by and asked:

"Who owns this fine land?" The men were so terrified that they spoke right off:

"The Marquis of Carabas, sir," and went on with their work.

Puss soon came to some reapers and said: "You must tell everybody that this grain belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or you will be ground into mince meat." So when the king came by and asked: "Whose grain is this?" they answered very promptly: "The Marquis of Carabas, sir," and went on with their work.

"The Marquis must be a rich man to own all this land," said the king; but the young master said nothing, for he was looking at the princess and wondering if she would ever marry him.

Puss ran on ahead and came to the castle of the real owner of the land. He was a monster of whom every one was afraid, but Puss went on in to see him and spoke up boldly:

"I have heard that you can change yourself into any animal, and that you can be a lion or a tiger if you wish to."

"Certainly I can," said the monster, and at once became a lion, and roared so loud that Puss jumped on to the back of a chair and arched his back in spite of himself.

The monster came back to his own shape and laughed very loud. "Now watch me become a tiger," said he; and at once he became a tiger, that showed his teeth and growled deep down in his throat.

When he came back to his own shape again, Puss said:

"I see you can become large beasts, but I doubt if you can become a little one, such as a mouse, for instance."

"I can do that, too," replied the monster, and at once became a mouse running around the floor. Puss leaped down from the chair, jumped on the mouse, and ate it up in a twinkling!

Just at that time the king's carriage drove up. "Welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas," cried Puss. They all came in, and the young master, seeing how things were, led the princess to the best seat in the house and kissed her right before the king himself. She seemed well pleased, and it was not long before she was living in the castle with the Marquis, and I think they are there to this very day.

THE WHITE CAT

Part One

Revival of an old nursery tale in which the fortunes of a young prince are secured by the services of a white cat.

An old king who wanted to give his kingdom to one of his three sons, said:

"My sons, I wish to give my crown to one of you. The one who brings me the smallest dog shall be king in my place." The three sons were very much astonished at this, for each one wanted to be king. So they all set out on a search for a dog.

The youngest son went from town to town looking for a dog. Search as he might he could not find one to his fancy. At last he came to a

wood and lost his way. He saw a bright light in the distance and went towards it. He saw it was a fine palace and went in. It was full of gold and precious stones. The walls were of china, the floors of silver, and the furniture was pearl.

The prince looked around and saw hands beckoning him. They led him to a chair by the fire, and he sat down; they led him to a room and put beautiful clothes on him; they led him to a dining-room and served him with rich and dainty food. As he sat at the table he saw a little figure coming towards him. On each side of the figure were all sorts of cats; some carrying mouse traps with mice in them, and some carrying catnip ready for tea.

When the little figure came near the prince saw that she was a cat—a beautiful white cat. He bowed very low and said:

"Madam, I thank you for all your kindness to me. I am a prince in search of a dog to take my father. I pray you to help me."

The White Cat sat on a chair and began to dip one of the mice her attendants brought her into a jar of honey. While she was eating her supper she said:

"Sir Prince, that is very easy. Take this acorn and open it and you shall find your dog."

The prince hurried home the next day, and

was just in time, for the two brothers had already arrived with their dogs.

The Prince, however, broke open the acorn, and out jumped the tiniest dog the king had ever seen. He frisked about and rolled over on the carpet, and jumped upon the chairs until the king could not make up his mind. So he sent the brothers out again to bring him the finest piece of cambric in the world. The young Prince went again to the White Cat and told her his trouble.

"That is easy," said the White Cat. "Take this millet seed and open it and you shall have the cambric." The young Prince hurried home with the millet seed, and when he opened it he could hardly believe his eyes for there were four hundred yards of cambric so fine it all went through the eye of a needle in a second.

The old king still shook his head and said:

"I will have to send you out again—and for the last time." But what he sent them for we will have to learn to-morrow.

THE WHITE CAT

Part Two

In which it appears that the white cat was a princess after all, and became the greatest fortune of the youngest son.

The old king did not really wish to give up his kingdom at all, and so he sent his three sons out for a third time, and said to them:

"Go, find the most beautiful woman in the world. I cannot give my kingdom to any son without a queen to help him. Come back at the end of a year."

The sons set out on their travels again. The youngest went at once to the home of the White Cat and told her what the King demanded. The White Cat said nothing but made the prince very happy and comfortable in her palace for a whole year. Every wish was gratified and he almost forgot the passing of time. At the end of the year the White Cat said:

"Prince, you must now go back to your father; but I wish you would take me with you. I shall be your beautiful princess. All you will have to do will be to cut off my head and tail and throw them into the fire."

The prince was greatly astonished to hear this, for he did not like to hurt the White Cat, but

she begged him again and again. Finally he drew out his sword and with one stroke cut off the cat's head and tail and threw them into the fire.

What a commotion was created! The White Cat had disappeared and in her place stood a young and beautiful princess. All the other cats were gone and in their places were lords and ladies. The Prince was surrounded by a court and everybody was talking and laughing as though nothing had happened.

The Princess took the Prince by the hand and said:

"You have rid us of the enchantment of a wicked fairy who turned me into a white cat, and all my friends into cats. Now, let us go to your father."

They traveled all the next day and came to the palace of the old king. The other brothers were there, but their wives looked like chambermaids compared to the beautiful princess.

The old king had to acknowledge that the youngest son had the most beautiful wife, but he said, "I do not wish to give up my kingdom, I want to keep it myself for awhile."

Then the young princess said: "Your majesty need not give up his kingdom at all. I have seven kingdoms; each one very large and rich; I shall give one to each of your older sons, one to

you, and have four left for my husband and myself. So let us all be married and be happy."

Everybody shouted and clapped hands. Three weddings took place at once, and nobody had a better time than the old king himself.

THE GINGERBREAD MAN

In which a gingerbread man has some adventures, but finally comes to grief.

A little old woman had no man of her own and so she decided to make one of gingerbread. So one day she made a gingerbread man. She put on a chocolate coat, with cinnamon buttons. She made his eyes out of caraway seed, and a cap out of a lump of sugar.

"Now, my little man, I shall bake you good in this oven," said the old woman, and put the gingerbread man into the stove.

After a while it smelled so good the old woman opened the stove door to see how her little man was getting on. But he was quite done by this time, and while the old woman was pulling out the pan, the gingerbread man jumped out and ran down the road.

The little old woman ran after him, but the gingerbread man laughed and called out: "Run! run! as fast as you can! You can't catch me! I'm the gingerbread man."

And sure enough, she could not catch him.

The gingerbread man ran past a pasture where there was a horse.

"Stop!" said the horse. "You look good to eat." But the gingerbread man laughed and said: "Run! run! as fast as you can. The old woman can't catch me, and you can't catch me, for I am the gingerbread man." And sure enough, the horse could not catch him.

He ran on down the road and soon he met a cow.

"Stop!" said the cow. "I want to eat you." But the gingerbread man laughed again and said:

"Run run! as fast as you can! The old woman, and the horse and you can't catch me, for I am the gingerbread man." And sure enough, the cow could not catch him.

By and by the gingerbread man ran past a field where the men were cutting hay. They smelled the gingerbread and tried to lay hold of the little man. But he laughed and said:

"Run! run! as fast as you can! The old woman and the horse and the cow and you can't catch me, for I am the gingerbread man." And sure enough, the men could not catch him.

Then he met a fox just as he came to a river. "Run! run! as fast as you can," said the gingerbread man. "Why?" said the fox. "Because

they will catch you," said the gingerbread man.

"Jump on my back and I will take you across the river," said the fox, and the little man jumped on his shoulders.

"Jump on my head," said the fox, and the little man jumped on his head.

"Jump on my nose," said the fox, and the gingerbread man jumped on the fox's nose. Just then they reached the shore and the fox opened his mouth, and snap! went the gingerbread man into the fox's mouth. The old fox chewed a while and then said:

"That was a very nice little gingerbread man!"

THE ROBIN'S EGGS

In which a little boy robs a bird of her eggs and learns a lesson that he did not forget.

Robert was a little boy who loved to have his own way, and sometimes his way was not a good way. One day he went into the woods near his home, and saw a lot of birds all busy building nests and flying around looking for bugs and worms.

Up in a tree he saw a nest and wondered what was in it. He climbed up on a limb, and looking into the nest saw four little bluish-green eggs.

He put his hand in the nest, took out the eggs and put them in his pocket. All the time the poor mother bird was scolding and complaining, and in her bird way was calling for help.

As Robert climbed down from the tree he broke one of the eggs. As he took the rest out of his pocket he broke another. Then he put the other two in his hat. By this time he was tired and sat down under the tree to rest. While he was sitting there he heard a great commotion in the forest. All the birds were crying "Robber! Thief! Some boy has broken into Mrs. Robin's house and stolen her eggs!"

Robert sat very still and tried to hide. The father robin flew around asking everybody if he had stolen his wife's eggs. He asked the cow, but the cow said: "No, indeed! I gave you some of my hay to build your nest." He asked the sheep, but the sheep said: "I would not do such a thing. I gave you some of my wool to line your nest to make it soft for your little ones." He even asked an old owl on top of a pine tree, but the old owl said: "By no means! Why should I? I killed a rat the other day that I saw prowling round looking for young birds."

None of the animals knew who was the robber, but the jay bird who was always on the look out, saw Robert under the tree and cried: "Here he is! he has got two eggs in his cap and

has broken two on the ground! Here he is!" All the birds came flying and set up such a scolding and abusing that Robert was alarmed.

"Let us all fly to his house and take his little brothers and sisters," said the birds. But Robert began to cry and beg and promise, until finally the birds agreed not to rob his house if he would let their nests alone.

Robert sat up with a start and rubbed his eyes. He had been asleep but he learned a good lesson. The mother robin was still crying in the tree where her nest was. Robert climbed back up the tree and put the good eggs back and said, "There you are, Mrs. Robin. I am sorry I broke two, but I will not rob your nest again."

THE BOYHOOD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

(February 22nd)

In which we find out that truthfulness is a great virtue.

To-day we are going to talk about a little boy named George Washington. His mother and father lived on a large farm, and George's life was just like that of other boys. He played games and learned to read just as boys do to-day. George was very fond of pretending to be an

Indian warrior. One day while playing that he was a chief of the tribe he picked up his father's hatchet to use as a tomahawk. After pretending that he had killed many wild animals, he walked through the orchard where the young fruit trees had been planted. He thought he would like to be a woodsman and cut down trees. So he began to use his little hatchet, and presently down fell a tree.

Shortly afterwards his father was walking in the orchard and found his favorite cherry tree cut down to the ground. He immediately asked George who had cut down his beautiful tree. George answered, "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I cut it down." His father was so pleased that George had told him the truth that he said, "My boy, you should not have cut down this tree, but I would rather you had cut down every tree in the orchard than tell a lie," and so his father did not punish him.

George was such a strong, sturdy boy that he nearly always won the games and races the boys would have. He liked to hear stories of soldiers and wars. He would play soldier, and have parades and make-believe battles. His playmates were fond of him because he was always fair in his play. At school his work was good and his copy book was so neat that it has been saved and can be seen to-day.

George's father died when George was ten years old, but he had a wise mother whom he loved very dearly. There were many things that he could do on the farm to help his mother. He was very proud of his mother's horses and one day was showing them to his friends. One horse—his mother's favorite—was a splendid young animal that had never been trained. George's friends asked if he could ride this horse. George answered that he could. He mounted the horse, but the animal kicked and reared and fell over backward breaking its neck. His friends were alarmed because they knew how much Mrs. Washington thought of this horse, and they begged him not to tell her. But George went straight to her and told her all about it, adding that he was sorry that the beautiful animal was dead. His mother forgave him, but warned him to be more careful in the future.

To-morrow we shall learn more about George Washington.

THE YOUNG MANHOOD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

Showing Washington's love for and gentleness towards his mother; also his bravery in time of danger, and his strength to endure hardships.

Yesterday we learned that Washington was a very truthful boy. To-day we will learn how he loved his mother, and grew up to be strong and brave.

He felt that he must take his father's place and help her with the large farm. Every night he would lead in family prayer just as his father had done, and when visitors came in he was host and entertained them. Once he thought he would like to become a sailor. He lived near the James River and could watch the boats go up and down, and the life of the men on the boats seemed to fascinate him.

Mrs. Washington consented for George to go to sea, and he was to be ready for the boat on its next trip. The day came and George's box was packed and sent down to the landing while he went in to tell his mother good-by. Noticing tears in her eyes he called to the boy to bring back his box. His mother's tears had shown him that she was distressed at his leaving and he decided, then and there, to remain with her.

When he was sixteen years old he became a surveyor and was sent out to survey wild lands. He had to take long trips on foot and on horseback in the wilderness. He had three years of hardships in the forest and returned a strong, healthy man of six feet two inches. He learned much of the Indians and their manner of warfare which was of much assistance to him. On his return he became a soldier. Just then brave soldiers were needed, for the French and Indians were at war with the English, and George Washington, with his knowledge of the Indians, was a most valuable soldier.

Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent him with a message to the French post, a distance of six hundred miles. He had to go through dense forests, across rivers, and even climb unexplored mountains. Once his Indian guide tried to kill him, and once he narrowly escaped drowning while crossing a swollen stream, but undaunted, he continued the journey and returned with the answer to Governor Dinwiddie.

Washington's mission as a messenger being accomplished, he now took active part in the war under General Braddock. Braddock was an Englishman, and knowing nothing of Indian warfare, marched his troops through the wilderness with flags flying and drums beating. Washington told him that this was a mistake, but Brad-

dock would not take advice from a young Virginia colonel, and in a short while they were entirely surrounded by Indians. Braddock was killed and Washington had two horses killed under him, and four bullets went through his coat. The Indians thought that Washington had a charmed life. Perhaps his life was spared in order that he might do great things for his country.

THE LEADERSHIP OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

In which we learn something of Washington's home life, and his success in later years.

Soon after the French and Indian war, George Washington met Mrs. Martha Custis, a beautiful young woman, and married her. The bride and her lady friends returned from the church in a handsome coach drawn by six white horses, as in our fairy tales, while the groom and his friends rode beside the coach on prancing chargers. Washington and his wife went to live at Mount Vernon, a beautiful place that had been his brother's. Washington liked the life of a farmer and each day would ride over the plantation to see if all the work was done properly. He lived quietly thus for several years, when he was needed again as a soldier.

Many years before this the Puritans had left England because they would not obey the king in some things—particularly in church affairs. Now, there were other people in America beside Pilgrims, but the English king still wished the people to obey him. He made the Americans pay taxes on things made in England and brought to America. He made them pay a special tax on paper, glass, and even tea. The Americans did not wish to pay these taxes and refused to do so.

The English King then sent ships loaded with soldiers to make them pay. The Americans decided not to do as the king wished, and went to war for their rights. They determined to have a nation of their own and call it the United States of America. They wrote a statement that told about this and sent copies of it all over the world. This was called the Declaration of Independence.

The Americans selected Washington as their leader, and now again his bravery was shown. He led the soldiers to victory, though many times during the hard winter the men were hungry and cold, having scarcely any food and very little clothing. Many of the men were barefooted in the snow and ice, but faith in Washington kept them brave and loyal.

While the Americans were fighting to be free

they needed a flag for the soldiers, so Washington drew a picture of one he liked and Mrs. Betsy Ross, a friend of his, made the first flag that the new nation had.

When the time came to elect a ruler for the new nation, everybody said make Washington president, and they did. He became president and for eight years ruled wisely and justly as a great man should, and then returned to Mount Vernon where he and his wife lived happily for many years.

George Washington's mother was not surprised that he became a famous man. Once when La Fayette was talking to her, she said to him:

"I am not surprised that George is a great man, for he was always a good boy."

ABSALOM

Rebellion against our parents will surely bring misfortune.

King David was old. His hand was feeble, his eye was dim, and his voice was weak as of one who had been ill. Absalom was his beloved son, but he was a very wayward and rebellious boy, whom his father could not control. He was a beautiful boy. From the sole of his foot to the

crown of his head there was no blemish in him, and David loved him.

Absalom did many things to distress the old king. He stayed away from his father's presence for two years, and began to think of ways to take the kingdom into his own hands. He would go out and stand by the gate of the city, and when any one came to the king for judgment, he would say:

"Oh, that I were made judge of the land, for I would do you justice." Thus Absalom stole the hearts of the people of Israel.

Finally David fled from Jerusalem for fear of Absalom and his followers, and Absalom came to Jerusalem and took charge of the kingdom. David gathered an army around him of those who were still faithful to him, and prepared to give battle to the men of Absalom if they should come out to slay him.

Absalom started out to capture and even kill his old father, so he might keep the kingdom for himself. David himself did not go, but sat by the gates of the little town where he was to wait for news. He told Joab, the captain of his men: "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." And David's men went into the field to fight with Absalom and his men and there was a great battle.

The battle was in the woods of Ephraim, and

the people of Absalom were slain before the people of David, twenty thousand, and Absalom fled upon a mule. The mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and Absalom was caught in the tree and hung there while the mule went away.

Some one told Joab that Absalom was hanging in the tree. Joab quickly went, and taking three darts he threw them at Absalom, and slew him while he was yet in the midst of the oak.

Now the old David sat by the gate and waited for news of the battle. He had a watchman in the tower who told him he saw a man running. "He bringeth tidings," said David. Soon the runner reached David and fell at his feet, saying: "The Lord hath delivered thine enemies into thy hands."

"Is the young man Absalom safe?" asked the king. Then the runner told David that Absalom was dead. The old king was overcome with grief, and cried out: "O, my son Absalom! My son, my son Absalom. Would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son, my son!"

HOW ROBIN HOOD BECAME AN OUTLAW

In which a good man unwittingly commits an offence and becomes an outlaw.

A long time ago in England in Sherwood Forest, there lived a famous outlaw named Robin Hood. There was no one who could shoot an arrow straighter or farther than Robin Hood. He was known far and near as strong, brave, and generous.

He never robbed the poor nor did any mean thing. He and his "merry men" lived in the depths of the forest, in a place where the king's men could not find them, and they passed their time in hunting the king's deer, in archery and other sports.

Though they were outlaws, Robin Hood and his men were much beloved by the country people; for though he robbed the rich and the oppressor, he always gave abundantly to the poor and needy.

Now, this is the way Robin Hood became an outlaw: He may have been the son of a nobleman, but that nobody knows. However, when he was eighteen years of age he knew that the Sheriff of Nottingham was having a great shooting match for forty pieces of silver.

"Now, I will go and draw my bow and shoot a shaft for the bright eyes of my lass. Besides that, I need the silver," said Robin Hood, and started off to Nottingham Town.

As he walked along whistling, and thinking of the sport before him, he saw some foresters seated under a great tree. They were the keepers of the king's game. One of them called out:

"Here, my merry man! where are you going so fast with your penny bow and your farthing arrows?"

Now, Robin Hood was very proud of his bow and arrows, so he answered sharply:

"Where I go is my business—but I can shoot better than any one of you."

They all laughed aloud for they were famous shots. Robin got madder and madder as they laughed.

"See that deer yonder—more than sixty rods away are they; but I can bring one down from here," cried he. They gave him permission. Twang! went his shaft straight into the heart of the big stag. It was a long and splendid shot, but, after all, he had killed a king's deer!

"Get thee gone from here, knave!" they cried, "or we will have thy ears shaven close to thy head!" and they began to berate Robin and beat him for they were afraid themselves. Robin ran, and as he ran the foresters shot at him and narrowly missed him.

He was now in danger of his own life, so he stepped behind a tree and fitted another arrow to his bow, and while his pursuers were still far off, he sent a shaft into the breast of the foremost. He fell dead and the others turned back.

Robin was now an outlaw. He had killed the king's deer and had slain one of the king's foresters, and now Robin Hood had to hide in Sherwood Forest.

ROBIN HOOD MEETS LITTLE JOHN

More of Robin Hood, and something of the way in which he chose his merry men.

Robin Hood lay hidden in Sherwood Forest, and there was a reward of two hundred pounds for any one who would bring him to justice. Two hundred good men joined him and chose him to be the leader. They swore they would rob only those who had oppressed the poor by unjust taxes, or fines, or heavy rents. To the poor themselves they gave no harm, nor hurt any woman or child. Their name became a terror to the oppressor, but to the poor they were often a blessing.

Robin Hood picked his men very carefully. To-day we will learn how he chose Little John

to be one of his company. One bright morning Robin Hood rose up and said:

"I have had no adventure for two weeks; I go forth to find one to-day. Follow me at a distance, my merry men." And so Robin set out down the path and through the forest, clad in his suit of green which he and his men always wore.

He came to a stream on the edge of the forest across which was a bridge made of logs. A man on the other side was about to cross. Robin quickened his steps. So did the stranger.

"Stand back and let me pass first," called Robin Hood.

"Nay, stand back yourself and let me over," said the man. "I am a better man than thou." With that he shook a big stick he carried in his hand and advanced towards the bridge.

"We shall see about that presently," said Robin Hood sharply, for he acknowledged no man better than himself. With that he cut a huge stick from a nearby tree with one stroke of his knife and walked on to the log. The strange man was already half way over. Then followed a mighty battle while these two knights belabored each other with their sticks each trying not to fall off the log. The stranger was very tall and broad shouldered while Robin Hood was of average size only. Robin Hood hit the stranger a hard blow on the shoulder. The

stranger returned with a blow on Robin's head that tumbled him into the water.

The water was deep and Robin had much trouble in getting to the bank. Here he sat down and began to laugh.

"Give me thy hand, worthy stranger, for thou hast a mighty arm," said he. "This day thou hast worsted Robin Hood in a combat with staves. What is thy name?"

"My name is John Little," said the stranger, astonished to hear that his opponent was Robin Hood.

"Well, I shall call thee Little John in merry jest, tho' thou art seven feet tall. Come and be one of my men," said Robin.

Little John finally agreed to go with Robin Hood, and he became one of his strongest and trustiest followers.

HOW ROBIN HOOD MET FRIAR TUCK

In which it appears that others had wits besides Robin Hood.

One morning Robin Hood started for an adventure. He put on his steel coat of mail, and over it his jacket of Lincoln green.

About noontime he came to the banks of a

wide stream and walked warily along until he heard a voice through the thick bushes. Peering through he saw a stout brawny fellow sitting on the bank of the stream eating brown bread and onions. He looked very jolly and good-natured. Robin Hood saw by his shaven crown and a string of beads that he must be a friar.

"Hey, my good father, will you tell me how I may cross this stream?" said Robin Hood. The friar looked up and said:

"Yonder is the ford. The water is free to all; wade in."

"Yes, but my clothes are new and fine. I do not care to get them wet. I think your broad shoulders would make a good seat. Can you find a heart to take me across?" replied Robin. The friar wiped the bread and onions from his beard and getting up, said to Robin Hood:

"Well, and why not, friend? Come, and I will do thy bidding." So saying he led the way to a pebbly place laughing as if it were a joke. Robin Hood seated himself upon the ample shoulders of the friar and gripped him about his round head.

"Let me take thy sword under my arm, so that thou canst hold on better," said the friar. So Robin Hood unbuckled his sword and gave it to the friar. Then the friar walked across the

stream and Robin Hood was landed on the other side. When he got down on the ground he asked for his sword and prepared to depart.

"Nay, my son," said the friar, "a sword is not good for thee, for it is a deadly weapon, and thou must leave it with me."

"Give me my sword, holy father, or I shall take it back. Thou hast one of thine own; give me mine and let it be a fair battle between us, even if thou art a friar, or else set me back on yonder bank where I came," said Robin Hood in anger.

The friar finally agreed to take him back across the stream, but in so doing Robin Hood managed to slip his sword out of the possession of the friar. In the midst of the stream the friar decided to rid himself of the load so he tumbled Robin Hood off into the water. When Robin reached the bank he was certainly mad with the friar. Drawing his sword he rushed on him and they had a hard battle. The friar would laugh at Robin's plight but warded off all his blows. Never a stroke touched him. At last the friar said:

"I think thou art Robin Hood. I know I am Friar Tuck. Come, let's be friends." And so they shook hands and put up their swords.

And that is the way Robin Hood met Friar Tuck, and that was the way that Friar Tuck joined the merry band in Sherwood Forest.

THE SHOOTING MATCH AT NOTTINGHAM TOWN

Showing how Robin Hood depended on his wits to carry him through an adventure.

The Sheriff of Nottingham wanted to capture Robin Hood to get the two hundred pounds reward, and besides that the forester he had killed was kin to the sheriff. So the sheriff said:

"If I could only persuade Robin Hood to come to Nottingham I might seize him. I think I shall give a shooting match, and offer a good prize." Thus saying, he let it be known that a great shooting match would be held in the square, the prize to be a gold arrow. Indeed, he had notices tacked up on the trees to attract Robin Hood's attention. Robin Hood heard of the notices and calling his men around him, said:

"Now, I am going to shoot for the prize tomorrow in Nottingham Town. Some of you dress as beggars, or tinkers, or friars, but all of you carry your good bows and arrows. As for me, I shall wear scarlet and a patch over my eye." They all agreed and the next day early, were all in Nottingham Town.

The target was set up and the shooting began. The arrows sped across the square, some

in the target, some on the ground, and a few in the bull's eye.

"Take the best ten and let them shoot again," cried the Sheriff. The shooting went on as before, and after a while the Sheriff cried: "Take the best six! Then after they had shot he cried: "Take the best three," and each time a stranger in tattered scarlet, and a patch over his eye was taken among the best.

And now the best three came up for a final test. Gill of the Red Cap shot, and lo! his arrow was only a finger breadth from the center. Then the tattered stranger shot and his arrow was only a barleycorn's length from the center. Then Adam of the Dell shot, and his arrow stood beside the stranger's. All three looked like one arrow from a distance. "Shoot again!" cried the Sheriff. Adam shot and his arrow was close to the center; Gill shot and his arrow struck near by the middle and a great shout arose.

"Now, old Patch-on-the-Eye, shoot and see what you can do!" shouted the bystanders, for the other arrows were so near the center that there was hardly room for one more. The stranger took his stand, drew his bow, sighted his shaft with his one eye. Twang! went the bow. Whiz! went the arrow, and cut the feather of Gill's shaft as it passed, and stood quivering in the very center!

"Here, take thy prize and begone, thou dirty knave, thou art as deadly as Robin Hood himself!"

The stranger took the prize and retired to the edge of the crowd where there were a lot of beggars and tinkers and friars.

"Nay, I am Robin Hood, his very own self!" he called aloud. But before anybody could seize him he and his men had disappeared down the road.

HOW ROBIN HOOD CEASED TO BE AN OUTLAW

Showing that from an outlaw can be made a good and worthy citizen.

Many years went by and Richard was now King of England. In Nottingham Town all was noise and uproar because the great king was to come to that town and visit the Sheriff. Crowds packed the public square to welcome him as he passed by.

Robin Hood and all his men were there, but some were in disguise. Friar Tuck and Little John stood boldly in the crowd and when the Sheriff saw them he turned quite pale.

That night at the great banquet the king said:

"I have heard much of Robin Hood and his men hereabouts. I should like to see him.

They tell me he can shoot a bow wondrous well."

"Very easily arranged," said one of the heralds, "if you and a few others will dress as Black Friars and go into Sherwood Forest."

This pleased the king, and on the morrow he and several others dressed as Black Friars, with hoods over their faces, and went into the forest as though they were travelers. By and by the king said:

"Here we have come and brought nothing to drink. I am as thirsty as though we were in a desert." As he said that out stepped a man from the roadside, and taking hold of the bridle of the horse on which rode the supposed friar, said:

"Come with me, holy brother, and I shall lighten your purse and give you a merry feast."

The man was Robin Hood. Leading the king's horse and guiding the others, he led them all to his hiding place and gave them a feast, though he was careful to take all the money that the supposed friars carried.

They showed their guests their wonderful archery. Robin Hood ordered that every man who missed his mark should have a buffet on the ear. Some of them missed and were soundly cuffed for their errors. Finally Robin Hood had to shoot, and by a strange chance he missed his mark on account of a bad arrow.

"I will cuff thee myself," said the king laughing, and baring his mighty arm he gave Robin such a knock that the bold outlaw lay stretched upon the grass rubbing the side of his head.

But the king had showed his face in doing this.

"Our king! King Richard!" they cried in dismay, and knelt at his feet. But the king told them to rise, that he liked bold outlaws. In fact, he pardoned them for all their misdeeds.

"Robin Hood and Little John and Will Scarlet and Allan-a-Dale must come with me to the wars. The others may live here and be my loyal foresters," ordered the king.

And it was so. Robin Hood went away with the king that he loved so much and became head of all the archers in the kingdom. The merry men lived loyal and law-abiding in Sherwood Forest. And that was the end of the outlaws.

THE SPINDLE, THE SHUTTLE AND THE NEEDLE

In the hands of the industrious the simplest things can be made the means of good fortune.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose father had died and left her with an old grandmother who lived in a cottage on the edge of the

town. They were very poor and earned their living by spinning, and weaving and sewing. By and by the grandmother died, too, and then the girl, who was sixteen years of age, had nothing but the spindle, the shuttle and the needle. But with these she made beautiful things to sell. Everybody saw how lovely she was and praised beautiful things she made.

Now, the prince of the country had said he wanted to marry a poor girl, but she had to be beautiful and industrious. One day he came to the village where the girl lived, and asked if there were any poor girls there fit to be his bride. At once all the poor girls dressed up in their best clothes, and brought out all the things they had made and sat on the front steps. But the prince passed them all by for they were ugly and dowdy.

At last he came to the cottage where the poor girl lived. She was busy at her work inside and did not look up when the prince passed by. As he went on the spindle leaped out of her hand and danced down the road after the prince, spinning a beautiful golden thread. The prince was astonished and said:

"What is this? A golden thread! It must lead somewhere," and he turned back to follow the spindle that kept on spinning golden threads.

After a while the shuttle jumped out of the hand of the girl and danced out of the house and

began weaving a beautiful carpet. On it were flowers and fruits, and animals, and birds and trees. It was a wonderful carpet and grew so fast that you could see it as it spread along the path and down the road.

By and by the prince came to the carpet.

"What is this? A wonderful carpet! It must lead somewhere," and he got off his horse and began to walk on the carpet that grew bigger and more beautiful every minute.

And now the needle leaped out of the hands of the poor girl and began to sew all by itself. It began to make the most beautiful dresses in the world, with gold thread and lace and fine velvet. They fitted the young girl exactly, and when the prince came into the cottage she sat in a chair covered with embroidery, wearing a dress fit for a bride of a king.

The prince took her by the hand and said:

"You are the poor girl of my dreams. You shall be my princess, for you are more beautiful than the things you wear." And at the wedding, the spindle, the shuttle, and the needle danced until they were quite tired out.

THE NÜRNBERG STOVE

(Adapted from Ouida)

Part One

An heirloom is as precious as a member of a family, and should not be disposed of lightly.

August lived in a small town in Germany. He was a little fellow only nine years old. He had rosy cheeks, big brown eyes and lots of curls the color of ripe nuts. His mother was dead, his father was very poor, and there were many mouths to feed.

The winters were long and cold where August lived, and snow covered the roads and fields everywhere. One evening he had to go out for a mug of beer for his father. It was so cold that his fingers almost froze, but he hurried along thinking about the big porcelain stove that stood in the big barren room of his home and that gave out so much heat that it made the room feel like summer.

August burst in the room and put the beer on the table.

"You dear old Hirschvogel!" he cried. "How warm you are!" and he ran up to the great stove and touched it tenderly. Now, Hirschvogel was the name of the man who had made this stove

many years before. All the children loved it dearly, for their mother sat by it when she was alive, and they had all played around it when they were babies. It was a wonderful stove, fit for the house of a king, and when it glowed on a cold night it looked like a palace lighted up for the queen's birthday.

August warmed himself by the stove, and then his sister gave him his supper. The children were playing games and telling stories when the door opened and in walked Karl, their father. He seemed out of sorts that night, and ashamed of himself. Finally he said, "I have sold Hirschvogel."

The children were aghast with dismay. "What? Sold our old stove, father? Mother's stove! Why it has been in our family for so many years—you surely do not mean it," they all cried.

"I have sold the stove! I need the money—now off to bed—all of you. To-morrow the men come to take it away," said Karl.

The children went to bed. August could not sleep for grief. Late in the night he came down and lay beside the stove until daybreak, crying to himself because the stove was sold.

Early in the morning the men came and packed the stove in a big crate full of hay and took it away. When August saw them hauling it away

he resolved to follow the stove as far as he could. He went to the railroad station and saw the men put the crate on the platform. Then they put it in a big box car and were making ready to start when August slipped into the car and hid himself just as the train started.

He soon found a way to get into the great stove when he curled up into a little bundle and went fast to sleep. Hirschvogel was on its way to its new master, but August was inside going along, too. What happened to him we shall see in the next story.

THE NÜRNBERG STOVE

(Adapted from Ouida)

Part Two

Adherence to worthy family traditions is an admirable virtue.

We left August fast asleep inside the precious stove. The journey was long and cold, and the train stopped and started and August was jolted about until he woke up stiff and cold and sore. He ate some cheese and bread he had in his pocket and turned over the best he could, but still he was very cramped and hungry.

At last the train stopped and August felt him-

self lifted out of the box car and set down on the platform. He was afraid the men would find him inside, so he kept very still, although he was so cold and hungry that he almost cried. Then a cart came along and the stove and August were lifted up and carried for miles and miles and set down in a warehouse where they stayed all night. August managed to creep out in the middle of the night and get some snow and ice to quench his thirst. Then he ate the last of his bread and cheese, went to sleep on some hay, and woke up just in time to get back into the stove and pull the wrapping in place as the men came in.

The men came in early and carried the stove in another cart somewhere, then lifted it up and took it up stairs over soft carpets, and then set it down on the floor. August kept very still for he was sure this was a very grand house, and besides that, he was very weak with cold and hunger.

"What a beautiful stove!" he heard some one say as the wrappings were taken off. Then the door of the stove was opened.

"Why, here is a little child inside the stove! What does this mean?" said the same voice.

August crept out of the stove and knelt down before the grand man he saw surrounded by others in uniform.

"Oh, sir!" he exclaimed, "please let me stay with my Hirschvogel. It belonged to my mother, and we love it dearly. Please let me stay with it!"

The man was the king and he looked very kindly at August and made him tell all the story of the great stove, and about his father and his brothers and sisters and the journey he had made inside the stove. There were tears in the king's eyes when August had finished his story.

"You must have loved the stove very much," said he.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the boy; "and it would break my heart to have to give it up."

"You need not do that, my child," said the king, "you may live here in the palace and look after your stove if you wish."

August was overjoyed at this. He lived in the palace and took care of the great stove for the king. In after years he became a painter on porcelain and painted many fine stoves for the great lords of the kingdom, but he never could make one as beautiful as Hirschvogel.

THE BELL OF ATRI

Even the dumb animals deserve justice from those whom they have served.

There once lived a king in Atri, Italy, who wanted all his people to be happy. In order to be happy he knew that every one should be kind to those dependent upon him and above all things, be just.

In order that justice be done to every one, he had a large bell hung in the market place. It was to be known as the bell of Justice. Many people came to see it hung. When the men finished their work, the king came before the people and said:

"I have placed this bell in the center of my city so that every one will be near it. I have put a long rope on it. Even a child can reach it. If any one of you feels that you have been unjustly treated, I want you to ring the bell. Whether you be old or young, rich or poor, your story shall be heard, and justice shall be done you."

The bell hung many years and was rung many times. Every time the bell rang the king came and heard what the person had to say and then did justice to his cause. At last the rope wore off and became short.

"If a child should need to ring, it could not reach the bell. We must get another rope," said the king. He had to send across the mountains to get one for there was none in Atri.

"Some one may need to ring the bell before the rope comes," said a man. So he went into his garden and got a grapevine and hung it on the bell. It trailed the ground, but it was a very good substitute for a rope.

An old soldier lived near Atri. He had a horse who had carried him in many battles, but now that he was old and lame and was of no service to his master, he was turned out to shift for himself. He ate the grass along the roadside and nibbled at the hay through the fences. He was very thin and hungry for he could not find enough to eat.

At last he wandered into the market-place and saw that the leaves and tendrils on the vine were still fresh. He reached to get a leaf, and as he pulled at the vine the bell began to ring, "Clang! Clang!" He kept on pulling at the vine and the bell kept on ringing "Clang! Clang!"

The people rushed to see who was ringing the bell and saw the horse. Then the king came and the people told him whose horse it was. The king was in a great rage at the injustice done the old horse. His master was sent for and ordered to build a barn for him and to give him the

best hay and grain as long as he lived, or else he would be turned out himself and so the old horse had justice at last.

ALL FOOLS' DAY

(April 1st)

In which is shown the origin of April Fools, and the fact that the best joke is the one which rebounds on the joker himself.

April the first is celebrated as All Fools' Day. Everybody must be on the lookout for some joke to be played at his expense. He might pick up a brick neatly wrapped in paper and tied with a string, or get a letter with nothing but "April fool" written on the paper. He must be on the watch so as not to be caught, for if he is and anybody calls out "April fool!" he would feel very cheap indeed.

This custom is nearly five hundred years old. It was started at the court of Burgundy in France, when Philip was Duke. There was always in those days a sort of jester, or fool, whose business it was to make fun and keep the court in a good humor. Even knights had jesters or fools, and while these jesters were always funny, sometimes they were very smart.

Duke Philip said to his jester one day:

"I challenge you to a trial of wits. If you get the better of me I will give you a thousand ducats. If I get the better of you, you will lose your place." So they agreed to have the trial on the first day of April.

When the day came the Duke had a great feast and plenty of wine to drink. The jester drank and drank until he appeared to be quite drunk.

"Now, we will try him for drunkenness," cried the Duke, "and condemn him to be executed."

So they tried the poor jester for being drunk, though he was not so drunk as they thought he was. They decided he was to be executed. They tied a band around his eyes, and the executioner struck him a light blow on the neck, and they poured hot water on him to make him think he was bleeding to death. It was all a joke, but the jester took it in great earnestness.

Finally the jester fell down as though he were dead. They called to him and said:

"It is a joke! Now get up!" But the jester lay on the floor and they all thought he was really dead.

"He is dead of fright. He thinks we have bled him to death!" and they were all much alarmed at this end of their joke. They sent for a doctor, but the jester could not be aroused.

"Alas, me!" said the Duke, "I have lost my jester!"

"No, you have not!" cried the jester. "You have lost your thousand ducats. I am not dead; and you are this April's Fool!"

The jester leaped up from the floor as good as ever. He had turned the joke on the Duke, and called for his thousand ducats. From this time on people began to play jokes on each other the first day of April in each year.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

In which a foolish king became miserable from too great desire for wealth.

King Midas was a very foolish king who wanted more money than anybody else in the world had. One day after he had done a kindness to the god Dionysius, the god said to him:

"Choose what you would like best. I will grant it to you."

Midas at once said: "Grant that everything I touch may turn to gold."

Dionysius said: "It shall be as you desire, but I tell you that you have made a very foolish request."

Midas went away very proud and happy. He broke off the branch from an oak tree, and it

turned into a solid rod of gold. He took up a stone out of the road, and it became a solid lump of gold. He plucked a rose from his garden, and it became a golden flower in his hand. He reached up and gathered an apple from a tree, and it changed to shining gold.

"Now, I shall be rich indeed," he said. "Richer than anybody," and he began to sing and dance, thinking of his wonderful powers.

When he entered his palace he ordered his servants to bring him all the cups and dishes in his house. Then he touched them and they became gold cups and dishes. He ordered them to bring him the table at which he ate. He touched it and it became a gold table. He touched his chair and it became a gold chair. Then he put his hands on his coat, his hat, and his trousers, and they became gold, so stiff and heavy that he could hardly walk.

"Now, indeed, I shall feast like the noblest men," said the king. "Bring me in the finest food and wine you can get."

The servants put before him the best food and wine that could be procured, but as soon as Midas touched it it all became hard gold. He could not eat the bread, nor the meat, nor the fruit. They were all gold as soon as he touched them. The wine was like molten gold in the glass and he could not drink it.

"I shall starve to death with all this gold!" cried the poor foolish old king. Just then his daughter came in and kissed him. At once she was turned into a statue of gold. Seeing this, the servants fled and left him alone in his misery.

He ran back to Dionysius and cried: "Take away this golden touch, for I am very unhappy and about to starve!"

The god told him to bathe in the river Pactolus, and he bathed himself and his daughter in the river. Then he was where he began. She became flesh and blood again, and Midas could eat his food like other people.

But the sand of the river sparkled like gold ever afterwards, and his daughter had beautiful golden hair the rest of her life.

THE WISE LITTLE PIG

In which we see that it is a wise pig that obeys his mother and provides against danger.

One time there was an old pig about to die, and she called her three little pigs to her and said:

"My children, I am going to die soon and leave you. You must each of you build a house so strong that the old wolf cannot tear it down and eat you." Each of the little pigs promised to do as his mother said, and then the old pig died.

The first little pig gathered straw from the farmer's field near by and built him a straw house, and daubed it with mud.

The second little pig gathered some wood from the farmer's wood pile, and built him a wood house and daubed it with wet moss.

The third little pig found some bricks under the barn and built him a brick house, and laid it in mortar and lime, just like the house of the pig keeper. Then all three little pigs went to housekeeping.

Pretty soon the old wolf began to spy around to see what had become of the little pigs after their mother's death. He came to the straw house of the first little pig and said:

"Little pig, little pig, please let me in, or I'll huff and I'll puff until I blow your house in."

But the little pig looked up out of his peep hole and said:

"No, no, no; not by the hairs on your chinny, chin, chin!"

Then the old wolf huffed and he puffed until he blew the house in, and then he ate up the first little pig.

Then the old wolf went to the house of the second little pig and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me in, or I'll huff and I'll puff till I blow your house in."

But the little pig looked up out of his peep hole and said:

"No, no, no; not by the hairs on your chinny, chin, chin."

Then the old wolf huffed and he puffed until he blew the wooden house in and ate up the second little pig.

Then the old wolf went to the house of the third little pig which was built of brick and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in, or I'll huff and I'll puff till I blow your house in."

But the little pig looked out of his peep hole and said:

"No, no, no; not by the hairs on your chinny, chin, chin."

Then the old wolf huffed and he puffed, but he could not blow the house down.

Then the old wolf started down the chimney to get the little pig, anyway. But the little pig built a fire and put on the big pot and filled it with water. So the old wolf fell into the boiling water and was scalded to death. Then the little pig ate the old wolf until there was nothing left but the bones.

THE BARMECIDE FEAST

One must play the game according to rules given him.

Once there was a rich old man who lived in a beautiful palace, surrounded by flower gardens. He was called the Barmecide. In the same town there was a very poor man who often went hungry because he had no money to buy food. His name was Shacabac.

One day Shacabac was hungrier than usual and decided to ask the Barmecide to help him. So he went up to the palace door and knocked and the servant said, "Come in, my master will be glad to see you."

Shacabac went in the palace, through rooms with beautiful furniture, and over soft carpets, and into a large hall when he saw an old man with a long beard. He knew this was the Barmecide, and so he bowed very low, and said, "I am very hungry, sir, and I have come to ask you to give me some food. I have not eaten for three days."

The Barmecide said, "My poor man, you must eat with me at once." Then he rang a bell and told the servant to bring water. The servant brought an empty bowl, and the Barmecide rubbed his hands as though there was plenty of water, and made Shacabac do likewise.

"Come now, we will have supper," said the Barmecide. So they sat down to a table on which there were no dishes and no food. The Barmecide pretended to carve a roast, and help poor Shacabac, who saw no food, and who was surprised to see the Barmecide eating heartily when nothing appeared to go into his mouth. But Shacabac was not to be outdone, so he pretended to eat also and praised the roast as the finest he had ever tasted.

"Now for some roast goose, and apple sauce," said the Barmecide. And that was eaten in the same way as the roast meat. Then the servant pretended to hand around green peas and honey and figs and other things that made Shacabac almost faint when he heard their names. But he chewed just as the Barmecide did, and swallowed and praised each thing as though he was enjoying the feast. This invisible feast was not very satisfying, but he smiled and ate on.

At last the Barmecide said, "Now we have finished our meal. Have you liked it?" To which Shacabac said, "It was very wonderful. I never ate so much in all my life." Then the Barmecide laughed and said, "You are a true sport, my friend, and the first man I have ever entertained who did not call me a madman."

Then he called for real food and all the things that he had pretended to eat came on in reality,

and he and Shacabac ate and laughed until late in the night. And Shacabac lived with the Barmecide ever afterwards, because he knew how to make the best of circumstances.

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES

Part One

If one possesses no unusual trait or talent, he deserves all the more consideration from his parents and companions.

Once upon a time there was a mother who had three daughters. One was called One-Eye, because she had only one eye. Another was called Three-Eyes because she had three eyes. The third daughter was like other people and had two eyes, so she was called Two-Eyes.

The mother was very fond of One-Eye and Three-Eyes, but she did not like Two-Eyes because she was just like other people. So Two-Eyes was made miserable and had all the hard work to do, and besides that she had only the scraps to eat.

Every day she had to take the goat to pasture. One day little Two-Eyes was in the meadow crying because she was very tired and hungry. A

strange old woman appeared and comforted her. The old woman was really a fairy, but Two-Eyes did not know that. The strange woman told Two-Eyes what to say when she was hungry.

The next day Two-Eyes was in the meadow again looking after the goat. She was very hungry, for there had been no scraps that day. She thought she would try the old woman's directions, so she said:

"Little kid, bleat; I wish to eat!"

Sure enough there stood before her a table, full of good things to eat. When she had eaten all she cared for, she said:

"Little kid, bleat; clear away the meat."

When she said this, the table disappeared.

After this Two-Eyes did not touch the scraps left for her. Every day she said the little rhymes and got all the food she needed. Her mother noticed that she did not eat the scraps and thought some one must be feeding Two-Eyes in the meadow. So to find out the truth she sent One-Eye with Two-Eyes.

One-Eye was not used to such a long walk, so she sat down to rest and soon fell asleep. So she knew nothing of what happened.

The next day the mother sent Three-Eyes with Two-Eyes to the meadow. When she rested only two of her eyes were asleep, although she pretended that the third was asleep, too. As

soon as Two-Eyes thought she was asleep, she said:

"Little kid bleat; I wish to eat."

Then the table appeared, and Two-Eyes ate all she wished. When she had finished eating, she said:

"Little kid bleat; take away the meat."

Then the table disappeared as before. But Three-Eyes had been watching with one eye, and had heard and seen everything.

When they reached home Three-Eyes reported everything to her mother. The mother was so angry that she killed the goat, and poor little Two-Eyes had to go back to eating scraps after all.

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES

Part Two

Injustice and neglect frequently react upon those guilty of it, and the things we despise at first often prove most valuable.

When Two-Eyes saw her mother kill the goat, she went out into the meadow crying. The old woman stood before her again. She told Two-Eyes to go home, take the goat's head, bury it before the door, and she would have good luck.

Two-Eyes went home, and that night after the others were asleep she took the goat's head and buried it as she was told. The next morning there stood before the door a wonderful tree with leaves of silver and fruit of gold. Everybody was very much amazed to see such a tree grow up in one night.

One-Eye tried to gather some of the fruit, but she could not break off a single branch. Then Three-Eyes tried, but she was not any more successful. The mother herself climbed the tree, but could do no better. Then, Two-Eyes climbed the tree and gathered a whole apronful of the fruit. The others were astonished that so ordinary a creature as Two-Eyes could gather the fruit when they could not even break a branch from the tree.

While they were all standing under the tree a prince rode by. The sisters were ashamed of Two-Eyes and quickly hid her under a basket. When the prince came by he admired this beautiful tree. He promised to grant any wish to the one who would give him a branch of this wonderful tree.

One-Eye and Three-Eyes each tried to get a branch of the tree, but in vain. Just then Two-Eyes rolled some apples from under the basket. The prince was astonished, and asked who was under the basket. Two-Eyes crept from under

the basket. The prince asked her to break off a branch for him. Two-Eyes reached up and with little trouble broke off a branch and gave it to him. Then Two-Eyes told the prince how she had been treated by her mother and her sisters, and said she wished to be taken away, so that she might be happy.

The prince lifted her upon his horse and rode home with her to his father's castle. The two sisters could hardly conceal their anger and mortification. They thought, however, that they would still have the wonderful tree, but the next morning the tree had disappeared.

As Two-Eyes looked out of her window in the castle, she saw that the tree had followed her to her new home. Every day she gathered silver leaves and golden fruit. Nobody could gather them but herself, but she gave them all to the prince.

By and by, the prince fell in love with Two-Eyes and married her. They lived long and were very happy. One day there came to her castle two women begging. She knew at once by their eyes that they were her sisters. As soon as she saw them and noticed how poor they were, she made them come in and fed them and sent them back after her mother. After that they all lived together very happily, for Two-Eyes forgave them their unkind treatment.

THE PROUD KING

Part One

Even kings should have other motives than merely to wear fine clothes.

There was once a king who was so proud of himself that he thought all the earth was just made for him to live on. He called himself the emperor, and lay awake at night thinking how great he was. Of course everybody agreed to this and that made him worse than ever.

One day while the proud king was bathing in a great lake, a man who looked exactly like him came along and took the king's clothes, and left his own poor clothing in its place. When the king came to the shore he found his own clothes gone, and all his attendants ridden away. He was in a great rage, but he had to put on the poor clothing he found on the banks of the lake, and walked like any ordinary man up to a knight's castle.

He beat on the gate and called aloud. The porter opened the gate and said:

"What do you mean by all this noise? Get away from here, you dirty fellow!" This put the king in a great rage, and he called out:

"You rascal! I am the emperor himself, and

I shall have you put in prison for your insolence. Go! summon your master at once."

The porter laughed in the king's face and flung the gate shut and went off to the servants' quarters to tell them the story of the old man in rage who claimed to be the emperor. At this they all laughed and thought it was a good joke.

The king then went away and came to the house of a duke. He knocked at the duke's gate three times. The porter opened it and said:

"What do you wish here? Why do you not go to the servant's gate?" The king said:

"Tell your master the emperor awaits without and would speak with him." The porter was amazed at this, but being a duke's servant he went at once and called his master to the gate to hear what the man said.

The duke came to the gate. The king cried out:

"Duke, do you not know me? I am the emperor. This morning I was bathing in the lake and some one stole my clothes, and left these I have on. Open the door that I may come in!"

But the duke shook his head: "You are a madman to say that; the emperor is now in my castle and is at dinner. He was in bathing, but he came out and joined us afterwards. Now you must be gone or I shall lock you up in my prison."

The king was so angry that he jumped at the duke to choke him, but the attendants seized him and soon had him locked up in prison to think over the change that had come over his fortune by a mere change of clothes.

THE PROUD KING

Part Two

A real king is greater than his crown, and a real man is more than his clothes.

The king had now time to think it all over. Here he was no king at all, just because some one had stolen his clothes.

"Is that the only difference between a king and a beggar?" said he. And he sat all night with his head between his knees thinking how proud he had been.

Early in the morning he stood up and saw that the prison door was open. He walked out and down the road and came to his own palace. The porter did not know him and would not let him pass.

"But," said the king, "I am your emperor; I am your master. Let me pass!" The porter was a strong man and held the gate tight shut.

"The emperor indeed!" he replied. "Come here and I will show you the emperor." Then

taking the king by the arm he led him to the door of a great hall where there were many people together. He saw an emperor seated on the throne and by his side was the queen.

"Let me go to see her!" cried the unhappy king. "She will know me!" and he tried to break away. The noise was heard in the hall and the lord and ladies came out to see what was the matter. Now the emperor and the queen came out also and looked at the strange man who said he was the emperor. When the poor king saw his wife he called out:

"Do you not know me? I am your husband —I am the real emperor! These clothes are not mine, nor are those clothes his!" and the real king fell down on the ground in great distress, and began to tear the rags from his body.

"Out with him! Beat him! Put his eyes out!" they began to cry, and soon the poor king was thrust out of his own grounds and wandered on down the road. He came to the very spot on the banks of the lake where he had bathed. He was cold and hungry and very miserable. He knelt on the ground and beat his breast.

"I am no emperor—no real emperor—I am just a sinful proud man and do not deserve to be king. God forgive me for my pride!"

Then he looked round and behold! there were his real king's clothes again. There was his own

horse and the duke and all his attendants waiting for him. He put on his clothes and rode up to the palace where the queen met him and kissed him.

"Welcome home, my lord and husband!" said she.

There stood the man the king had seen in his place, but he was now dressed in white. Nobody saw him but the king. He said:

"I am the good angel of thy kingdom. Only the humble are fit to rule. I give thee thy place again," and the man vanished. The king bowed very low, and afterwards was a just and humble ruler of his people.

THE GOLD GIRL AND THE TAR GIRL

In which a kind hearted and obedient girl found reward.

Once a woman had two daughters. One was her own daughter and the other was her step-daughter. She was good to her own daughter, but she made her step-daughter sit by the road-side and spin all day.

One day while she was spinning she picked the blood out of her finger with the spindle. She told her step-mother, and her step-mother said: "You go to the well and wash the blood off, and

go back to work. You pick your finger to keep from working."

While the little girl was washing her finger she dropped the spindle down in the well. Her step-mother was very angry and told her to go down in the well and get it.

The child was afraid, but she was compelled to go. So she closed her eyes and jumped in. She went down and down. Finally she opened her eyes and found that she was in a beautiful meadow.

She began walking and came to an apple tree. The tree said to her: "Little girl, shake me, I am so full of apples." So the little girl shook the tree and walked on.

She came to some bread in an oven. The bread said: "Little girl, take me out; I am about to burn up." So she took the bread out of the oven and walked on.

Finally she came to an ugly old woman whose name was Mother Frost. She said: "Little girl, come and live with me; you will not have anything to do but make my bed. It will have to be made well every morning." The little girl said she would be glad to live with her.

She stayed with Mother Frost a long time, but after a while she decided to go home. Mother Frost led her to a gate. On one post was a bucket of gold, on the other a bucket of tar.

When the little girl passed through the gate, the bucket of gold fell and covered her all over with gold.

When she reached her own yard an old rooster on the fence said: "Cock-a-doodle-doo, our golden girl has come home."

The woman's own daughter decided she wanted some gold, too. So she went out and began spinning. She picked her finger with the spindle, threw it in the well and jumped in after it.

She came to the apple tree and refused to shake it; she came to the oven and refused to take the bread out; she met Mother Frost and lived with her a little while, but would not make her bed.

When she decided to go home, Mother Frost led her to the same gate. When she passed through the bucket of tar fell and covered her all over with tar.

When she reached her own yard, the old rooster on the fence said: "Cock-a-doodle-doo, our tar girl has come home."

THE LOOKING-GLASS WITCH

We should make every effort to overcome in childhood any habit, which if allowed to grow, will exert a bad influence on our later life.

There was once a little girl, named Gretchen, who was a very nice little girl most of the time. When she smiled everybody thought she was pretty. But she often got very mad, and when she was angry her face was so ugly that it scared people to look at her.

She was no longer pretty little Gretchen, but her face was all covered with wrinkles and frowns, and her eyes turned green. All the children were afraid of her, and even the animals ran away when she came near. "You can never tell when Gretchen is going to get mad," they would say. Her mother grieved over her, but it did no good. She wondered what she could do to cure this bad habit of her little daughter.

One day as her mother was slowly walking along wondering how to help her little daughter she heard a soft voice say: "I will help you."

Looking down on the side of the path she saw a tiny old woman following her as she walked along. She wondered what the old woman was going to do, but she could get no answers to her questions except: "Wait and see."

"What kind of an old woman are you?" asked Gretchen's mother.

"I am called the looking-glass witch," answered the old woman. "I make people see themselves as others see them. Sometimes they look very pretty, and sometimes they look very ugly."

Gretchen met her mother at the gate: She was dressed ready for a party, and with a basket of roses in her hand. She looked very pretty indeed. The mother stooped to kiss her little girl. The basket fell and all the roses spilled out on the ground. Quicker than thought Gretchen's face began to change. She got very angry. She no longer smiled, but began to frown and wrinkle her face with rage. Her eyes turned green instead of blue, and her face was red and spotted. Then the old woman stepped out from behind Gretchen's mother and faced the angry child.

"Oh, Gretchen, Gretchen, look!" cried the mother.

There upon the lawn stood the ugliest old woman that Gretchen had ever seen. Her eyes were large mirrors, and in each one Gretchen saw herself, only she was very ugly. Her hair was stiff and black, and on each strand danced a horrid imp. They each held a mirror in which seemed to be an ugly Gretchen mocking her.

"Oh, mother!" cried the little girl, as she hid behind her mother's skirt, "I am not so ugly as that, am I?"

"Yes, you are," cried the old woman, "and you will grow uglier and uglier if you do not stop getting so mad." And with this the old woman vanished.

But the lesson was learned, and ever after when Gretchen started to get mad she thought of the looking-glass witch and changed her mind.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

Part One

Some of the greatest men in the world have started from humble beginnings.

Dick Whittington had been brought up in a poorhouse. He did not even know who his parents were. He was so cruelly treated that he ran away, and started for London. On the way he met a man driving a cart and begged for a ride. The man told him that if he would rub down his horse at night he might ride and besides would earn his supper. And so they came into the great town of London.

Dick trudged for two whole days looking for work. At last he came to the house of a mer-

chant in Leadenhall Street. The cook called out to him to "Go away, or I'll kick you away." And then poor Dick crept away and lay down on the ground, for he was weak from hunger. The merchant himself came home and saw Dick lying on the ground and told him to get up and move away. Dick got up and fell down again from weakness. Mr. Fitzwarren, the merchant, saw that Dick was sick and weak and took pity on him. He brought him into the house and bade the servant look after him. Dick had a room in the garret and was made to help the cook.

"Look sharp! Wash all the pans, make the fires, and do all the work around the kitchen, or I shall beat you with my ladle," said the cook. The only comfort Dick had was the kindness of his master's daughter. Her father had told her about him, and she sent for him and heard all his story.

"You poor little boy!" said she. "I am sure you can be very useful."

Dick lived in the garret and the rats ran all over him at night. If only he had a cat to catch the rats, he thought he might be better off. One day a friend of the merchant's gave Dick a penny for blacking his shoes. That day he met an old woman on the street with a cat under her arm.

"I will give you a penny for your cat," said Dick, and the old woman sold him the cat. Be-

fore long the cat had caught all the rats in the garret and Dick could sleep in peace.

Now Mr. Fitzwarren sent out a ship to trade along the coast of Africa, and all the servants were allowed to send something in the ship to be sold. Poor Dick had nothing to send, and all the servants laughed at him. But Mistress Alice, the merchant's daughter, spoke kindly and said: "Dick, why not send your cat?"

Dick hated to give up his cat, but he finally sent her along in the ship. The servants made his life very miserable by laughing at him all the time because he had only a cat to send. Dick could stand it no longer, so he decided to leave the house and seek his fortune elsewhere. The cat started out on her voyage in the merchant's ship, and Dick was very lonesome. We shall see to-morrow what happened to the cat and what happened to Dick too.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

Part Two

He is a wise boy that obeys the bells calling him back to his work and his destiny.

Dick packed his bundle and set out to seek his fortune. He left early in the morning and wandered into the fields and sat down to rest.

Just then the Bow Bells, that is the bells in the church in Bow Street, began to ring. Dick fancied they said to him:

"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

Indeed he was so sure of it that he rose from his seat on the ground and went straight back to the merchant's house, and took up work again. But all day he thought he could hear the bell calling him.

The ship which carried Dick's cat had sailed long ago, and was driven by storms to the Barbary coast. This was a new place for a ship to come to, and the people gladly bought all the wares that the ship had to sell. Then the king invited the captain to dine with him. The dinner was spread on the ground, and everybody sat around cross-legged to eat. But the rats came in crowds and ran over the table and carried away the food.

"I would give the value of all your cargo to get rid of these rats," said the king to the captain.

Now the captain thought of Dick's cat, and told the king he had a rat-catching animal on board the ship that he would lend him.

"I will load your ship with gold if you will give me such a beast," answered the king eagerly. So the captain brought out Dick's cat and he

began to chase the rats and catch them by the neck and shake them to death until he had a pile of them as big as a barrel. It was great fun for the king to see the cat killing the rats so fast. He then gave the captain a great store of gold and precious stones in exchange for the cat.

The ship sailed home and the captain brought the money for the cargo, and for the things that the servants had sent, and last of all told about Dick's cat and showed the great box of gold and precious stones.

Dick was now a well grown and strong young man. Mr. Fitzwarren was surprised how well he appeared before him, and said:

"This is all for you, Dick, every penny of it. You are now a young man and a very fine looking one, too," and he handed him the key to the box of gold and jewels. "And," added Mr. Fitzwarren, "I see in you a great merchant some day." Dick bowed low to the merchant and then turned to his daughter and said:

"Mistress Alice, you have been very kind to me, and some day I should like to make you my wife."

And so it all happened. Dick became the Lord Mayor of London, just as the Bow Bells said he would be, and he married Mistress Alice and they lived very happy in the palace for many years. The best part of it all is that the most of this story is true.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH

Showing how the Lord destroyed two wicked cities and punished a disobedient woman.

Sodom and Gomorrah were two very wicked cities in Palestine. The people worshipped idols and did many other evil things in the sight of the Lord. Therefore, the Lord said He would destroy these cities off the face of the earth.

Abraham said: "Wilt thou destroy the righteous with the wicked? If there be fifty righteous in the city wilt thou spare the place?" And the Lord said He would spare the place for the sake of fifty righteous men.

Then Abraham said: "If there be forty and five righteous within the city, wilt thou spare the place?" And the Lord said He would spare the place for the sake of forty-five righteous.

Then Abraham said: "If there be forty righteous within the city wilt thou spare the place?" And the Lord said He would spare the place for the sake of forty righteous.

Then Abraham said: "If there be thirty righteous within the city, wilt thou spare the place?" And the Lord promised to spare the place for the sake of thirty righteous.

And then Abraham asked for the sake of

twenty, and then for the sake of ten, and the Lord promised that even for the sake of ten righteous people He would not destroy Sodom and Gomorrah.

But the ten could not be found in all the two cities.

Now Lot and his wife and his two daughters lived in Sodom. Lot was a good man and sat one day at the gate and saw two men approaching. Not knowing that they were angels, Lot made them come into his house and put food before them and pressed them to lie down and rest. The people of Sodom seeing Lot do this, came to his home and called for the two men to do them harm, but Lot shut the door and ordered them to go away. Instead of doing this they beat upon the door and came near breaking it down; and then the men, who were angels in disguise, put forth their hands and smote the people with blindness, both large and small, so that they could not find their way from Lot's home.

Then the angels told Lot to gather all his family, his wife and daughters and sons-in-law and to escape from Sodom, but his sons-in-law laughed at him and refused to move from the wicked city. Then Lot took his wife and his two daughters and prepared to flee. The angels brought them forth from the city and said:

"Escape for your lives; look not behind you;

neither stay on the plain, but escape to the mountains, lest ye be consumed."

Then the Lord rained fire and brimstone upon Sodom and Gomorrah—both cities with all the people in them, and they were utterly destroyed. But Lot's wife, eager to see what was going on behind her, turned and looked back, and behold! she was changed into a pillar of salt. So Lot and his two daughters fled to the mountains alone, and the two cities were nothing but smoking ruins.

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

(April 21st)

The founder of the kindergarten and the lover of little children.

To-day we will learn about Friedrich Froebel who loved little children so much that more than a hundred years ago he started a kindergarten.

Froebel was a very poor little boy and when he was very small he had no playmates but the flowers in the old garden of his home. He loved these flowers very dearly and called them his children. He would tell them "Good morning," and then "Good Night." It seemed that the flowers were playing with each other, and sometimes talking to one another.

The little pink and white border flowers would say:

"I wonder where little Friedrich is this morning?" Then the old red rose would say: "Never mind! he never forgets us. He will be here soon."

The doves in the garden would flutter round his head and light on his shoulders. Even the mother-bird would let him hold her little birds in his hand. When Friedrich came into the garden he always brought something for the birds to eat. They would cry out:

"Here comes Friedrich with our breakfast!" and fly over to meet him.

Friedrich had no mother to teach him, but he had a big strong brother who was very good to him. This big brother would take little Friedrich out in the meadows, and tell him stories about the bugs and the bees and the flowers. Then about the fairies and the giants and the underground people. Friedrich loved these stories very much and never forgot them.

When he grew bigger and went to school it was very hard to sit on a bench all day and look at a book—especially where there were no pictures in it at all, and the school master was very stern.

"Dear me!" thought Froebel. "This is a very stupid way to learn. I wish I could see some

pictures, and hear some stories and do something with my hands, and sometimes play a little—I am so tired of this old bench!"

Froebel never forgot how tired he was and how stupid the book was. When he became a man he thought about his garden and he thought about his school, and he said:

"I will make me a child garden, and the children shall grow in it like the flowers and the doves at home."

So he made a school like that and called it Kindergarten, which is the German way of saying "Child Garden," just as we say flower garden, or vegetable garden. Then the little children in Germany were just as happy as we are to-day, for now they could see pictures and play games, and hear stories and make things with their hands. They could grow as the flowers and the birds grow.

DUMMLING'S REQUEST

Sometimes one is not so simple as he seems, and behind a foolish face may lie a very clever head.

Everybody thought Dummling was a simpleton. His older brothers were very clever, but Dummling's father thought he was too foolish to

bother with. So everybody let him alone except his mother.

When Dummling was fifteen years old his father grew tired of supporting him, and gave him twenty shillings and told him to go out in the world and seek his fortune. Dummling kissed his mother, took the twenty shillings and went on down the road jingling the money in his pocket.

It made a merry sound, and Dummling jingled it louder and louder, for he liked to hear the noise of money in his pocket. By and by he met a man carrying a basket of fish.

"What have you there?" asked Dummling.

"Nothing that you can buy," said the man; but when Dummling jingled his money the man stopped to listen. Then Dummling proposed to buy the fish for the twenty shillings. The man was so glad to get the money that he seized it and ran off leaving Dummling in the road with the fish and the basket, too.

"I shall take these fish and give them to the king," said Dummling; and taking up the basket he went on to town and came to the king's palace. He knocked at the gate and the porter came to open it.

"I have a present for the king," said Dummling, "let me pass at once." The porter was so impressed with Dummling's manner that he let

him by. As he went by the porter whispered to him:

"The king will give you something for your present, but you must give me half for letting you in."

"That I will, and very gladly," said Dummling, and went by.

Then he came to the chamberlain who also let him pass, saying: "You must give me half what the king gives you."

"That I will gladly," said Dummling, and went on in.

The king was seated on his throne, and the queen was sitting by him. When he saw Dummling he beckoned to him to bring his present. Dummling opened the basket and showed him the fine fish.

"Ah, very fine fish," said the king. "I am very fond of fish. What shall I give you for them, my young friend?"

"You may give me a hundred lashes for them," said Dummling. This was a very strange request, but the king ordered Dummling to be given the hundred lashes. Then Dummling told the king he had promised half his present to the porter, and the other half to the chamberlain. So the porter was brought in and given fifty lashes, and the chamberlain was brought in and given the other fifty lashes, to the great merriment of Dummling and all the court.

The king and queen thought Dummling was not so foolish after all, and made him live in the palace ever afterwards.

DUMMLING'S GOOSE

In which we find the strange adventure of the simple son.

Dummling was so simple that nobody thought he had much sense. His mother thought otherwise, however, and we shall see that she was right and everybody was wrong.

One day Dummling said to his father, "Let me go into the forest and cut some wood." His father agreed to this and gave him an ax. Dummling went into the forest and sat down to eat his lunch. He had just spread his basket when a little old man appeared and said, "Give me something to eat, I am very hungry."

Dummling divided his bread and sour beer with the little old man and they talked very merrily for a long time. Then the old man said, "Cut down the tree we are under and you will find something to your advantage." So Dummling cut down the tree and when it fell to the ground he saw a goose with gold feathers lying at the roots. He quickly picked up the goose and went to the inn to spend the night.

The next morning one of the landlord's daughters saw Dummling with the goose under his arm and tried to steal one of the gold feathers. But as soon as she touched the goose she stuck hard and fast. No matter how hard she tried she could not get loose.

Pretty soon another daughter came in and seeing her sister stuck to the goose she tried to pull her away by the shoulder. But as soon as she touched her sister she also stuck hard and fast. Then the third sister came in and seeing the two stuck to the goose she ran up and tried to pull her sister away by the dress, but she also stuck hard and fast. There they were, one right behind the other, and Dummling, paying no attention, marched out of the inn with the goose under his arm and the three girls behind him.

In the fields a parson met them. "You silly girls to follow that man! Come here at once," he cried and caught hold of the last sister, but he stuck, and the four moved on. Presently, came the clerk of the town and called out, "Parson, Parson, you are needed here to marry a couple," and tried to pull the parson by the sleeve, and then the clerk stuck fast, and all five moved on behind Dummling.

Before long two laborers saw the strange procession and said, "We must find out about this," and caught hold of the clerk, and then they stuck

tight and all of them moved into the next town where the king lived with his daughter.

The daughter was sick and sad and had not smiled or laughed for a year, but when she saw Dummling and the crowd following him she began to laugh. She laughed so loud that the goose cackled and a feather came out. Then everybody pulled loose from one another and they ran down the road as fast as they could.

But Dummling went to live with the king and whenever the king needed money, the goose cackled and dropped a gold feather, but another one soon grew in its place.

CINDERELLA

In which the poor little sister whom no one thought beautiful, becomes the wife of the prince.

Cinderella was a good girl who lived with her step-mother and her two sisters, who were unkind to her. The ugly sisters went to many parties and wore beautiful dresses; but Cinderella had nothing but rags and lived in a dark room. One night the sisters were going to the prince's ball, and Cinderella had to dress them. Her heart was almost broken because she wished to wear a beautiful dress.

Away went the sisters looking very grand and

never thinking of their sister crying at home. While Cinderella was weeping all alone in her dark room, some one came in—a lovely fairy who wore dainty slippers and a pointed cap, and who carried a wand. "I will see that you go to the prince's ball," said the fairy god-mother, and began waving her wand.

In a few minutes the pumpkin from the garden had been changed into a carriage. Two mice and two large rats from the pantry were changed into horses and coachmen. The little maid was changed from a cinder maid into a beautiful young girl in a lovely white dress, with silver stars in her hair, and a shining crown on her head. From the pocket of the god-mother came a dainty pair of glass slippers for her feet. She could go to the ball now. The only thing for her to remember was to be back before the clock struck twelve. At that hour she would be changed again to the cinder maid.

Cinderella went away to the ball promising her god-mother to be back on time. Many lovely maidens were found there dancing, but none so beautiful as Cinderella. The prince saw her and could think of no other. He danced with her many times and begged for her name, but this she would not tell.

The minutes flew by. Finally the big clock in the hall struck twelve. Down the steps she

flew, but it was too late. In her haste she lost a slipper on the steps which was picked up by the prince. As she ran her lovely clothes were again rags.

She walked home but was very tired when she reached there and sat in the cinders and cried. When her sisters came home they could talk of nothing but the beautiful maiden who came to the ball and danced with the prince.

The prince was very unhappy because he could not find the beautiful maiden. He kept the glass slipper and traveled the land over trying to find whose foot it fitted. The ugly sisters tried it on but it was entirely too small.

At last Cinderella spoke up and said, "Let me try on the slipper." The sisters laughed at her, but the prince insisted that she be allowed to try. When the slipper was put on her foot it fitted exactly. The prince then said, "You are the princess for whom I am looking." And so they were married and lived together in the great castle.

THE THREE LUCKY SONS

It matters little what we have to start with, the great thing to consider is what we shall do with it.

Once upon a time a man called his three sons to him and said: "My sons, I am getting old

and cannot long be with you; I have no gold, nor lands, nor houses to give you, but you shall have what I have left." So he gave one a cock, one a scythe, and one a cat. The oldest son took the cock and started out on his travels. Soon he came to a place where nobody had ever seen a cock.

"What can he do?" they all asked. The oldest son told them the cock would crow at certain hours, and was as good as a clock. He would call everybody an hour before sunrise, and if he crew in the daytime the weather would change.

All the people admired the cock and lay awake at night to hear him crow. The next day they asked what the cock was worth.

"Oh, as much gold as an ass can carry on his back," said the oldest son. "That is not much for so wonderful a creature," said they, and gave him the gold, and he went back home and showed his two brothers his fortune.

The second son went out with his scythe, and soon came to a place where the people had never seen a scythe. When the grain was ripe they would shoot down the stalks with a cannon, but sometimes they shot too high, and then again they often hit the ears and that made them lose a great deal of it.

"What can you do with that blade?" they asked him. Then the second son showed them

how he could cut down the grain with his scythe evenly and quickly and not lose even a stalk or an ear. "How wonderful!" they all exclaimed; and then they asked what the scythe was worth. "Oh, as much gold as a horse can carry on its back," said the second son. "That is not much for such a wonderful blade," said the people, and gave him the gold. He then went back to his brothers and showed them his fortune.

Now, the third son went out with his cat, and soon came to a place where the people had never seen a cat. But the mice danced over the tables and ate everything in the storehouses. They even bit the king's nose and ears while he was taking a nap.

"What can he do?" the people asked the third son. Then the third son told the cat to catch rats. Such a rat killing you have never seen. The cat killed a pile so big that it took a wagon to carry the rats away, and he did this in a few hours.

"What a wonderful creature! How much do you ask for him?" they asked. "Oh, as much gold as a mule can carry," said the third son. The people gave him the gold and he went back to his brothers and showed them his fortune. And so they left the cock crowing, the scythe cutting grain, and the cat catching rats, but the three sons kept the gold.

HESTER'S EASTER OFFERING

We often find our greatest joys in the sacrifice we make for others; especially when that other is a tired and care-worn mother.

Easter Eve was fast approaching. Hester could scarcely wait for the day to come, for she was in the class that had been asked to decorate the church for the Easter services. And then, Marian had invited the little helpers to tea with her afterwards.

Saturday, the anxiously expected day, arrived at last. Hester was up bright and early. There were many things to do before going to the church, for her mother gave her certain duties to perform each day.

On entering her mother's room she was distressed to see a very tired, care-worn expression on the sweet face.

"Why, mother, what is the trouble?" asked the little girl.

"Trouble enough, child," answered her mother. "Here are all those guests invited, telephone and door bell to answer, and Elsie with a sick baby wants to go home directly after dinner to be with her. But I just don't see how I can spare her. If only Agatha would help me, but she has her

practicing. Oh, dear! I just don't know what to do!"

Hester did not answer. She walked across the room and looked out of the window. From across the hall came the sweet sound of her sister's voice as she practiced her Easter anthems. Agatha's voice was beautiful. Hester stood listening with a very thoughtful expression on her young face. Suddenly she turned and came up to where her mother was standing and said:

"Couldn't I stay, mother, and answer the door bell and do other things? I feel sure I could, and then Elsie could go home to her baby."

"Why, child, of course you could; but I thought you were to help decorate, and then Marian has invited you to her house this afternoon, hasn't she?"

"Yes, mother, but I can give that up, and think how happy Elsie will be. May I run and tell her, mother?"

"You are a dear little girl," answered her mother. "I thought your heart was set on that Easter decorating. Yes—run along; I am sure Elsie will be grateful."

Elsie was very grateful indeed, and went away to her sick baby with a heart full of joy.

The next day at the Easter service all the girls were anxious to know how Hester could have stayed away and missed the party.

"I stayed because mother needed me," was all the child answered. But when the service was over the minister called her to him. In his hand he held a lily. He handed it to her, saying: "This flower, little girl, is for you—a token from the Master. You are like Him in giving up your own desires for the sake of others."

STORY OF THE JACKBEAN

The love of flowers and of growing things is an instinct that should be encouraged.

There were four beans growing in one pod. The sun shone and the rain fell. The pod grew and the beans grew. As they grew larger they thought more of what they must do.

"Shall we stay here always?" said one. "I feel that there is something outside of this pod."

Weeks passed. The pod became white and the beans brown. Then they felt a pull at the pod. Crack! the pod opened and the four beans rolled out into the sunshine. They lay in a little boy's hand.

"Now we are in the world sure enough and we shall see what will happen," said the beans. The little boy put one bean into his pea shooter and away it went into the gutter to be washed away by the rain. Another bean went up into the air

and fell into a chicken yard, where the old hen promptly ate it. Still another bean fell into the street and a wagon rolled over it. And that is what happened to three beans.

But let us see about the fourth bean. The little boy was passing a house where a poor woman lived with her sick daughter. The woman went to work every day, but the girl had to stay in bed all the time. It was very lonesome all day in bed and mother away at work. The little boy shot his pea shooter with the bean in it, and the bean fell into a bed of soft moss right under the sick girl's window.

One morning when the sun peeped into the window of her room the little sick child cried: "Look out of the window, mother! What can that green thing be?" The mother went to the window.

"Oh," said she, "that is a little bean, it has taken root and is putting out its green leaves." Then she moved the little girl's bed to the window and went off to work. The child was happy every day watching the vine climb higher and higher until it reached the window sill and she could touch it with her hand.

A week later the sick child sat up in the sunshine a whole hour. The window was open and just outside was the little vine covered with white blossoms.

The mother felt that her daughter would get well. The child kissed the beautiful flowers. "I wonder from where the little bean came," said the little girl.

"Our heavenly father planted that bean," said the mother. "He has made it grow to be a joy to you and me." The child folded her hands over the blossoms and said: "Oh, I will not mind being sick if I can have a little flower like this to watch every day."

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

We carry our own good luck with us in the way we do our work.

There once lived a most discontented old man. He never had any luck, or at least that is what he said. He was the laziest man you ever knew. His barn burned down because he dropped a match on the hay, and was too lazy to pick it up. A fox stole his chickens because he was too lazy to fix the chicken house. His horse went lame because he was too lazy to get a new shoe. Things grew worse instead of better. The old man could stand it no longer, so he said to his friends:

"I must go into the world to seek my fortune. There is no luck here for me."

So he tied up a few things, put them on his back and walked to the nearest town. He soon found work, but he was so lazy that he lost his job. He wandered from town to town in search of his fortune, but all in vain. Things grew worse; his clothes were ragged and his shoes wore out.

"Oh, well," he said to himself, "this is no better than at home, and besides I have a house in which to sleep." So back he tramped until he reached his old home.

He hardly knew his old place, he had been gone so long. When he reached the doorsteps of the house he sat down to rest. "I don't believe there is any luck in all the world," he said.

"Oh, yes, there is," said a voice. He thought he was all alone, but when he looked up there stood a fairy. "I am the good luck fairy," she said, "I have been watching you for a long time. Now I have come to give you one more chance to have good luck."

"Give it to me," said the man, "I will do as you say."

"Very well, then. There are three things you must do if you would have good luck come and stay with you.

"See this clover," said she, pointing down to some clover that grew by the door step; "it has three leaves. Each leaf tells you something.

The first says, 'Be Careful'; the second says, 'Be Honest'; and the third says, 'Be Busy.' "

The fairy touched the clover with her wand and another leaf grew out. "Look," she said, "there is a fourth leaf now. It is for luck."

Then the fairy disappeared. He looked down at the clover, and there was a four-leaf clover among the others. He stooped and picked it and touching each leaf he said to himself: "Be careful; be honest; be busy; good luck." This was his good luck and he intended to obey it. He went about his work, doing his very best, and from that he always had good luck.

THE TRAVELING MUSICIANS

One is never too old to take care of himself, provided he keeps his wits ready and active.

An old mule had been turned out of the farmer's yard because he was too old to work. He said: "I think I shall go to the city and earn my living as a musician; people like to hear me bray." And so off he set for town. On the way he met an old dog.

"Come, join me, my friend," said the mule. "I am going to the city to be a musician. You can bark, and so we can earn a living."

The dog joined him gladly and they went on until they saw an old cat on the fence.

"You had better come with us," said the mule. "We are going to the city to be musicians. You can sing very well at night." The cat agreed and they all three went along the road until they came to an old rooster up in a tree. The rooster had been told that he was to be killed the next day for dinner.

"Bless me!" said the dog and the cat. "Why be killed when you can go to the city with us and earn your living as a musician? Come along! And that will make four of us—quite a band!"

And so they all went along. The mule, the dog, the cat and the rooster, until it grew dark, and they came to a big house in the woods, all lighted up and shining through the windows. The dog got on the mule's back, the cat on the dog's back, and the rooster on the cat's back. Then the rooster looked through the window and said:

"I see a lot of robbers having a great feast. We are all very hungry, and now, let the band play." With that the mule brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed. The robbers were so frightened that they ran out of the house and into the woods, thinking the soldiers had come to arrest them.

Then the travelers went in and ate the feast until they were quite full. They were tired by

this time and very sleepy, so they put the lights out and the mule lay down on some straw in the yard; the dog went to sleep behind the door; the cat crawled up on the hearth; and the rooster flew up in a tree. Before long one of the robbers came back to see what happened. He went up to the hearth to light his torch when the cat jumped at him and scratched his face. As he ran the dog bit him on the foot; the mule kicked him on the leg; the rooster crowed at him as loud as it could.

When he reached his companions he said that a witch had scratched his face, that a man had cut him on the foot with a knife, and another had hit him on the leg with a club, and that the judge on top of the house had cried: "Throw the rascal up to me."

The robbers were so alarmed that they never went back, and so far as we know the musicians are still living in that house.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID

In choosing our companions it is well to consider their character and not their clothes.

Once upon a time there was a rich king named King Cophetua. He had a wonderful palace,

ate from gold and silver dishes and slept on a bed of solid ivory. He was a young king and very fair to look upon, but he was not spoiled by his riches or by his power. He was kind to his subjects and was just in all his dealings.

The only thing he lacked to make him happy was a wife. With all his wealth he was lonely. The people wished him to get a wife, so they were searching everywhere for a princess suitable for the young king. But none could be found. Some were very ugly, and some were cross and high-tempered. Some were very vain and so silly that they giggled aloud every time the king's name was mentioned.

King Cophetua did not seem to care. He had seen so much of foolish princesses that he came to dislike their vain ways. He said to the wise men of his court:

"I shall never marry until I find a young woman very beautiful and very good. If she is a princess all the better—but I would marry her were she as poor as a beggar."

One day as the king and his nobles were riding through the country on a hunt, there stood by the roadside an old man who was blind. By his side was his daughter. Very poor they were and dressed in the cheapest clothes. They were beggars, for the man was blind and his daughter could not leave him to work.

King Cophetua tossed the old man a gold coin. The girl looked up to thank him and he caught sight of her face. It was a beautiful face, and the king was much astonished. He stopped his horse and dismounted.

"What is your name?" he asked the young girl.

"My name is Penelophon," she replied, not knowing she was speaking to the king, and smiled very sweetly.

The king took her hand and looked into her face again. Then he asked her many questions about herself and her father, and she gave such truthful and beautiful answers, that the king was more and more attracted by her manners and her lovely face.

"I am looking for a wife, and I want you to marry me," said the young king at last.

She looked up at him for a long time and then slowly said: "Yes, I will marry you. But you must take my father, too," and still she did not know he was the young king.

The king then cried: "I will care for you both," and then he called to his followers:

"Back to the palace and prepare for my marriage. She is no beggar maid from this on, but a princess who is to be my wife."

The people were all surprised at first, but when they saw Penelophon, they shouted with

joy. There was a great marriage and King Cophetua and his wife lived many years very happily.

THE KIND-HEARTED POLICEMAN

A policeman is the friend of those in need of protection.

Mary and Ellen were two little sisters who lived in a town in sunny England. They loved to wander outside of town in the meadows and gather buttercups and daisies. One day they wandered farther than they had ever been before. They had found such a beautiful land where the wild roses and the hawthorn bushes were white and fragrant, and full of the songs of birds. Just out of reach could be seen a tiny nest, and the children wondered if there were any eggs in it. On and on they wandered, their arms full of bright blossoms.

All at once Mary happened to think of something she had heard some boys say, that "the gypsies were about." This thought sent a thrill of fear over her, for had she not heard that the gypsies would steal little children?

"Oh, sister, let us go back," cried Mary. "I'm afraid of the gypsies." So the children took hands and ran back towards the city. They no

longer cared to gather flowers they passed, and the fluttering of a bird among the bushes almost made their hearts stand still, so afraid were they that it might be the gypsies trying to catch them.

At last they reached the town and after walking past many houses they saw that they must have taken the wrong street for everything looked so strange. They were very lonely, and tired, so they sat on the curbing to rest. The day was warm and little Ellen was soon fast asleep against her sister's shoulder. Mary sat still thinking, wondering how they could find their way home, when who should come round a corner but a policeman.

Now, a policeman, Mary thought, was as bad if not worse than a gypsy, for policemen always locked people up. Suppose he should lock them up. Poor Mary was afraid to look up until she heard a cheery voice say: "Hello, little tots! better run home!" Then she looked into the smiling face and kind eyes of the policeman, and her fears all vanished. She told him they were lost, and to please not to lock them up this time, for they would never go so far from home again.

Well, the big man laughed and laughed and said: "All right! come on, let's find mother." He took the poor little sleepy Ellen up in his arms, and taking Mary by the hand started off. Mary told him they lived on Durby Street and

that their father's name was Benton. Soon things began to look familiar, and soon they reached the dear home. Mother was very anxious about them and had just sent word to the police for help in finding the children. They were all very grateful to the kind policeman for bringing them safely home, for they had learned that he is a very good friend indeed.

THREE LITTLE GOLDFISH

The only safety lies in doing as one is told by those who know what is best.

Once upon a time there were three little goldfish who lived in a cool pond. This little pond was divided from the lake by a lattice work. Every day the master came to feed the goldfish and caution them not to swim too near the bank and never go near the lattice work, but to stay at the bottom of the pond until he came.

Now, when the master was gone the little goldfish at the bottom of the pond talked together. They did not want to play down under the water so long.

The first little goldfish said, "I like the sunshine, and I like to hear the birds sing and I like to hear the winds blow. It looks lovely to me to swim near the shore and see the pebbles and

the sand. I see no harm in it, and I am not going to stay down deep in the water. The master does not know."

The second little goldfish said, "I want to go on the other side of the lattice. I see some fish over there. I wish to visit and talk, too. They can tell me things I need to know. I do not like this deep pond anyway. The master does not know."

The third little goldfish said, "You should do as the master says, and I advise you to stay here. I am not going to swim near the bank, nor go beyond that lattice. The master knows."

So the first little goldfish rose to the top and swam near the bank, and then he jumped right out of the water on to the sand where he lay until the sun parched him.

The second little goldfish floated down to the lattice work where the current was so swift it carried him through into the lake where a big fish swallowed him.

The third little goldfish remained under the water, and the next morning when the master came there was only one little goldfish to be fed.

"Where are the others?" asked the master.

"I do not know," said the little goldfish. "One of them said he was going to swim in the sunshine, and the other said he was going to dart through the lattice."

The master looked along the bank and found the body of the poor little goldfish where he had dried up in the hot sun. He then looked in the big lake and saw an old fish who looked like he had just eaten breakfast.

"I think I have lost two little goldfish because they would not do as I told them to do," said the master.

The other little goldfish ate his fish bread and went back to the bottom of the pond to think over the results of the disobedience of his companions.

WAX WINGS

One should be careful not to fly too high.

A long time ago there lived a man named Daedalus who was such a genius that he could make anything. The king of the country became angry and jealous because Daedalus could do so many wonderful things, and so he shut him up in a tower and kept him prisoner on an island out in the ocean. He shut up his little son, Icarus, along with his father.

This was a foolish thing to do for it should be the part of all wise kings to encourage their subjects to invent things, and to use them for the good of the others. But this was a foolish king, and so he put the inventor in prison.

Daedalus easily escaped from the prison, but he did not see how he could escape from the island because the king allowed no ships to take on passengers there. Daedalus decided to fly away like the birds he saw skimming along the waters and then high up in the air.

He made a frame of wood and fastened feathers on it with wax. He then fitted it on his back and made it to work like birds' wings. He made another small one for Icarus and fitted it on his back. They practiced flying on the island and would fly from one hill to another until they had learned how to manage their wings. They were then ready to fly away over the sea.

Daedalus and Icarus went to the top of a hill, and putting the wings on their shoulders they jumped off and began to fly. Daedalus called to Icarus to fly low and keep close, and away they went over the water and up into the air.

It was very wonderful to fly like the birds. The blue water underneath sparkled; the fishermen looked up astonished; rowers stopped their boats to see the strange sight. Soon they came to the land, but they kept on flying. Farmers stopped plowing, and cattle ran round in the field. Hunters shot arrows as Daedalus and Icarus flew along over their heads. Then they flew over a great lake.

Icarus forgot the directions of his father and

flew higher and higher. "Do not fly so high, Icarus," called out his father, "it is dangerous. You are too young to trust yourself to such high places."

But Icarus called back, "I can take care of myself," and flew on higher and higher. At last he came close to the sun, and all the wax melted off his feathers and they began to drop off. One by one they fell until only the frame was left. Then Icarus began to fall, and he fell and fell until he dropped right into the water—and that was the end of Icarus!

But Daedalus who had kept away from the sun flew on and landed in his own country.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE

In which we see that comfort in safety is better than luxury in fear.

Brownie was a little mouse who lived in the country. His home was an old hollow log, but it seemed a mansion to Brownie who was happy all day long playing in the woods and green fields.

Now Brownie had a cousin named Ringtail who lived in the city and one day he came out to see Brownie. They went for a long walk

through the woods and came home just in time for dinner. Brownie was afraid there would not be enough for two, so he only nibbled on an acorn while Ringtail had green peas, an ear of corn, and a big red apple. But much to Brownie's surprise he did not seem to enjoy his dinner, and when he had finished the city mouse said:

"My cousin, how can you live in this stupid place, with nothing to eat, and nothing to see but woods and bare fields? Come with me to my home in the city and I will show you what real life is. When once you see my beautiful home you will never be content to live in this place again."

So Brownie went with his cousin. It was night when they reached the huge house in whose garret Ringtail made his home. The city mouse then showed his country cousin what a nice bed he had out of some old clothes that had been put in a chest. He then led him to the pantry and showed him the cold meats, and cheese, and the bread that were on the shelves. "Now, this is what I call real life," said Ringtail. "Come, let us go into the dining-room where we will eat."

They then slipped through a crack in the door and found themselves in the dining-room. On the table they found cake and fruit and were preparing to make a feast when suddenly the door opened and in walked the cook. The mice

jumped off the table and ran into a hole in the floor. Poor little Brownie was so frightened that he could almost hear his heart beat.

But finally their hunger conquered fear, and when everything grew quiet again they slipped into the kitchen. There they found a bowl of fresh cheese and were helping themselves to it when they saw two great bright eyes near them.

"Run, cousin! Run!" cried Ringtail. "It is the cat!"

Brownie needed no second warning, and they ran as fast as their little legs could carry them. When they reached a safe distance Brownie found his voice and said:

"Good-by, cousin! I'm going back home. If living in fear is what you call real life I do not care to know it. I prefer my quiet home where the birds sing while I eat my corn, better than your beautiful home with its cake and dangers."

JULIA'S PRESENCE OF MIND

It is well to know what to do in case of fire.

Julia lived with her mother in an old-fashioned house on the edge of the town. Her mother was a widow and worked at the village store, while Julia stayed at home and took care of her little sister. Her mother trusted her and felt that her

little one was safe so long as Julia had her in charge.

Julia would read to her little sister out of her story books, then she would tell her fairy tales, and talk to her about obeying her mother, and growing up to be a good girl. She never told her ghost stories or any stories to frighten her, and never let her be afraid of the dark, and she never threatened to "tell mother on her when she came home."

The little sister, who was only six years old, loved Julia very much, and did everything she was told. They often played together in the yard, and walked to the big park where they saw flowers and animals, and people enjoying themselves.

One Saturday evening Julia and her sister were waiting for their mother to come home. It was cold, and Julia had started the fire and lighted the lamp, and was getting her little sister ready for bed. The fire was burning brightly and Julia had gone into the next room to get something, when she heard her little sister scream. She ran back into the room, and saw that a spark from the grate had set the little one's night dress on fire.

Julia did not lose her presence of mind, as many other young girls would have done, but ran quickly to the bed and pulled off the blanket,

calling to her sister to lie down and roll over. The little girl obeyed promptly, and Julia ran with the blanket and covered her up, and soon smothered the fire entirely.

The little sister was burned on the arms and back, but when the doctor came in later and put some soothing ointment on the burned places he told the mother that if Julia had run screaming into the hall and cried "fire!" her little sister would have burned to death. The doctor said to the mother, "You see when the clothes catch fire you are in danger of burning the skin, and also in danger of breathing the flames. The best thing to do is to lie down and wrap up in a blanket, or rug, or carpet, and roll over to put out the flames. Then send for a doctor. Julia did exactly right and is a very trustworthy girl. And the little sister did right, too, in doing what Julia told her. I am glad you have two such fine children."

THE BAKER BOYS AND THE BEES

One should take advantage of every circumstance in an emergency.

Andernach was a city enclosed with an immense wall which had only one gate. This was a heavy iron gate and was very hard to open.

The watchman lived near the gate and as it was not opened very often had much spare time. He was very fond of honey, so one day he bought a great many hives of bees which were placed on top of the wall for safety.

Not far away was another walled city called Linto. The people of this city were enemies of the people of Andernach, and were always waiting for an opportunity to attack them. They were constantly watching to see if the gate was ever left open. One night they met and planned to capture Andernach before sunrise. They would then kill all the people, rob their houses and take possession of the town. When all was ready they crept softly toward the dark, quiet city. Not a sound could be heard and the watchman was fast asleep, not dreaming of any danger.

Only the bakers here rose early. They made their bread, put it in the ovens and returned to their beds, leaving small boys to watch the bread. The boys had to watch carefully to keep the bread from burning. Two of the baker boys, Hans and Fritz, were great friends and were often together. While the bread was baking they played around the ovens, but they dared not go to sleep.

One morning they decided to creep upon the wall over the watchman's house. They stole

softly up the steps and were soon on top of the wall. All of a sudden they heard a noise like men walking.

"Do you hear that?" said Fritz.

"Why, it must be the watchman," answered Hans.

The noise was heard again. This time it was louder and nearer. The boys crept to the edge of the wall and looked down. There stood the army of Linto placing ladders against the wall. Hans and Fritz were frightened and at first started to run, but they saw that it was too late. In an instant Fritz thought of the hives. He knew the little bees were not asleep if the people were. Each boy took a hive, carried it to the edge of the wall and let it fall on the heads of the enemy. Out flew the bees, mad as they could be, and began to sting right and left.

The bees won the battle. They buzzed and stung the enemy so badly that their loud cries of pain awoke the sleeping city. Hans and Fritz were delighted to see the bees so busy and called loudly for help. The watchman woke up and began to ring the bell. The men rushed to the city gates. It was too late for the soldiers had already fled. The bees had stung them so painfully they could scarcely see where to run. And so the bees and the boys saved Andernach.

A DOG'S GRATITUDE

Kindness to helpless animals, especially those in distress, is the mark of a generous nature.

A Newfoundland dog was once hurt by a wagon that crushed his foot. The driver of the wagon did not stop to help the poor dog, but went on leaving him in the road.

The poor dog was limping painfully along when a blacksmith saw him. He felt sorry for the dog and said:

"Poor dog! what is the matter? Let me see your foot."

The dog at once seemed to know what was said to him and held up his foot for the blacksmith to see. The blacksmith led him to his shop near by, where he carefully washed and bound the foot. The next day the dog returned to the shop to have his foot dressed by the blacksmith, and kept coming every day. Even after he was cured he kept up his visits to his friend and came every day to play around the shop. He seemed to know who his friends were, and when the blacksmith would tell how he had helped him the dog would wag his tail in a very knowing way.

On one of the dog's visits he saw the blacksmith's little boy, Ned. Ned was only six years old, but he was a fine little fellow, and loved to

play. The dog and the boy became fast friends and had many romps together. The blacksmith named the dog Rover, and told Rover to be careful to look after Ned. After that, Rover was careful that nothing should happen to his little friend.

One day the dog was walking near the river bank when he spied little Ned who had run away from his older brother. Ned was running near the bank and every now and then turned to look back and see if his brother was in sight. Once, just as Ned turned to look, his foot slipped as he struck against a rock and at once he was in the water.

It took Rover only a second to spring in after his little friend. He seized Ned by his jacket and swam to the bank.

By this time a crowd had collected. Willing hands took Ned from the dog, and he was none the worse for his ducking. Rover shook the water from his shaggy hair, and looked for all the world as if he had done nothing to be proud of.

You can imagine how Ned's father felt when he heard of Rover's brave deed. He put his arm around the dog's neck and said:

"How glad I am that I helped to cure your foot!"

After that nothing was too good for Rover.

He slept in the room with Ned, and went with him everywhere.

THE MIGHTY MEN

He who would succeed in great things must bring all forces and influences to his aid.

Once there was a soldier who resolved to marry the king's daughter. He started out for the king's palace. As he was going through the forest he saw a man pulling up trees by the roots. "Come along with me, I need you," said the soldier. So the man took one of the trees and wrapped it around the others and then shouldered the bundle. The two then went on together.

Before long they came to a hunter aiming a gun. "What are you aiming at?" asked the soldier. The hunter said: "Two miles off there is a fly sitting on a fence. I am going to shoot out his left eye." The soldier told the hunter: "Come along with me; I need you." The hunter took up his gun and all three went along together.

After a while they came to a man sitting on a fence whistling. "My good fellow, what are you doing there?" asked the soldier. The man answered: "Do you not see those seven wind-

mills over yonder with their sails going around? I am furnishing the wind to turn them." The soldier said: "Come along with me. I need you." So the man climbed down from the fence and all four went along together.

Shortly they came to a man who was unbuckling his leg and taking it off. "Why do you take your leg off, my friend?" asked the soldier. "Oh," replied the man, "if I use two legs I go so fast that nobody can see me. One leg takes me as fast as the wind." "Come along with me, I need you," said the soldier. So the man took up his leg and all five went along together.

About dark they saw a funny fellow with his hat down on the side of his head. "Why do you wear your hat so crooked, young fellow?" asked the soldier. The fellow replied: "If I wear it straight a frost will come and freeze everything stiff and still." The soldier said: "Come along with me; I need your help, too." And so all six went along together and came to the king's palace.

"I must marry your daughter," said the soldier to the king. "Oh, no, you cannot," said the king, and sent fifty men to drive the soldier away. But see what happened! The first man caught all fifty and tied them together with their own buckles and hung them up on the church steeple. The second man took his gun and shot

the whiskers off the king's chin. The third man began to whistle and blew down the tall tower of the palace. The fourth man put on both legs and ran to get the princess and take her away. The funny fellow put his hat on straight and it blew so cold that the queen sneezed herself into a fit. It was an awful situation, so the king cried out:

"You can have the princess if you want her, but give me back my men and my whiskers, and turn on the heat for I am about to freeze to death." The soldier set everything straight and went off with the princess, who gladly married so wonderful a man.

THE FAIRY FISH QUEEN

Wherein a little girl has some strange adventures under the sea.

Eriline lived on an island. Her father made his living by fishing. One morning she asked her mother to let her go in her row boat to fish. Her mother told her that she might go but she must not go out of sight. Eriline carried her fishing tackle to the boat and started off very happily. After a while she dropped anchor and commenced fishing.

Soon she heard a splash and saw a huge fish

rise above the water. Eriline had never before seen such a big fish! She tried her best to haul in the line, but the fish got tangled and began to pull and fight to get away. All of a sudden it gave a terrific jerk and Eriline fell into the water!

She was very much frightened. Just then she heard a soft voice say: "Don't cry, little girl; nothing shall hurt you. I am queen of the fish fairies, and I'll take care of you."

Eriline was so surprised to hear a fish talk that she looked up quickly and saw a beautiful golden fish, with diamond eyes and a ruby mouth, swimming beside her.

The queen led her into a pearl palace built by the oysters. The floors were of tiny coral, while the furniture was of all kinds of shells. The queen swam until she reached her golden throne.

After a while they swam into the dining-room where supper was spread upon a shell table. When they finished eating they went into a bedroom. The queen put Eriline into a golden bed and covered her with sea-weed.

When she woke up she had on a scaly dress, too, that the queen had put on her so that she could play with all the fish fairies.

"Am I to stay a fish all my life?" she asked the fish queen.

"Yes, but if you ever get out of the water on dry land you will turn back into a little girl," said the queen.

Eriline grew to be a beautiful fish. One day she was out swimming when she heard her father's voice and looking out she saw him in his boat with his fish net spread in the water. Then Eriline began to want her mother. She remembered what the queen had said about dry land. So she went near the boat and swam right into her father's net. He pulled it up quickly and put Eriline into his fishbasket. "What a fine fish," he said.

When dark came her father went home, and threw his nets out of the fish basket on to the shore. He took the fish out and laid them on the sand. Eriline turned again into his beautiful daughter and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, father, here I am, your little Eriline!" she cried. The mother came running to greet her child again, and they were all happy and thankful to be together again.

SNOWFLAKE

One must be on the lookout for deception, and not be misled by the words of pretended friends.

Once there was a little goat with white hair all over just like his mother. That was why he was called Snowflake. His mother stayed at home when he was a baby and taught him many things a little goat should know. But one night his mother had to go off on a visit. She barred all the doors and windows, and said:

"Now, Snowflake, if any one comes to the door and knocks be sure not to open it unless he says, 'Little bird, little bird, up in a tree; little goat, little goat, open to me.' "

The mother then went away.

All this time Mr. Wolf was hiding just outside, and when the mother was well out of sight he thought he would like a nice supper of fat young goat. So he went to the door and knocked.

"Who's there?" said Snowflake. The old wolf said:

"Little bird, little bird, up in a tree; little goat, little goat, open to me." But the wolf's voice was not like his mother's voice, and so Snowflake, to be sure, said:

"Let me see your foot." Then the wolf stuck

his foot through a crack in the door. But Snowflake said:

"Go away! my mother's foot is white and yours is black." So the wolf went away growling. Then the wolf got some flour and put it on his foot and came back and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Snowflake. The old wolf said:

"Little bird, little bird, up in a tree; little goat, little goat, open to me." But Snowflake did not like the voice and again said:

"Let me see your foot," and the wolf put his flour covered foot through the crack in the door.

Snowflake looked at it and said:

"My mother's foot is hard and yours is soft like paws. Go away from here!" The old wolf went away growling. He was getting very hungry by this time. At last he went back to the door and knocked. Again Snowflake asked: "Who's there?" And the wolf said the same words.

"Let me see your foot," said Snowflake. This time the wolf stuck his soft tail through the crack. Snowflake saw it was not his mother's foot, so he grabbed the wolf's tail and tied a knot in it. Now the old wolf was caught and could not pull his tail out nor get away.

When the mother came back she butted the old wolf so hard that she split the door so that his

tail got loose, and he was glad to get away from that goat's house, and I think he never came back.

RAGS

In which we find out that a dog refuses to be separated from its little mistress.

Rags was a dear little snow-white poodle with such soft curly wool that he looked more like a lamb than a dog. The man who gave him to Mary called him "Rags," but no one could understand why such a beautiful woolly dog should be called "Rags."

Mary was a little lame girl and could not run about and play like other little girls, for she had to hop about on a crutch. Rags was her very best friend, and they were always together. Mary's father was dead, and her mother worked out all day leaving Mary alone with Rags. They were never lonesome, however, for they were always happy when they were together.

One morning Mary and Rags were sitting on the doorstep watching the people when a black-eyed man came by.

"That's a very fine poodle," said he.

"Indeed, he is," cried Mary. "He's my very own and I love him more than anything else."

"Can he do any tricks?" asked the man.

"I should say so," said Mary, for she had taught the dog all he knew. "Just watch him."

Rags stood on his head and danced, and even tried to speak by little barks. The man asked Mary if she would sell him.

"No, indeed, I won't," answered Mary, "he is my own Rags and I cannot let you have him."

The man seemed to be very angry, and went away.

The next morning the black-eyed man came back and again asked Mary to sell him the dog. Mary again refused. Suddenly he glanced hastily up and down the street, and seeing no one, grabbed Rags from Mary's arms and fled. Mary screamed and tried to follow, but her poor little crutch would not let her. She sobbed and cried until she grew white and cold, and her mother found her in a little heap on the floor with her little crutch beside her.

All night long she tossed to and fro calling for Rags, and when morning came she had a high fever.

One afternoon when everything was so still in the room that you could hear Mary's faint breathing, there was a pattering of feet and a little white poodle dashed into the room and jumped on the bed. It was Rags! But you would never have known him for he was so thin and dirty, and his little feet were bleeding as if he had traveled

a long way. He licked Mary's face and tried to tell her how he got away from the man, but Mary could not understand dog language, and so she never knew.

From that day Mary grew better, and though she never could understand how Rags came back to her, she just smiled and said he found his way because he loved her so much.

THE MAGIC POT

In which a little girl gets into trouble by meddling.

There was once a little girl who lived alone with her mother. They were so poor that often they had nothing to eat. One day they had eaten the very last thing they had in the house, and were very hungry. So the mother went out to try to find some food for her little girl.

As she went along the road she met a very old woman. The old woman seemed very cold and so the mother said, "Take my cloak, for you need it more than I do." The old woman took the cloak and then gave her a little iron pot, which she had been carrying under her apron.

"You must say to it, 'Little pot, boil,' " said the old woman, "and it will boil for you, and when you say to it, 'Little pot, stop,' then it will

stop boiling." So the mother took the pot home with her and put it on the table.

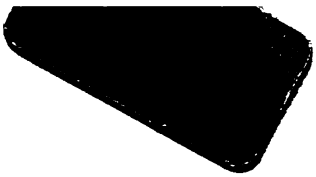
Then she said to it, "Little pot, boil." It began boiling at once, and they had all the beans they needed for many days.

But one day when the mother had gone out, the little girl thought she would say, "Little pot, boil," just to see how it would act. And so she said, "Little pot, boil."

Well, the little pot boiled and bubbled away until it was full of beans, and then the little girl wished it to stop boiling, but she had forgotten what to say. So the pot boiled and boiled and kept bubbling and spilling over until the kitchen table was covered, and then the kitchen was full, and next the whole house was full.

The little girl had to run out of the house, and the beans poured out of the door and down the road, and into other people's houses, until there was enough to feed the whole town. And still no one was able to stop it.

The mother saw a stream of beans pouring down the road and ran home as fast as she could. She had to wade through boiled beans to get into her yard. She called out loudly: "Little pot, stop!" And of course, the little pot stopped boiling at once; but all the people had to eat their way back to their houses again.



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